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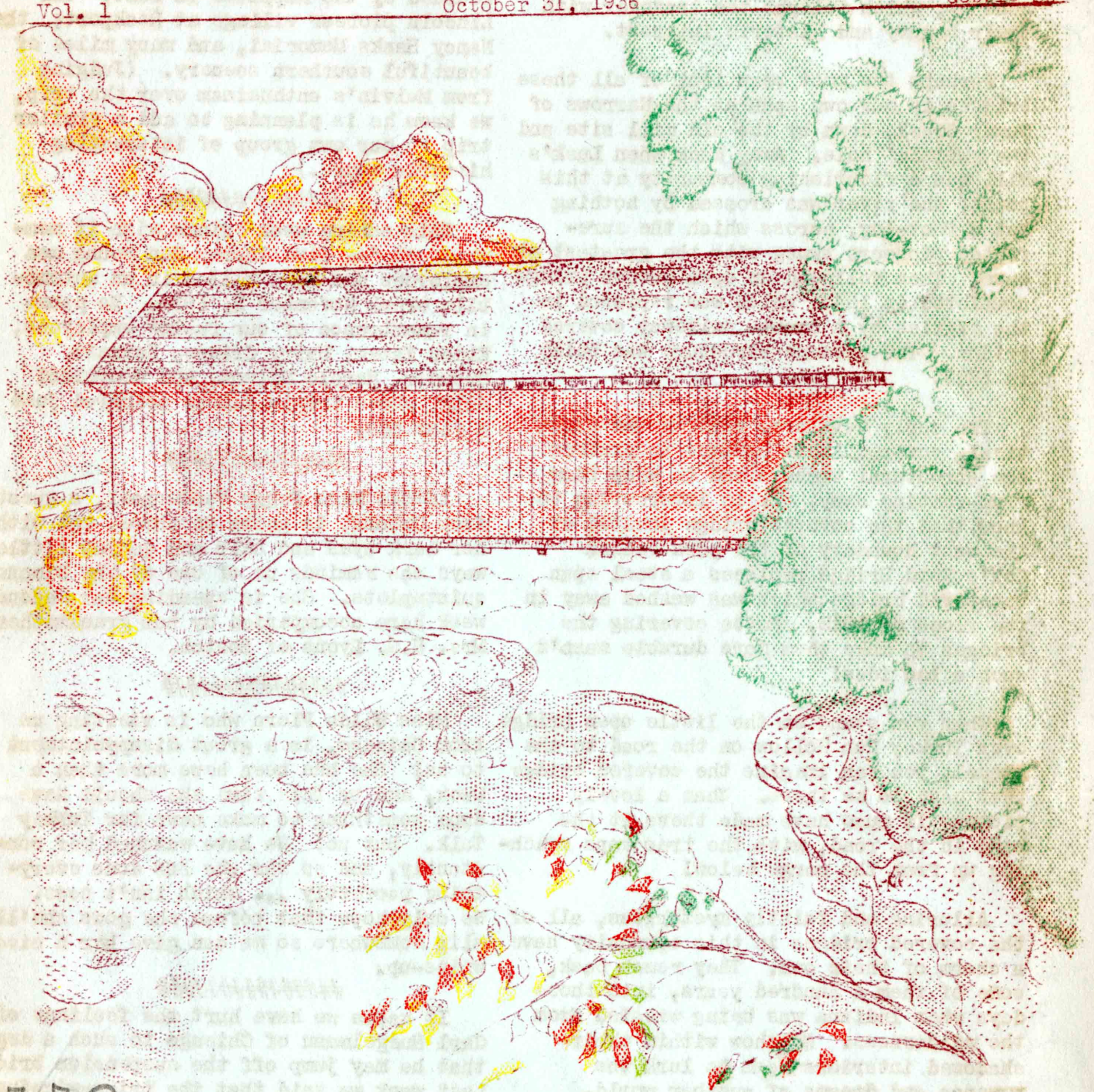
TURKEY TALK

Vol. 1 October 31, 1936 Gobble 26



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OUR COVERED BRIDGES

This has truly been called "a land o' covered bridges", for there are more than sixty of these quaintly romantic structures spanning the creeks and rivers in this vicinity. Our country roads are given an extra touch of piquancy because any curve may reveal one of these reminders of days gone by, which delight the traveler with their beauty and historic interest.

Perhaps the most beautiful of all these bridges is our own span at the Narrows of Sugar Creek, down by the old mill site and the swimmin' hole. Away back when Lusk's Mill was a flourishing community at this point, the river was crossed by nothing but a foot-log, across which the sure-footed pioneers swung with the greatest of ease. Then followed an open wooden bridge completed in 1849, which was replaced in the sixties by a double driveway covered bridge. The present structure was built in 1882.

The early settlers, thrifty and practical, covered their bridges to protect the structural timbers and to keep them from rotting away. It is interesting to know that the covered bridge located at the west boundary of the park called Cox's Ford Bridge replaces a steel span uncovered bridge which was washed away in the flood of 1913. Maybe covering the bridges to make them more durable wasn't such a bad idea!

When you stand on the little open bridge over Turkey Run Hollow on the road to the chapel, you can imagine the covered bridge that used to be there. What a lovely picture it must have made there at the bend in the road, with the tree tops reaching up from the gorge below!

Alluring and faintly mysterious, all of the covered bridges in this community have a charm of their own. They reach back, some of them a hundred years, into those days when Indiana was being wrested from the wilderness. Somehow within their shadowed interiors seem to lurk the romance and dreams of another world.

###############

The incident which has caused John Davies to do so much blushing lately has been explained. Just ask John what it's all about, and if he won't talk, there are plenty of others who will.

Melvin Davies, guide and historian, has returned from the annual pilgrimage of the Pioneer and Historical Societies of Indiana, the latter of which he is a member. Outstanding points visited on this two-day tour included Vincennes with its George Rogers Clark Memorial and Lincoln Memorial bridge; New Harmony founded by the Rappites in 1814; the Lincoln pioneer village at Rockport; the Nancy Hanks Memorial, and many miles of beautiful southern scenery. (Judging from Melvin's enthusiasm over the trip, we know he is planning to add a similar trip to our own group of interesting historic tours.)

###############

This coming week brings with it memories of the five Turkey Run young men employees who were killed in an automobile wreck November 2, 1935. We pause in remembrance of our fellow employees, Eldon Yater, Harry Crines, Earnest Crowder, Harold Wilson, and Courtland Helm, whose tragic deaths occurred just a year ago.

###############

Little Miss Peggy VanDerpool, a guest from Urbana, is going on three, and with her dark eyes and hair and quaint little ways she reminds us of one of the Dionne quintuplets. She is spending her second week here accompanied by her grandmother, Mrs. H.S. Lyons of Boston.

###############

Miss Wilda Flora who is visiting us from Chicago, is a great disappointment to us! She has been here more than a week, and by this time she should have done something to make news for Turkey Talk. But no! We have watched her constantly, and so far she has done everything perfectly ... which isn't news. We only hope that before she goes she'll slip somewhere so we can give her a nice write-up.

###############

It seems we have hurt the feelings of Carl Huegelmann of Chicago to such a degree that he may jump off the suspension bridge. Last week we said that the prize-winning stamp display was from a package addressed to Turkey Run Inn. We should have said it was addressed to Mr. Carl Huegelmann, a guest at the Inn. We most abjectly beg his pardon, and hope that before he jumps he will remember that the water is awfully wet these days.

ROTOGRAVURE SECTION

Mac Kirtley after helping get out Turkey Talk.

Melvin Davies in an unposed picture at two o'clock A.M.

Bobby Hopkins at any time.

I.M. Nosey, staff detective, trying to decipher some of Mr. Guthrie's hand-writing.

John Davies, the Great Lover, in one of his best poses.

Billy Van Vactor handling the office phone in his usual capable manner.

Paul Lyons, who just loves to ride horseback.

Bob Delp showing them how to shoot over at the skeet field

Lois Gardner when Oscar the Mouse walked into the gift shop.

Buddy James as he so capably leads the song-fest.

Bert Holland, staff artist, about to create a master-piece.

Maxine Turner as she practises her dancing lesson.

AUTUMN DAYS

Yellow, mellow, ripened days,
  Sheltered in a golden coating;
O'er the dreamy, listless haze,
  White and dainty cloudlets floating;
Winking at the blushing trees,
  And the sombre, furrowed fallow;
Smiling at the airy ease,
  Of the southward flying swallow.
Sweet and smiling are thy ways,
  Beauteous, golden Autumn days.

Will Carleton

##########

Plans have been completed for the big Hallowe'en party on Friday night in the pioneer room. Ghosts and witches, goblins, black cats, jack-o-lanterns ... all will be there to join in the merry making. Everyone is invited.

##########

About 125 members of the Indiana Bankers Association, Region Five, met for luncheon at the Inn Thursday. A business meeting followed the luncheon.

##########

SOMETHING WE THOUGHT WOULD NEVER HAPPEN ..... The other night Melvin Davies voluntarily showed us some pictures of his daughter Carolyn Sue.

##########

Many employees and guests were finger-printed Thursday by representatives of the Indiana State Police Bureau of Identification, who offered this service in the interest of the promotion of safety on the highways. Each person who was finger-printed received an identification card bearing his finger print, a duplicate of which was sent to the national bureau at Washington, D.C.

##########

We read in "Time" that there is an organization which employs people to go around the country checking up on the service of hotels. In a general effort to test the patience of everybody employed at the hotel, they attempt to irritate the reservation clerk when calling for reservations; they order impossible dishes in the dining room; they look under the bed for dust. After looking into everything that seems to need probing, the operatives make reports and forward them to the hotel, and later on return to see if the service has improved.

We know of one hotel which we hope will not employ these snoopers!

##########

FROM OUR WASHINGTON (IND.) CORRESPONDENT

Dear Turkey Talk Editor:

Here I am with a check for $2.50 won in the Turkey Talk Limerick Contest, ... and no way to spend it.

(You couldn't by any chance have made a mistake in the decimal point, could you?)

However, after prayerful consideration, I have decided to place it on a bet for the winning candidate for president, as I do not enjoy the prospect of going hungry for the next four years.

Hoping you are the same, I am

Cordially,

Mary Root Simpson.

##########

WHEN THE EMPLOYEES TOURED SOUTHERN INDIANA .....

Virginia Waddell and Lois Gardner looked for acorns under a maple tree.

Everett Shirar ate and ate in the car.

Five young ladies had much difficulty getting their finances straightened out.

The same five young ladies, after spending two hours getting ready for a dance, went riding in a fresh-air gas buggy.

Bill VanVactor rolled down a hill at Clifty Falls and landed on his feet, protecting his camera at the risk of his life.

One carload took an hour to find its way out of Bloomington.

Irene Lucas took a tumble down the steps leading to Big Clifty Falls.

Margaret Webb took her first airplane ride.

PROGRAM for the WEEK

November 1 to November 7

SUNDAY:	8:00 P.M.	Personal Service Program in East Lobby
MONDAY:	9:00 A.M.	Turkey Run Tour
	2:00 P.M.	Nature Hike
	8:00 P.M.	Informal Party and Program
TUESDAY:	9:00 A.M.	Nature Hike
	2:00 P.M.	Historical Tour
	8:00 P.M.	Moving Pictures in East Lobby
WEDNESDAY:	9:00 A.M.	Nature Hike
	2:00 P.M.	Historical Tour
	8:00 P.M.	Informal Games
THURSDAY:	9:30 A.M.	All-day Hike
	8:00 P.M.	Moving Pictures in East Lobby
FRIDAY:	7:30 A.M.	State Tour
	8:30 P.M.	Song-Fest in East Lobby
SATURDAY:	9:00 A.M.	Nature Hike
	8:00 P.M.	Turkey Run Movies in East Lobby

CHARLES W. WILSON

It is with sorrow that we report the death of Charles W. Wilson of Champaign, Illinois, which occurred Thursday, October 22.

For over half a century Mr. Wilson has been a regular visitor at Turkey Run, thereby winning for himself the title of "The Original Turkey Runner." It was in 1878 that he first visited the park site, and through all the succeeding years he never missed an opportunity to return to Turkey Run, often many times during a season.

A newspaper man, well-read, intelligent, witty, and altogether human, he was a companion beloved alike by guests and employees here. It is recalled that the last time he was here he took a group to the county fair at Rockville and enjoyed the merry-go-round and the side shows as much as any youngster. He always liked our dances and parties, and entered into every activity with enthusiasm. And how all of us liked to visit with him as he sat in a comfortable chair in the lobby or on the lawn! His humerous comments and his anecdotes were worth hearing.

We shall miss Mr. Wilson, but with his going we say "He whom we thought dead is only gone before us."

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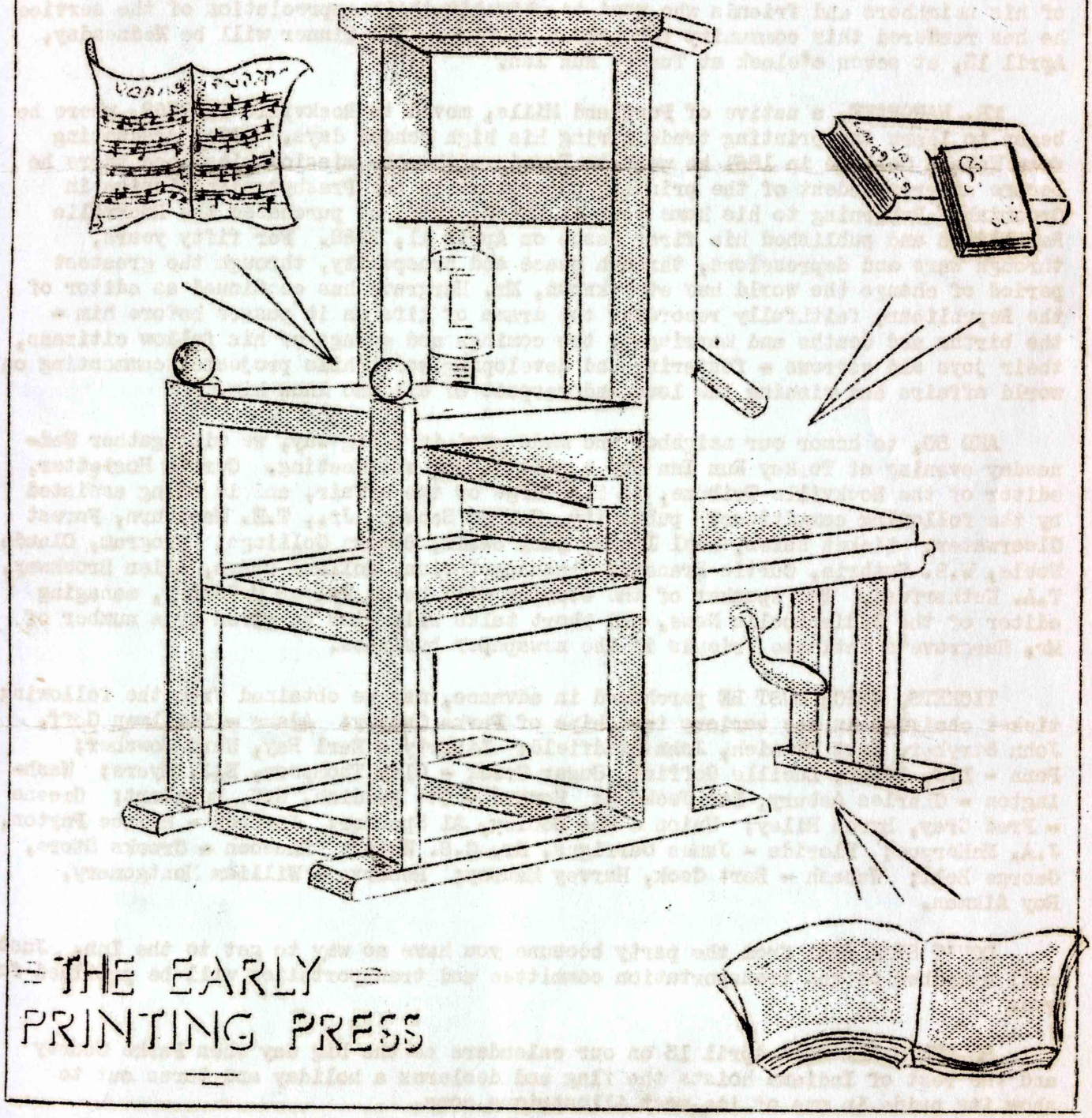

THE EARLY PRINTING PRESS

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ARTHUR A. HARGRAVE MAKES GOOD FOR FIFTY YEARS

IN THESE DAYS of change and uncertainty, when anyone stays in one business for ten or fifteen or twenty-five years, that's news of the greatest significance; but when anyone continues to do business at the same old stand for fifty years, then it is time to hoist the flag and declare a holiday.

MR. ARTHUR A. HARGRAVE of Rockville has done just this, for on April 11 he will have completed fifty years as editor of the Rockville Republican, and in celebration of the event the Rockville Commercial Club, with the cooperation of other clubs, churches and civic organizations throughout Parke County, has arranged a banquet at which Mr. Hargrave will be the guest of honor and which will be attended by hundreds of his neighbors and friends who want to show him their appreciation of the service he has rendered this community for half a century. The dinner will be Wednesday, April 13, at seven o'clock at Turkey Run Inn.

MR. HARGRAVE, a native of Portland Mills, moved to Rockville in 1869, where he began to learn the printing trade during his high school days. After graduating from Wabash College in 1881 he went to Persia with some missionaries, and there he became superintendent of the printing department in the Presbyterian mission in Oroomiah. Returning to his home town in March, 1888, he purchased the Rockville Republican and published his first issue on April 11, 1888. For fifty years, through wars and depressions, through peace and prosperity, through the greatest period of change the world has ever known, Mr. Hargrave has continued as editor of the Republican, faithfully recording the drama of life as it passes before him - the births and deaths and marriages, the comings and goings of his fellow citizens, their joys and sorrows - fostering and developing worthwhile projects, commenting on world affairs and winning the love and respect of all who know him.

AND SO, to honor our neighbor who made good in a big way, we will gather Wednesday evening at Turkey Run Inn for a gala dinner and meeting. Curtis Hostetter, editor of the Rockville Tribune, is in charge of the affair, and is being assisted by the following committees: publicity, George Schwin, Jr., T.E. Washburn, Forest Clearwater; ticket sales, Noel Iiams, Earl Swaim, Brooks Collings; program, Claude Noble, W.B. Guthrie, Curtis Branson; transportation, Rolland Crays, Allen Brockway, T.A. Wetherford. The speaker of the evening will be J. Walter McCarthy, managing editor of the Indianapolis News, and short talks will also be given by a number of Mr. Hargrave's intimate friends in the newspaper business.

TICKETS, WHICH MUST BE purchased in advance, may be obtained from the following ticket chairmen in the various townships of Parke County: Adams - Stillman Goff, John Stryker, Bert Elenich, John Bradfield; Liberty - Earl Ray, Ward Bowsher; Penn - L.J. Brown, Lucille Coffin; Sugar Creek - Clay Thompson, E.J. Myers; Washington - Charles Asbury, Lou Jackson; Howard - Ott Reddish, C.V. Burkhart; Greene - Fred Gray, Byron Riley; Union - Rue Dooley, Al Spencer; Jackson - Horace Payton, J.A. McHargue; Florida - James Garrigus, Dr. C.S. White; Raccoon - Crooks Store, George Bell; Wabash - Bert Cook, Harvey Maurey; Reserve - William Montgomery, Roy Aikman.

DON'T STAY AWAY from the party because you have no way to get to the Inn. Just call a member of the transportation committee and transportation will be provided for you.

SO LET'S ALL mark April 13 on our calendars as the big day when Parke County and the rest of Indiana hoists the flag and declares a holiday and turns out to show its pride in one of its most illustrious sons.

HARGRAVE TESTIMONIAL BANQUET TURKEY RUN INN APRIL 13, 1938

SPONSORED BY ROCKVILLE COMMERCIAL CLUB

ROTARY CHARTER NIGHT

Another festive occasion scheduled for Turkey Run Inn is the Charter Night of the Turkey Run Rotary Club which will be held April 27 at 6:15 P.M. in the dining room. Hosts will be members of the Crawfordsville Rotary Club, sponsors of the local club.

King Cole of Bloomington, district governor, will be here to present the charter and there will be group singing and special musical numbers. Delegations of Rotarians from many nearby cities have been invited to attend the dinner.

"Service Above Self - He profits most who serves best" is Rotary's motto, and in line with this ideal are Rotary's four objectives: service to the club, service to one's vocation, service to country, service to the world. These four ideals are emphasized in every phase of the club's activities and are stressed by speakers at the club's weekly dinner meetings which are held at the Inn every Wednesday at 6:30.

With the granting of the charter, Turkey Run Rotary Club has become united with more than 4,300 Rotary clubs throughout the world.

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MRS. ERNEST ZUCK

The staff was saddened last week by the passing of one of its family, Mrs. Ernest Zuck, whose sudden death Friday morning was a shock to the community. Mrs. Zuck was long an employee of the Turkey Run kitchen, and was planning on returning to work here this summer. She is survived by her husband, her son Gerald and her daughter Beulah, all of whom have also been employed here.

To her grieving family we extend our sympathy.

A PARKE COUNTY INSTITUTION

For more than twenty years Turkey Run has been under the supervision of the State of Indiana, growing from a small spot formerly enjoyed only by the local coon hunters and occasional Sunday picnic groups, to a distinctive park whose thirteen hundred acres attract more than two hundred thousand lovers of Mother Nature every year. As its fame continues to spread farther and farther each year, we find it no uncommon sight to see cars bearing the license plates of every state in the Union, as well as those of nearby foreign countries, entering in ever increasing numbers.

Many of the residents of our own Parke and nearby counties, with the exception of the merchants having direct business connections with the park or Inn, do not realize the extent to which the volume of business has increased, and of the influence this increase has had both socially and commercially upon our community. In recent years the Inn has been kept open during the winter, thereby providing jobs for many employees the year around, and even at the present time the influx of early spring visitors has made it necessary for us to maintain a staff of almost one hundred and fifty persons, while even more will be called back later as we swing into the peak of the summer season. Practically every local industry is benefited by the spending of this payroll, as well as the purchase of supplies for the Inn. The Turkey Run dairy, poultry farm, fruit and vegetable farm, and the Gobbler Shop have like-wise helped to provide work for more employees.

The management endeavors to cooperate in every way possible with all local business men and citizens in promoting relationships which are mutually beneficial to all concerned.

One of our greatest pleasures is the privilege of welcoming the people of Parke County on any occasion, thereby giving us the opportunity to join hands with our neighbors.

W.G.N. CAN'T GET AHEAD OF US

Not to be outdone by our rival, the Chicago Tribune, with its daily account of the Tribune Farm, Turkey Talk takes pleasure in announcing the arrival of a colt at the Turkey Run farm. There are also some new cows at the dairy.

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THEY GOT NERVOUS

Sunday when Rev. R.C. Ellsworth of Rockville, (Turkey Run's marrying parson) walked in the Inn's front door, Bud James and John Davies, two of our most eligible bachelors, ran and hid because they feared that the parson was out here to drum up more trade. When they found out that he was content with having married six of our employees within the last two weeks and that he and his family were only here to eat dinner, the two bachelors came out of hiding and shook hands with Rev. Ellsworth like good boys.

****

COMMISSARY READY FOR SEASON

The Commissary now has things in order and is officially open for the season. Claude English, the manager, and his helpers will be glad to have their old friends drop in and look things over. The season's first dance at the Commissary will be Saturday night, April 9.

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SONG FESTS TO BEGIN

The song-fests are under way again, with Bud James in charge and Alma Monninger at the piano. Can't wait until they get the guests swinging back and forth to the tune of "A Bicycle Built For Two" and put 'em through their other paces. We always did like the songfests anyway and we think the guests like them too.

****

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

Here's the news article: Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie, Bud James, John Davies and Frances Hatfield have returned from a trip to Guthrie Inn at Dupont. Here's the news behind the news: We have completely exhausted our large supply of superlatives, for we have been trying to describe Guthrie Inn to those who did not get to go on the trip. It is perfect in every way. It is now ready for guests and we envy all who will have the privilege of visiting there. And the cooking! Don't get us started on that because we've reached the bottom of the page -- and anyway we've run out of superlatives. Everything is super-super and we'll tell about it next week.

I AM THE PRINTING PRESS

I am the printing press, born of the mother earth. My heart is of steel, my limbs are of iron, and my fingers are of brass.

I sing the songs of the world, the oratorios of history, the symphonies of all time.

I am the voice of today, the herald of tomorrow. I weave into the warp of the past the woof of the future. I tell the stories of peace and war alike. I make the human heart beat with passion or tenderness. I stir the pulse of nations and make brave men do braver deeds, and soldiers die.

I inspire the midnight toiler, weary at his loom, to lift his head again and gaze, with fearlessness, into the vast beyond seeking the consolation of a hope eternal.

When I speak a myriad people listen to my voice. I am the tireless clarion of the news. I cry your joys and sorrows every hour. I fill dht dullard's mind with thoughts uplifting. I am light, knowledge, power. I epitomize the conquests of mind over matter.

I am the record of all things mankind has achieved. My offspring comes to you in the candle's glow, amid the dim lamps of poverty, the splendor of riches; at sunrise, at high noon and in the waning evening.

I am the laughter and tears of the world, and I shall never die until all things return to the immutable dust.

I am the printing press.

- Robert H.Davis

****

OLD FRIENDS RETURN

Among recent visitors at the Inn were: Miss Lillian Martell, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Zekas and party, Mr. Bill Davidson, all of Chicago.

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Bert Holland and Bob Drake are working on road signs down at Dupont Inn, and down there they call 'em "The W.P.A. Boys" because they're so handy with their shovels.

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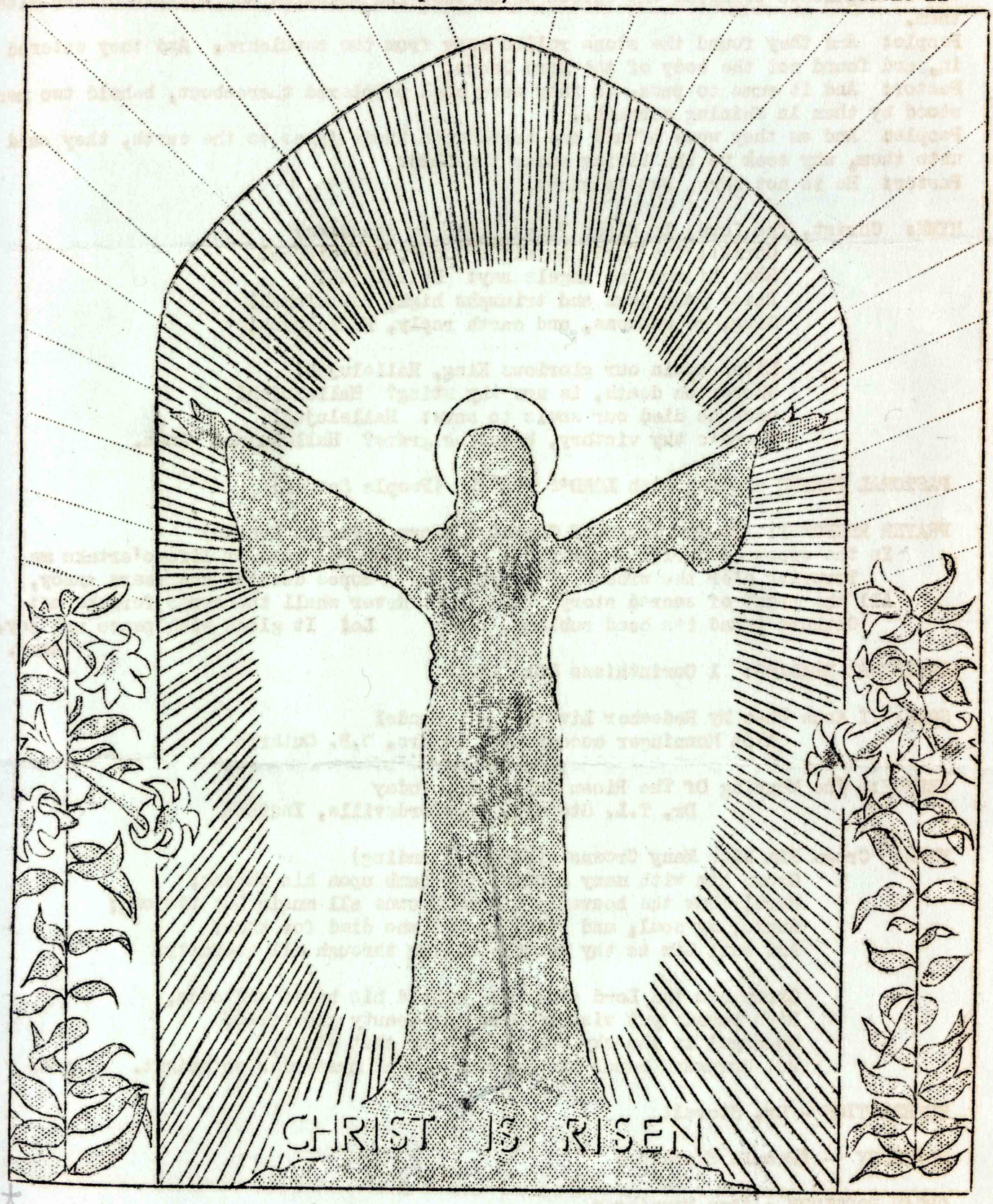

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EASTER SERVICES IN LOG CHAPEL

ORGAN PRELUDE - Alma Monninger

RESPONSIVE READING - St. Luke 24: 1-6 (People Standing)
Pastor: Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre bringing the spices which they had prepared and certain others with them.
People: And they found the stone rolled away from the sepulchre. And they entered in, and found not the body of the Lord Jesus.
Pastor: And it came to pass, as they were much perplexed thereabout, behold two men stood by them in shining garments.
People: And as they were afraid and bowed down their faces to the earth, they said unto them, why seek ye the living among the dead?
Pastor: He is not here, but is risen.

HYMN: Christ, The Lord, Is Risen Today (People Standing)

Christ, the Lord, is risen today, Hallelujah!
Sons of men and angels say: Hallelujah!
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Hallelujah!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply, Hallelujah!

Lives again our glorious King, Hallelujah!
Where, oh death, is now thy sting? Hallelujah!
Once he died our souls to save: Hallelujah!
Where's thy victory, boasting grave? Hallelujah! Amen.

PASTORAL PRAYER closing with LORD'S PRAYER (People Seated)

PRAYER RESPONSE: In The Cross Of Christ I Glory (People Seated)

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! It glows with peace and joy.
Amen.

SCRIPTURE READING: 1 Corinthians 15: 12-19

SOLO: I Know That My Redeemer Liveth - Handel
Alma Monninger accompanied by Mrs. W.B. Guthrie

SERMON: The Meaning Of The Risen Christ For Today
Dr. T.L. Stovall, Crawfordsville, Indiana

HYMN: Crown Him With Many Crowns (People Standing)

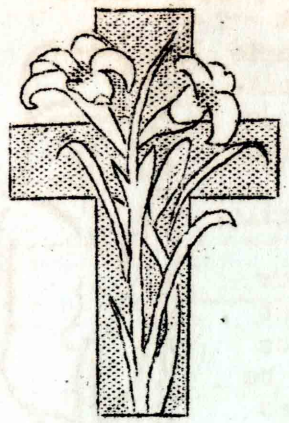
Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns all music but its own;
Awake, my soul, and sing, of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless king through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of love; Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds yet visible above in beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright. Amen.

BENEDICTION - Dr. Stovall

DOXOLOGY - (People Standing)

ORGAN POSTLUDE - Alma Monninger



EASTER SERVICE IN LOG CHAPEL

9:00 - 9:45 A.M.

The organ prelude will begin at 8:40 and the service will begin at 9:00. The Easter worship service opens the Sunday services in the log chapel, which continue through the season until Thanksgiving. All are invited to attend.

TURKEY RUN CLUB OF CHICAGO

What will probably be the club's last meeting until next fall will be held on April 28 at six o'clock P.M. The price of the dinner will be $1.00, including tax and tip.

More than that we cannot tell, as it is all a secret. Dubby Peterson, Bill and Edna Jackson, Camera Man Morse and Irene Byrnes are the only ones who know where it will be. They won't tell yet - except to say that it will be in the loop. Your Turkey Talk of next week will carry the news of the place.

Reservations must be in to Mrs. Guthrie Tyler, 11723 Stewart Avenue (Pullman 6248) before April 22 as definite arrangements as to number must be made by then.

So remember -- make reservations before April 22 -- and the dinner date is for April 28.

Hurry and write or phone Skeets Tyler and tell her you will be there.

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About sixty-five members of the Sigma Alpha Chi Sorority of Lafayette, Indiana, will be luncheon guests at the Inn on April 24.

PARDON OUR SMILE!

You Chicago folks who got scared out by your blizzard last week-end, please pardon us if we smile a little smugly. You see, the weather here was perfect on Sunday, with bright spring sunshine, lots of birds and flowers and balmy breezes, and you missed a grand and glorious time. Let that be a lesson to you!

****

We were privileged to peak into the Walter VanVactor's room late (oh very late) Friday evening, and there we saw a table prettily set with flowers and candles and lots of delicious food. The event was the celebration of the sixth-month wedding anniversary of Walter and Virginia VanVactor and the birthday of Fred Doolin. Assisting the hostess was Mildred Denman.

****

Mrs. Frances Hatfield attended the 25th anniversary party of the Woman's Press Club of Indiana which was held Tuesday in the ballroom of the Columbia Club, Indianapolis. Miss Emma Bugbee, staff reporter of the New York Herald Tribune, was guest speaker. Following the party Mrs. Mindwell C. Wilson, former club president, accompanied Mrs. Hatfield to Turkey Run where she was a guest until Thursday.

HAPPENINGS OF THE WEEK

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Drake, Geraldine Barker and Bert Holland left Tuesday for a few days' motor trip through the Great Smoky Mountains.

A miscellaneous shower honoring Mrs. Donald Poling (the former Mary Catherine Youngblood) was given Friday night by Miss Irene Ephlin at her home in Kingman. Assisting hostesses were Miss Thelma Davis and Miss Dorothy Smith. Among the guests were many girl employees of Turkey Run Inn. The evening was spent in games and contests and delightful refreshments were served carrying out a white and yellow color scheme.

In line with the current trend of health education, Dr. Brown of the State Board of Health spoke to the girls of the staff Sunday afternoon. A number of women from the community were also here to attend the meeting.

A pretty spring party was given at the Inn Thursday afternoon for wives of the faculty of Wabash College. Hostesses were Mrs. Obed Johnson, Mrs. Theodore Gronert, Mrs. Byron Trippett, Mrs. Alonzo Goldberry, Mrs. Ferguson Ormes, Mrs. James Patterson.

Robert Hopkins spent Tuesday at Guthrie Inn at Dupont and reported a wonderful time and goregous food.

HANDSOME NEW TEAM

A valuable and handsome pair of huge Belgian mares is the latest attraction over at the Turkey Run farm. This fancy sorrel-colored team weighing 4,400 pounds is beautifully matched and is being greatly admired by all who love thoroughbred horses. One of the mares has a colt which promises to be a beauty. The team is on display at the farm which is located on Highway 47 just a short distance from the park.

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THIS WEEK WE SAW:

John Davies trying to explain why he always spells cancel with an "i" instead of an "e." (He must think it is related to "pencil!")

The Misses Ann Rothermoel, Posy Welsh and Margaret Macfarland, three charming young ladies from Winnetka, having the time of their lives at Turkey Run.

Virginia Waddell as pleased as Punch because her little sister, Phyllis Ann, won first place as a xylophone player in the district music contest last week.

Malcolm Kirtley proudly displaying some snapshots of his young daughter.

A sweet little three-room apartment over in Marshall which is the new home of the newly-married Don and Mary Catherine Poling.

More children than usual at the Inn because of the school vacations in Chicago.

The new McCormick's Creek newspaper entitled "Canyon Echoes." (We like it and we hope they'll continue to send us a copy.)

Mr. and Mrs. C.F. Pool and daughter of Evanston, old-timers whom we like to see walk in the front door.

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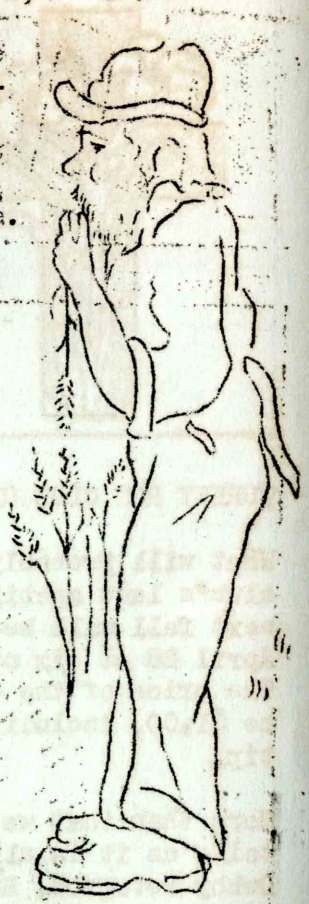
AN AMUSING SIDELIGHT TO THE HARGRAVE BANQUET: An old friend of Mr. Hargrave who has long subscribed to Mr. Hargrave's own paper, passed over the announcements of the party without noticing them in that paper, and sent congratulations saying, "I saw about it in Turkey Talk." Mr. Hargrave's paper had better look to its laurels.

OLD HUTCH SEZ



Shore hed a elygant trip with Bill Guthrie down in southern Indiany last week. Shore wuz purty. Them great big hills got our hollers skinned a mile.

Stayed at Bill's new place down at Dupont near Madison and wuz mighty tickled ter be there. It shore wes scrumpshus. Feared Miss Lena waren't goin' ter let me in til she seen I wuz wearin' my store shoes. Couldn't sleep more'n tolably good, cuz th' dern beds is too soft. 'Twar th' first time I hed slept 'tween sheets fer years. Th' rustlin' kinda kep' me awake.

Sumbody sed if yer gits ter bed early ya don't meet no prominent peeple, but derned if I wud trade a hunert big politishuns fer a good night's snooze. Course I might stay up til 'bout 'leven ter see this Dorothy Lamore. There I go agin not bein' satisfied with whut I is.

****

LARGE CROWD AT TESTIMONY BANQUET

More than three hundred friends and associates in the newspaper business gathered at the Inn Wednesday evening to honor Mr. A.A. Hargrave, Rockville editor who is celebrating his fiftieth year of newspaper editorship. The banquet was given under the auspices of the Rockville Commercial Club.

Mr. C.W. McCarty, managing editor of the Indianapolis News, spoke on "Hoosiers in Journalism". Dr. L.B. Hopkins, president of Wabash College, was toasmaster and Curtis Hostetter of the Rockville Tribune was chairman. Tributes from newspaper associates were a part of the program and there were musical numbers by a sextette of Rockville women.

The testimonial banquet was a worthy tribute to our friend Mr. Hargrave.

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TURKEY TALK

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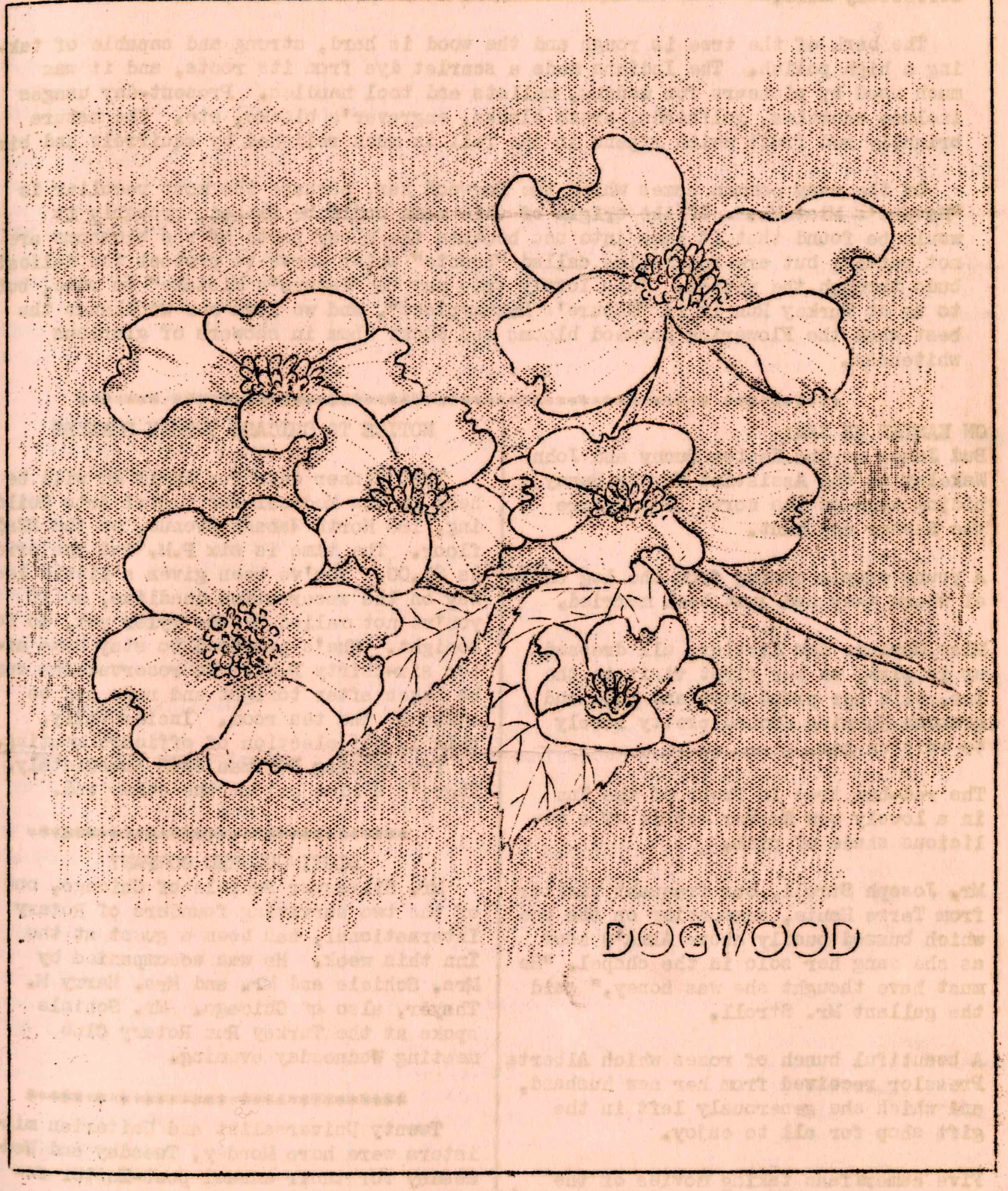

DOGWOOD

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FLOWERING DOGWOOD

Now is the time of year when Turkey Run's woods are decked in the snowy beauty of the beautiful Flowering Dogwood, and people make it a point to come from near and far to view this lovely sight.

Of all the lovely trees at Turkey Run, the Flowering Dogwood (Cornus Florida) is the best known and best loved. When its buds break open to splash the landscape with white billows of delicate lace-like beauty we know that spring is definitely here.

The bark of the tree is rough and the wood is hard, strong and capable of taking a high polish. The Indians made a scarlet dye from its roots, and it was much used by pioneers for wedges, mallets and tool handles. Present-day usages include shuttles, golfheads, brush blocks, engraver's blocks, etc. The mature brightly red fruit which ripens in the fall is much relished by squirrels and birds.

Of the many common names which the Dogwood has, perhaps the most peculiar is "Nature's Mistake." If the origin of this name could be traced, probably it would be found that it came into use because the showy parts of the blossoms are not petals, but are bud scales called "bracts" which serve to protect the delicate buds through the winter. This lovely tree may be "Nature's Mistake" to some, but to us at Turkey Run it is "Nature's Masterpiece", and we love our woodlands the best when the Flowering Dogwood blooms and decks them in showers of glorious whiteness.

****

ON EASTER WE SAW:
Bud James as the Easter Bunny and John Wakeley as the Assistant Easter Bunny hiding eggs on the north lawn before the Easter egg hunt.

A young couple coming from the log chapel where they had just been married.

Miss Dorinda Lou Kirtley, all dressed up in pink, on her first visit to the Inn, with her proud mama and papa and grandma jumping around pretty lively to wait on her.

The red-bud tree in front of the Inn in a lovely new Easter outfit of a delicious shade of pink.

Mr. Joseph Stroll, our frequent visitor from Terre Haute, commenting on the bee which buzzed busily above Alma's head as she sang her solo in the chapel. "He must have thought she was honey," said the gallant Mr. Stroll.

A beautiful bunch of roses which Alberta Presslor received from her new husband, and which she generously left in the gift shop for all to enjoy.

Five camera fans taking movies of the people coming out of the chapel.

NOTICE TO CHICAGO TURKEY RUNNERS

That dinner date for April 28 will be held at the Medical and Dental Arts Building, 185 North Wabash Avenue, on the 22nd floor. The time is six P.M. and the price is $1.00. You've been given a little leeway on the reservation deadline, so if you've not called Skeets Tyler yet, do so tonight. She's promised to stay home after six-thirty P.M.. No reservations can be taken after tonight and none can be taken at the tea room. Incidentally, this is our election of officers meeting.

Try calling Pullman 6248 immediately. There's a nice gal at the other end.

****

DISTINGUISHED COMPANY

Mr. Silvester Schiele of Chicago, one of the two surviving founders of Rotary International, has been a guest at the Inn this week. He was accompanied by Mrs. Schiele and Mr. and Mrs. Harry M. Thayer, also of Chicago. Mr. Schiele spoke at the Turkey Run Rotary Club meeting Wednesday evening.

****

Twenty Universalist and Unitarian ministers were here Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday for their annual post-Easter retreat.

THAT'S HOW BUSY WE WERE

We were so busy at the Inn last week that when the new Esquires came in and were put for sale on the magazine rack, they were there ten minutes before Claude Presslor had time to borrow one! And that's not all! Bud didn't get to borrow one for half an hour -- and, alas, they had been here for two days before your editor had a chance to snitch one out of the rack and take it upstairs to read in the wee sma' hours of the night. As far as we know, Bobby Hopkins never did get around to swiping a copy.

'Tis indeed a pity when things come to such a pass!

****

VISIT GUTHRIE INN

Everett Lyons, Sally and Art Carpenter, Bud James, Kenneth Davies, and Bob Delp of the Inn, and Miss Kathleen Parker and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Nelson, all of Chicago, drove to Guthrie Inn at Dupont Monday and remained until Wednesday.

****

NOT GRETA

No, folks, that isn't Greta Garbo who now helps in the gift shop. It's Mary Lois Ball, the Garbo-ish looking young lady who has come to be one of the assistant gift shop hostesses and an assistant secretary. Fresh out of business college, she has been here a week, and we have yet to hear her say, "I tank I go home."

****

Cathryn Morris of Greenwood, Indiana, is also helping with the stenographic work.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL

Have you ever seen a whip-poor-will? Neither have we, but for all that we're foolishly fond of whip-poor-wills. Few birds are less frequently seen than this little fellow, but few are more widely known. Not very many people can say that they have ever had more than a fleeting glimpse of the bird, but probably everybody is familiar with the liquid music with which he fills the air on a springtime night. Under the protection of the darkness he does not hesitate to come very near and with remarkable persistence and endurance sings his love-song, sometimes in company with a chorus of a dozen or more other whip-poor-wills. His appealing call is one of the things that makes Turkey Run so lovely at this time of year.

The three whistled notes included in the song are delivered in practically the same rhythm and tempo and with the same accent, the emphasis being placed upon the first and third syllables, and most emphatically on the third. Comparatively few listeners get close enough to the bird to hear the faint "chuck" which precedes the phrase and still fewer are aware that it is accompanied by a peculiar bowing motion, the bow coming with the first syllable. The tone may be monotonous and of a great uniformity, but to us it is richly beautiful.

Last year we had a guest who stayed awake for a long time counting the call of a whip-poor-will, and the next day he reported that it had continued to "whip" more than a thousand times without stopping.

In the daytime the bird is practically invisible, so perfectly does its plumage blend with the fallen leaves and twigs among which it crouches. In fact, even a trained observer finds it very hard to locate him. Once flushed, it flies rapidly and absolutely noiselessly for a short distance, only to plunge to the ground and again vanish as if the earth had swallowed it. About nine and a half inches long, of nondescript coloring, the whip-poor-will is not a beautiful bird, but we love it and its first love-song of spring is sweet music to our ears.

One of these moonlight nights why don't you stroll down to Sunset Point and watch the reflection of the moonbeams in the creek while you listen to the serenade of a whip-poor-will from the woods across the water? If that doesn't do things to you, you're hopeless.

****

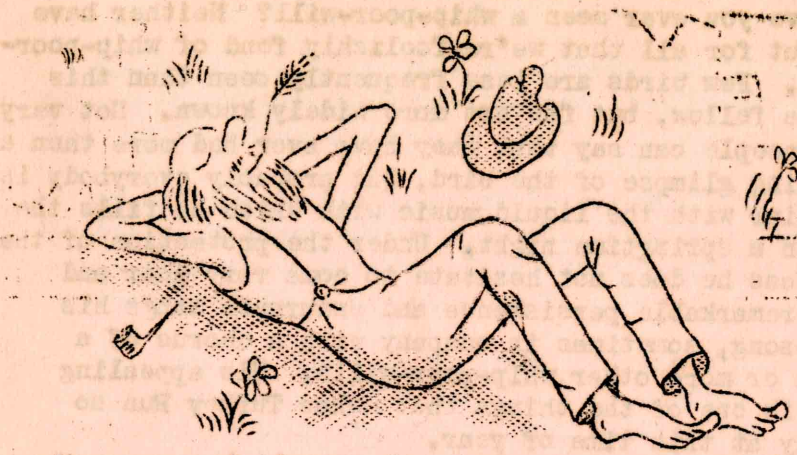
The juniors and seniors of the Quincy, Indiana, high school, held their reception here Friday night.

****

"He who has a congenial hobby owns a mental island of refuge."

We were pleased to have Mr. Philip E. Rice of Warrensburg, New York, stop in Monday. He is manager of the Brown Swan Inn and of Ye Guest House at Warrensburg.

OL' DUTCH SEZ



Shore wish all o' you folks in th' cities cud jist git away an' come down here whilst all the purty trees an' flowers is in bloom.

There's a big red-bud tree right on th' bank o' th' crick where I allus does my fishin'. It's mighty peaceful-like just a-layin' there an' a-lookin' up at th' purty pink buds.

I gits a-meditatin' late in th' afternoon an' t'other day I wuz jist a-thinkin' how proud He must be a-lookin' down at His earth in th' springtime. Roses, orkids an' fancy flowers is awful purty but I shore injoy a-seein' th' purty flowers an' trees which grows all by theirselves.

Lisbeth don't like my fishin' but she sez if purty flowers allus keeps me in good humer she's a-goin' ter put 'em all over th' house. I'm a-goin' ter raise thunder if I finds any bokays pinned ter my overalls.

****

NEW CABINS TO BE READY THE MIDDLE OF MAY

The stenographic force has been kept busy lately writing letters which say, "We are very sorry to have to tell you that because of previous reservations we cannot take care of you at the time you want to come." But it won't be long until they'll be writing, "We are very glad to tell you that we will be able to take care of you in our new cabins over on U.S. 41."

Twelve two-room cabins are under construction at the intersection of U.S. 41 and Indiana 47, about two miles from the Inn, which will be used to accommodate the overflow crowds on week-ends and other guests throughout the week. One of them is nearing completion, and the rest will be ready for use by the middle of May. The cabins are located in a semi-circle well back off of the highway beside a fringe of woods and above a beautiful ravine. They are finished on the outside with native vertical lumber and are batted on the inside. The rooms are 11 by 14, with three windows to a room. Art Carpenter will be in charge of the cabins, and he will also manage a small sandwich shop which is to be operated nearby. Cabin rates are $2.00 a day double and $1.50 a day single. With meals served at the Inn, the rates are $3.75 a day single and $6.50 a day double. It is hoped that these cabins will help solve our week-end problem which has long been troubling us.

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APRIL AT TURKEY RUN

The whip-poor-will sings with rhythmic wail,
The red-buds their blooms are displaying,
And white - aye white as a bridal veil
The dogwood branches are swaying.

The violets blanket the grass with blue,
The anemones wake from their dreaming
And sweet - aye sweet as a dream come true
The dogwood blossoms are gleaming.

The canyons are filled with a magical glow,
The tree-crested cliffs are towering,
And pure - aye pure as the glistening snow
The radiant dogwood is flowering.

Rev. R.C. Ellsworth of Rockville will speak in the log chapel Sunday morning at nine o'clock. All are invited.

Mrs. Mary Root Simpson of Washington, Indiana, is visiting Mrs. Charles Kirk at her home.

Mrs. Elmer Barta of Chicago will arrive Sunday to spend her vacation. We've dusted off the ladder back chairs in the gift shop in preparation for her arrival.

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TURKEY TALK

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THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE MAY

This week the woods at Turkey Run are abloom with the loveliest flowers of the year, and the canyons are veritable rock gardens filled with blossoms and ferns and mosses of almost unbelievable loveliness.

The blue violets are about gone, but everywhere are velvet-petaled white violets, so large and showy that they belie the traditional shyness of the violet family. The phacelia and phlox make silvery-purple patches among the yellow celandine poppies and buttercups, the coral columbine and the vivid fire pink. Then there's funny old jack-in-the-pulpit bobbing around under his hood; and there's the may apple with its waving umbrella; and there's the snow-white bishop's cap. Blue-bells, shooting stars, wild strawberries, marsh marigolds, Dutchman's breeches, and dozens of others are everywhere to be seen.

You don't have to journey far from the Inn to see these darlings of nature, for they're thick on the hotel lawn, on Sunset Point, down by the suspension bridge, over on Hemlock Point, and of course on all the trails near and far. For a brief journey into fairy-land we recommend a walk through Turkey Run Hollow while the flowers are in bloom -- and for a longer trip we suggest Trails 3 and 4.

****

YUM! YUM! YUM!

April showers bring May flowers -- and they also bring those delicious, delectable, delightful and delicate dainties known as mushrooms. We are true and authentic mushroom fiends, and we wax lyrical about these toothsome tidbits upon the slightest provocation. We love 'em, we adore 'em, we worship 'em, we're nerts about 'em.

When you go mushroom hunting look in warm moist places, along the outskirts of woods, along the banks of Sugar Creek, in old fence rows, old orchards and open meadows. The picture shows the Morel Mushroom, which is choicest of all. It is conic in shape, it varies in size, it is buff yellow in color, and it has that wonderful mushroomy flavor that tastes just like mushrooms in the springtime at Turkey Run.

ANOTHER GIRL

For the third time this spring, Old Man Stork has swooped down on Turkey Run and left a baby girl. The proud parents this time are Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wood who live in the log house over by the dairy. Mrs. Wood is the former Fauneal Barker who for many years was a favorite waitress at the Inn, and Mr. Wood is employed in our maintenance department.

The baby, who arrived Monday night and weighed in at seven pounds, five ounces, has been named Wanda Louise, and she and her mother are doing nicely at the Clinton hospital. We hope that the good fairies will bless young Wanda Louise with her mother's beautiful curly hair and her daddy's ravishing eyelashes.

When Everett Lyons and Mac Kirtley (both of whom have recently become papas of daughters) heard of the arrival of the new baby girl, they breathed sighs of relief. "If Fauneal and Woody had had a boy," quoth they, "We would have never heard the last of it. Now we're all even."

****

TO SING IN INDIANAPOLIS

Alma Monninger, our entertainer and singer, will sing two groups of songs on May 4 at the spring luncheon of the Indianapolis Free Kindergarten Mothers Clubs which is to be held at the North Methodist Church, Indianapolis. On May 17 she will also sing at a meeting of the Martha Hawkins Society in Indianapolis.

****

NOTICE TO MR. ELMER BARTA: We think that you should come and keep an eye on your wife while she is a guest at Turkey Run. She's been doing some very unique things this week -- and we don't know whether you would approve or not. You had better come down pronto and look the situation over for we don't feel that we can be responsible for her actions.

****

The faculty of the Clinton, Indiana, high school had a dinner party at the Inn Thursday night. There were fifty present.

PIONEER ROOM POPULAR

Last Sunday we fed almost nine hundred people for dinner -- and that's a lot of people when you come to think of it. We served them in the main dining room, we served them in the north porch dining room, and we served them in the Pioneer Room which we now open up as a dining room when we're crowded.

Everyone who has been here knows about the dining room and the porch, but not everybody knows about the Pioneer Room, so this is by way of an introduction. It has a seating capacity of about sixty, it is managed by Dick Savidge -- and, girls, the waiters are ten handsome and stalwart young men from Wabash College! We have visions of the dining room and the porch being patronized from now on by men and boys and elderly ladies on busy Sundays. All the gals and would-be gals will be down in the Pioneer Room!

****

HONEYMOONERS LIKE TURKEY RUN

We have some charming honeymooners with us this week -- Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Caruso from Chicago who were married Sunday. We were just ready to write a little piece about them when they handed us a nice little piece they had written about Turkey Run. Here it is: "Turkey Run is the ideal vacation place. It is also one of the most beautiful spots for honeymooners. Its trails, winding roads, canyons and creeks, its trees and birds and flowers are beautiful for all nature lovers. The people are most interesting, the accommodations above par, the employees so congenial. You don't know how much you've missed until you come to this new world known as Turkey Run."

How's that for a testimony? And we didn't have to pay for it either!

****

Dr. Obed S. Johnson, chaplain at Wabash College, will be in charge of the log chapel service Sunday. His sermon subject will be "Finding God In Nature." The service will be from nine to nine forty-five.

****

Bert Holland and Bob Drake returned to Turkey Run Thursday after a long absence. They have been at Guthrie Inn at Dupont.

MRS. SIMPSON GETS HER NOURISHMENT

It is with regret that we relate the sad story of Mrs. Mary Root Simpson of Washington, Indiana, but it is our painful duty to do so, for the policy of Turkey Talk has always been to tell the news no matter how unpleasant the telling may be. Much as we would like to spare Mrs. Simpson's family from humiliation, we cannot suppress the truth, so here it is.

Mrs. Simpson has been here all week and she has spent most of her waking hours eating. Her regrettable practise is to go to the dining room immediately upon arising in the morning, where she remains and eats breakfast until noon. She then begins her lunch which continues through the afternoon, and when the setting sun marks the end of day she orders a steak dinner and works at it while the rest of our dinner guests come and go. She eats until the dining room is empty except for the poor waitress who can't leave as long as our guest from Washington, Indiana, continues to eat. When the cooks have finally dropped from exhaustion and no more food is forthcoming, Mrs. Simpson arises and sweeps majestically out of the dining room (taking a cookie from the cookie jar en route) and looks around the lobbies until she finds somebody who will accompany her to the Commissary for a sandwich and a chocolate sundae and some candy and a coke.

The saddest part of the story is now to be revealed. On Wednesday night, after Mrs. Simpson had spent the day in the dining room and the evening at the Commissary, she was seen out under the lights by the garage snapping at gnats and devouring them greedily. "I don't like to go to bed hungry," she explained to the curious bystanders as she noisily crunched on a juicy gnat. "It's a long time until breakfast and I must have my nourishment."

****

A pleasant surprise this week was the arrival on Thursday of Wilbur Duncan, one of our nature guides, for an overnight stay. He says he will be back on June 4 to spend the summer.

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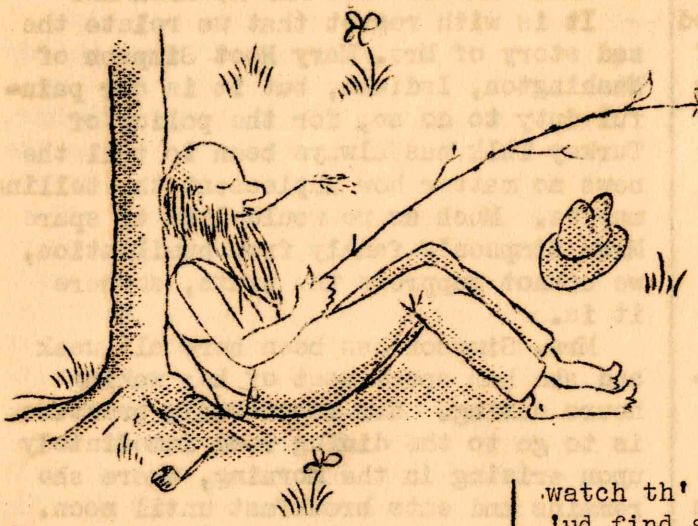
NEWLYWEDS: Mr. and Mrs. E. Gronkie of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Caruso of Chicago.



OLD HITCH SEZ

Fishin' is shore fun an' restful-like, but most of all it's more interestin' ter flop down on yer stummick an' lean over th' bank an' watch 'em. Th' suckers has been layin' on th' riffles an' t'other day I seed about seventy-five all in one group.

You know if peeple wud an' cud take time ter watch th' others 'round 'em fer a short spell they 'ud find sum interestin' things. Nature is awful interestin'. Wuz watchin' a leetle minner when long come a bigger fish who wuz lookin' fer his dinner. Bout th' time th' leetle feller wuz ter leave us ferever a kingfisher flyed down an' catched th' big un. Life is jist like that. Ya never know when sum wun is goin' ter cum along an' take th' wind out o' yer sails.

SPRING

O gee, how sweet are spring,
With flowerous buds a-bustin'
And singbirds on the wing -
It's all so interustin'.

O gee, O gosh, O MY!
I'd love to dance and caper!
Sweet notions fill the sky,
Sweet notions and some vapor!

O would I are a gophe,
A wild one, truly rilly,
Beneath thus grass I'd loaf,
How cuckoo sweet, what silly!

O hear them sparrers swoop!
Sweet butterflies a-flicker!
Them hummingbirds, how hoop!
And O, thou wild woodpicker.

O, see them tendrils curl!
My sense of duty's hazy!
I'd scamper with them squirrel
But I'm TOO DOGGONED LAZY!

(Contributed by Miss Evelyn Eberhardt of Indianapolis who has been a guest of Alma Monninger at Turkey Run.)

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The hikers who went with Wilbur Duncan Friday morning found forty-two varieties of flowers on Trail 2.

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CHICAGO TURKEY RUN CLUB

Another meeting of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago was held at the Medical Arts Building on Thursday evening, April 28. The election of new officers was held and the new president is none other than Freddie Bogan. The new vice-president is Ed Schmitd and Mrs. Clara Tegtmeyer was selected to carry on the duties of secretary. A very enjoyable program was presented by Dubby Peterson's friend, Mr. Firsch, who is a pianist of no little repute.

The date of the next meeting has been set for September. We will give further details when we get 'em.

****

ROTARY CLUB CHARTER NIGHT

Charter night for the Turkey Run Rotary Club was celebrated at the Inn Wednesday night with three hundred Rotarians here from many cities in Indiana and Illinois. The principal speaker of the evening was Rev. A.E. Cole of Bloomington, Indiana, governor of the 155th Rotary district, who presented the charter to the new club. Other speakers were Raymond Willis, Richard Savidge and Hal Royce. Special musical numbers were presented during the dinner hour.

There are thirty-one members in the new club, and they meet here every Wednesday evening at 6:30.

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Mrs. Simpson says she saw this sign in a restaurant in a small Indiana town: "Don't ask us for information. If we knew anything we wouldn't be here."

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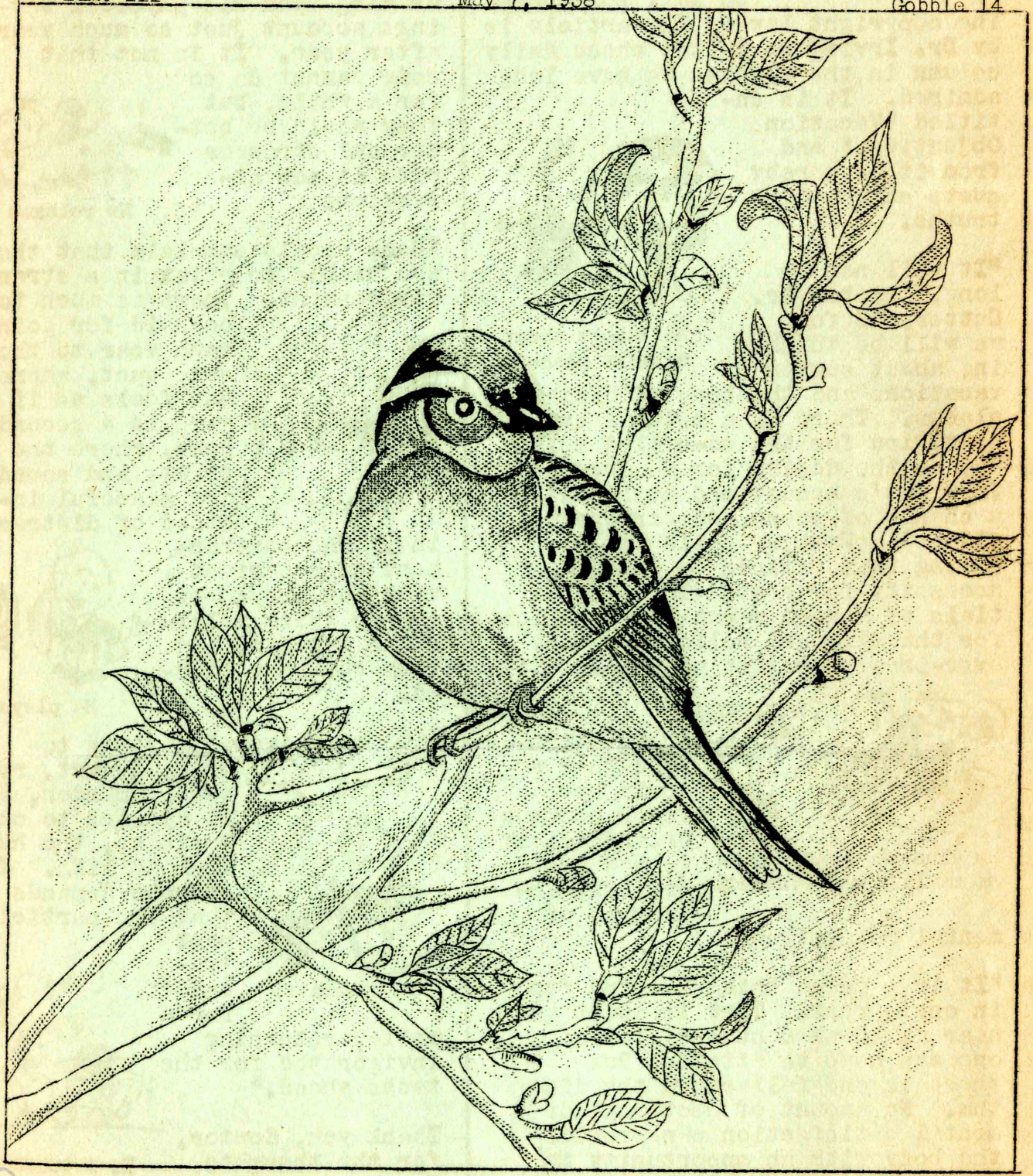
TURKEY TALK

Volume III May 7, 1938 Gobble 14



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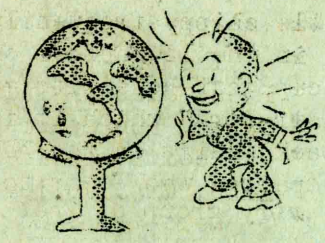
VACATION OBJECTIVES

He needs a change of scene

We came across an article in the Chicago Tribune last week that was right down our alley, and we determined to put part of it in Turkey Talk, even though we might go to jail for breaking copyright laws. The article is by Dr. Irving S. Cutter whose daily column in the Tribune we have long admired. It is entitled "Vacation Objectives" and from it we hereby quote some solemn truths.



He thinks about distant places

"It will not be long," writes Dr. Cutter, "Before we will be thinking about summer vacations and the lure of distant places. There is a natural explanation for the so-called holiday -- the desire for a surcease from one's accustomed duties with a change of scene and perhaps of climate. Fatigue pulls the string that reminds us of the necessity for rest. The essentials of a good vacation are quiet for the mind and relief from the ever-present weight of responsibility.

He chooses a place that seems like a second home

"I am satisfied that we would have fewer nervous breakdowns if we had more frequent intervals of mental relaxation.

"It is a grand thing to find fun in one's work. That is about as near an ideal mental state as one can hope to attain. But there is one fallacy in the dictum. No amount of emotional or mental satisfaction can provide the body with an opportunity to store up reserve. Agriculturists have learned that a field must lie fallow every few years. The one who is convinced that he can drive himself incessantly without a let-up is drawing upon his physical savings account just so much year after year. It is not that some cannot do so for a while, but they would be better and stronger were it not attempted.

He returns to nature

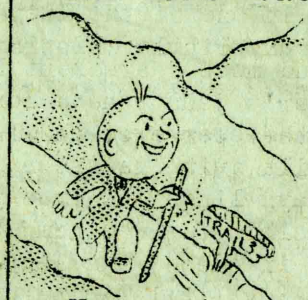
He relaxes

"Some people complain that they are unable to relax in a strange environment. There is much to be said for going each year to the same spot, where one feels as if he were in a second home, where the sights and sounds are peaceful instead of distracting. The environment of a perfect vacation should be one in which relaxation for mind and body can be achieved.

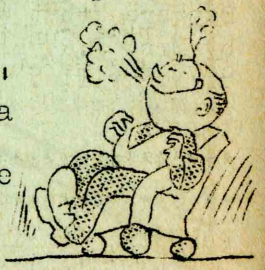
He rests

He plays

"The word 'vacate' means to quit, depart, resign, abandon, and it applies to one's business, the humdrum of life. The program demands that the participant 'vacate' for a while, returning invigorated for the tasks ahead."



He exercises



He returns invigorated for the tasks ahead

Thank you, doctor, for the thoughts. They're our sentiments exactly.

The staff of Turkey Run Inn joins with the many other friends of Everett Lyons, our resident manager, in expressing sympathy at the death of his father which occurred Monday following a short illness. A number of staff members attended the funeral which was held at Brook, Indiana, Wednesday afternoon.

****

Herbert Hadley, state nature guide, stopped at the Inn for a short visit last Sunday.

Mother's Day will be observed with a special chapel service from nine to nine forty-five Sunday morning. Rev. Karl A. Roth of Lake Forest College, Lake Forest, Illinois, will be in charge of the service, and his sermon subject will be "Honoring Our Mothers." For his Scripture reading he has selected St. Paul's eulogy on love from the 13th chapter of First Corinthians. There will be a small remembrance for each mother in the audience. All are invited to attend.

****

The friendly little fellow on the front cover is none other than Mr. Chipping Sparrow, a member of the Finch family, and a very prominent citizen in Turkey Run's bird family. About five inches long, he is ash-gray under his eye, on the back of his neck, underneath and on his lower back. He has a gray stripe over his eye and a blackish-brown one apparently through it. His crown is dark red-brown and his back is brown while his wings and tail are dusty brown.

Familiar to all of us is this humble, unassuming little neighbor who comes hopping almost to the very door of the Inn, that mite of a bird whose high trill, like the buzzing of the locust, starts the morning's bird chorus, continues throughout the day and after all other voices are hushed in the evening is the last bed-song to come from the trees. His call-note, chip! chip!, is altogether different from the tremolo trill which does duty as his love song and expresses all the other emotions that the amiable little fellow might feel impelled to voice.

But with all their virtues, the chipping sparrows show lamentable weakness of character in bringing up their children, for they allow their grown-up offspring to impose on them in a shocking manner. In every group of these birds we can see young ones as large and able bodied as the parents, hopping around and teasing to be fed until the parents weakly relent, pick seeds from the ground and thrust them down the bills of their saucily teasing baby birds. With two such broods of youngsters a season, the father and mother are kept busy and it's a wonder that the chestnut feathers on the father's jaunty head don't turn gray.

Unlike most of the sparrows, the little chippy frequently seeks high trees, where his nest is built quite as often as in the low bushes on the ground. The horse-hair which always lines the grassy cup that holds its greenish-blue speckled eggs is alone responsible for the name "hair-bird" which it is sometimes called.

It's fun to sit in one of the lazy-back chairs on the hotel lawn these spring days and watch the perky little chipping sparrow who seems to enjoy our company as much as we do his.

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The north porch decked in spring time flowers was the setting for a lovely May Day breakfast which was given Thursday by Mrs. J.R. Bloomer and Mrs. G.A. Scott of Rockville. Seventy guests were present for the ten o'clock breakfast and for bridge afterwards.

****

Dale and Pauline Newnam, children of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Newnam, have returned to Turkey Run for the summer after their school year in Bloomingdale. We're all mighty glad to have them back.

The May-time picnic of the Women's Press Club of Indiana will be held at Turkey Run Saturday, May 14. The hostess committee includes Mrs. Albert L. Rabb, Mrs. Julian Hogate, Mrs. R.B. Pickard, Mrs. Edward Weesner, Mrs. Gertrude Romiser and Mrs. Frances Hatfield.

****

Members of the Priscilla Club of Chrisman, Illinois, held their annual luncheon and business meeting at the Inn Wednesday. Nineteen were present.

TURKEY RUN CLUB OF GREATER CINCINNATI

The last meeting of the season of the Cincinnati Turkey Run Club will be held May 19th at 6:45 P.M. in the auditorium of Dr. Olson's church on Essex Place. The dinner will be $1.00, including tip and tax. This is to be a gala affair and all members are urged to make plans to go. Reservations should be made as soon as possible with Georgia Glassmeyer, 935 Summit Avenue. Georgia's telephone number is Wabash 3388.

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CHARIVARI

The staff of Turkey Run Inn did its duty by its three pairs of newly-weds Thursday night, as everyone withint hearing range can testify. The blushing brides and grooms, Don and Mary Catherine Poling, Claude and Alberta Presslor, and Foche (Red) and Helen (Red) Mayes, were neatly caught as they were playing a quiet game of bridge at the Presslor home in Marshall. Since they, for some unexplained reason, seemed a trifle loath to accept their fellow employees' invitation to go for a ride, they were gently but firmly assisted into the Turkey Run trailer (an open-air two-wheeled chariot which was hitched behind Art and Sally Carpenter's Car) and escorted by a fleet of about a dozen cars (all equipped with horns in good working order and occupied by staff members armed with dish pans and sticks) they rode in style in the trailer through the streets of Marshall. Finally they were brought back to the Commissary where they set up the crowd to cokes, sandwiches and coffee. The ensuing program upstairs in the Commissary included dancing, the presentation of gifts to the newly married couples, and a charming specialty number by Bob Drake and Bill Walden.

****

Miss Lydia Lichtenstein and Miss Clara Hoffman, guests from Chicago, drove to Brown County with Bud James Thursday and spent the day enjoying the beauties of southern Indiana. This is the first southern Indiana tour of the season and is a small beginning for what we hope will be a big venture. The tour books, which are in their second printing, will be available in a short time for all interested in these tours.

NO RECESSION AT COMMISSARY

That feeling of recession doesn't seem to be bothering Claude English, manager of the Turkey Run Commissary, these days. His main difficulty seems to be to take care of all the people who want to spend money in his place. What with the Commissary's fountain service, its short order service, its huge assortment of souvenirs, drugs, groceries and what not, and its upstairs dance floor, it is one of the most popular places in the park and is always full of life and activity. No wonder Claude and his staff aren't complaining!

****

Forty-two faculty members of the laboratory department of Indiana State Teachers College, Terre Haute, Indiana, were dinner guests Wednesday.

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OLD HUTCH SEZ

Th' weather hez been so dern swell I figgered I'd better do a leetle travelin'. Lisbeth an' me piled in ol' Betsy an' started ter sail away ter Rockville. Hadn't gone more'n a leetle piece til she (Betsy) started a-sputterin' an' a-chuggin'. Kinda made me mad an' I wuz a-cussin' under my breath a leetle when I seed sum hitch-hikers down th' road. There wuz a feller an' his wife with a leetle girl a-standin' in th' hot sun a-waitin'. We piled 'em in an' derned if they didn't start braggin' about how cool it was ridin' in Betsy an' how glad they wuz ter git a ride an' how nice I wuz ter let 'em. Think th' ol' bus has ears cuz she started jist a-purrin' along.

Guess we jist don't appreciate things we has 'til sum one else thinks we are shore lucky.

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NOTE OF THANKS

I wish to take this opportunity to tell all my fellow staff members "thank you" for the beautiful flowers they sent me while I was sick. I hope to be back at work again before long.

Fred Odell

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TURKEY TALK

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THE OLD LUSK HOME

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THE OLD LUSK HOME

Down a winding, wooded country road and across an old covered bridge -- this is the way to the Lusk home which is one of the interesting places to visit at Turkey Run. When in 1841 Captain Salmon Lusk built this house high on the hill above the Narrows in Sugar Creek he surely never dreamed that a century later it would be standing unchanged, a landmark and a show-place in a great state park. Old Salmon built the house, not for posterity, but for the immediate needs of the Lusk family, and he built a substantial and pretentious home as befitted the founder of the thriving settlement of Lusk's Mills there at the Narrows.

Lusk and his sons made the bricks for the house, fashioning them so skillfully that today they are in perfect condition after almost a hundred years of exposure to the elements. The front of the house with its eight wide, many-paned windows and its two pillared porches, one above the other, faces a row of red cedar trees that stand as stiff and straight as soldiers on the very edge of the bluff. The Lusks neglected to put any windows or doors in either the east or the west ends of their home. Why, no one knows, but perhaps this was to make the building more like a fort in case of Indian attacks. The front door opens into a wide hallway on either side of which are spacious living rooms, each with a grand old fireplace and a high built-in cupboard. To the rear on the first floor are three other rooms, and the one to the west is the room that John Lusk locked up when his mother died, leaving it for thirty-five years behind its closed doors exactly the way she had left it.

From the front hall a steep, narrow stairway leads to the upstairs hall which is flanked by two large bed-rooms. Mysterious is the little doorway in the west bedroom which leads into a low dark passageway under the eaves. This tiny, pitch-dark room may have been used as a store-room, but there are those who say it was intended as a hiding place for runaway slaves in Civil War days.

Every bit of woodwork in the house is made by hand, held together by wooden pegs. The heavy black walnut doors are hand carved, the mantel pieces and all the rich black walnut woodwork are hand-hewn, as are the stairway banisters and the "chair rail" circling each room about three feet from the floor. The floors of hard oak are beautifully preserved.

The site of the house on the hilltop is perfect, commanding as it does an unobstructed view of the beautiful valley of Sugar Creek. It is also a practical location, as was proved when the flood of 1847, which swept away the little town of Lusk's Mills, was unable to reach the big brick house. When you stand on the front porch you can look down and see Sugar Creek and the strip of road which plays hide and seek in and out of the old covered bridge and among the dark trees. A wide lawn sweeps in all directions from the house, ending in fields to the rear and sides, and dropping abruptly to the creek in front. Touchingly human is the wee grave on the west lawn on whose little crumbling tombstone you can read the dim writing that indicates that here lies Caroline, daughter of Salmon Lusk, who died in 1842 at the age of two years.

The Lusk home is easily reached by automobile and is one of the stopping places in the local tours which are conducted from Turkey Run Inn.

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PREDICTION

Almost a quarter of a million people will visit Turkey Run State Park during 1938, according to a recent prediction made by Charles Slusser, park custodian. So far the year's attendance record is far ahead of the total for the same period last year.

ATTENTION, CINCINNATI TURKEY RUN CLUB

Tuesday, May 17, is the deadline for reservations to the club meeting which will be held Thursday, May 19, in Dr. Olson's church on Essex Place. Get your reservations in at once with Georgia Glassmeyer, 935 Summit Avenue. Her telephone number is Wabash 3388.

MRS. B.F. HOLST

It was with sorrow that Turkey Runners learned this week of the death of Mrs. B.F. Holst of Chicago, a frequent Turkey Run visitor. Besides her husband she is survived by her daughter, Hazel Jane, who was employed at Turkey Run two years ago and who will be remembered by many as the hostess in the log cabin on Sunset Point. To Mr. Holst and Hazel Jane we extend our sincere sympathy.

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TEACHERS HAVE OUTING AT TURKEY RUN

The teachers from School #66, Indianapolis, had an enjoyable outing at Turkey Run Saturday, May 7. Members of the party were: Nellie Chapman, hostess, Ada Clark, Mayme Hastings, Clara Holaday, Laura Frazier, Adelia Brier, Fred Brier, Kathleen Kaiber, Lola Bortz, Gail Hadsell, Lillian Schaefer, Frances Ward, Isabella Eddy, Helen Bothwell and Esther Pickard.

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LOG CHAPEL SERVICE

Rev. Laurence P. Green, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Covington, Indiana, will be in charge of the log chapel service Sunday. His sermon subject will be "Our Salvation." The service will begin promptly at nine and will last forty-five minutes. At ten o'clock there will be a short service for employees of the Inn.

****

VISIT GUTHRIE INN AT DUPONT

Another group left here Thursday morning for a two-day trip to Guthrie Inn at Dupont and other places in the southern part of the state. The party included Mr. Guthrie and Claude and Alberta Presslor from the Inn, Owen Swaim of Marshall, Jack Iiams, Hal Royce and Bill Hargrave of Rockville and John Cherry and Miss May Kuhn of Danville, Illinois.

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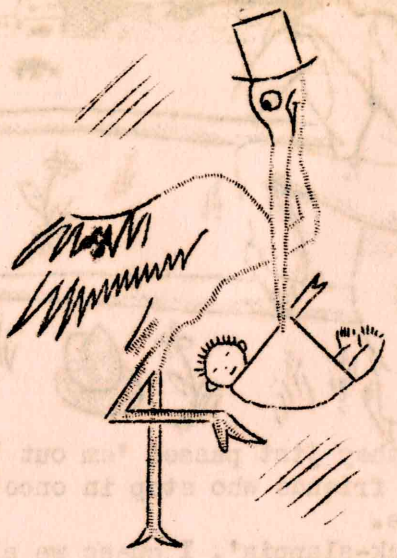
THIS WEEK'S PARTIES

May 9, Junior Senior reception of Hamlet High School; May 12, Loda Township High School Party, Loda, Ill.; May 10, May Breakfast of Woman's Department Club of Waveland; May 13, Brocton Community High School Party, Brocton, Ill.; May 15, Purdue Independent Association dinner party.

FOUR OF A KIND



No wonder the old stork is pleased with himself. He's gone and done it again and he thinks he's pretty cute. Monday he stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Parvin Hutson, over there on Highway 47, and left -- what do you think? -- a baby girl! The baby has been named Beverly Sue and she seems to be entirely satisfactory to her papa who is employed in the Inn's kitchen, and to her mama who used to be employed at the Commissary.

For those who may not have been reading the vital statistics in Turkey Talk recently, we sum up Mr. Stork's activities in the staff's families since February as follows: to Mr. and Mrs. Mac Kirtley, a daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Everett Lyons, a daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Wood, a daughter; to Mr. and Mrs. Parvin Hutson, a daughter.

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UNKNOWN ADMIRER

Miss Helen Berndt, that curly-haired young lady from Winnetka who has come bouncing back to Turkey Run for a two weeks' vacation, has been receiving some mighty mysterious messages since her arrival Sunday. They are unsigned and are of a nature to indicate that somewhere up on the North Shore somebody is missing her in a large way. The choicest message, which she blushingly showed us, was something like this:

"Blessed be the tie that binds
Our hearts in harmony;
Cursed be the railroad ties
That took you away from me."

(We can't quote it exactly because Helen took it away from us before we had it memorized, and sent it to some detectives for a solution to the mystery --- but you can get the general idea anyway.)

They do say, Helen, that absence makes the heart grow fonder, so you had better stay here a while longer!

OLD HUTCH SEZ

'Bout this time ever' two or three years we have a right smart cold spell right durin' th' time when th' blackberries is bloomin'. That's th' reason we is havin' what is called "Blackberry Winter." It's shore swell sleepin' at nights, though.

Th' 'lections is all over an' I got a heap o' cigars whut all th' candydates gived me. I felt kinda guilty takin' 'em, but dern if they jist passed 'em out 'long with a slap on th' back. I'll save 'em fer sum o' my friends who stop in once't in a while cuz I'd ruther puff away on a corncob any time.

Speakin' o' back-slappin', I guess we all air kinda guilty. Th' only time Jeb Hoskins an' me hez any kind words is when we needs somethin' from one 'nother.

****

BASEBALL

Several weeks ago the silken jerseys and red satin panties of the Turkey Run basket ball team were put away in moth balls until next winter. Slowly the aches and pains of our aging athletes vanished and the Inn began once more to resemble a hotel rather than a sanatorium as the boys learned to walk without their limps and shuffles. Everyone was happy again.

But alas and alack! All is sad along Sugar Creek again because Thursday night marked the opening of the baseball season, and we are being reminded of the "strawberries", the sprained ankles and fingers and the creaking joints of those who cannot realize that old age slowly takes its toll among athletes.

The Inn boys tangled with the highly touted Avalon team Thursday night, and the score was 14 - 12 in favor of the Avalon. Nuff said!

"I'm rarin' to go," says Mac Kirtley. John Davies informs us, "I'm the best man on the team." Red Mayes hopes his wife likes his catching, and Eddie Church, the playing manager, says, "I venture to say that when the season has been completed we shall have vanquished our opponents in a fashion of which the Inn shall be justly proud."

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INTRODUCING FRITZ

We have a number of new members of our staff, and we wish to introduce one of them. Franz "Fritz" Berger came from that well-known and beautiful metropolis called Fowler, Indiana. He says, "I'm from up in God's country where the wind blows across the prairie ninety miles an hour. At present he is one of Paul Newnam's right hand men at the garage, and can be found in the wee sma' hours whistling happily while he works. He is about six feet tall, is quite athletic and has raven hued hair. He is not a Lothario nor a Don Juan, but anyway we think it is a shame he has to work these moonlight nights.

BILL SEEMS SUBDUED

Mr. Bill Davidson of Chicago has been here three weeks, but we've not mentioned it in Turkey Talk for the simple reason that Bill hasn't done one single solitary thing to make news. Week after week we've been watching and studying him, but as a newsmaker he's been a flop. Subdued --- that's what Bill's been these three weeks. Subdued and sort of squelched. And now he's going home and we'll probably never know what dampened his spirits and chastened his soul. Maybe he's been thwarted in love or something.

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HERE'S THAT MAN AGAIN

We were glad when Mr. Ferd Hollweg of Indianapolis arrived Sunday for a week's visit. A collector of poetry and stories, "Ferd" can hold an audience spell-bound for hours. He is also quite a nature guide and has been taking groups on trail nine all week. Thursday while guiding a group he made a wrong turn, but anyway he managed to get them back in time for lunch.

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TURKEY TALK

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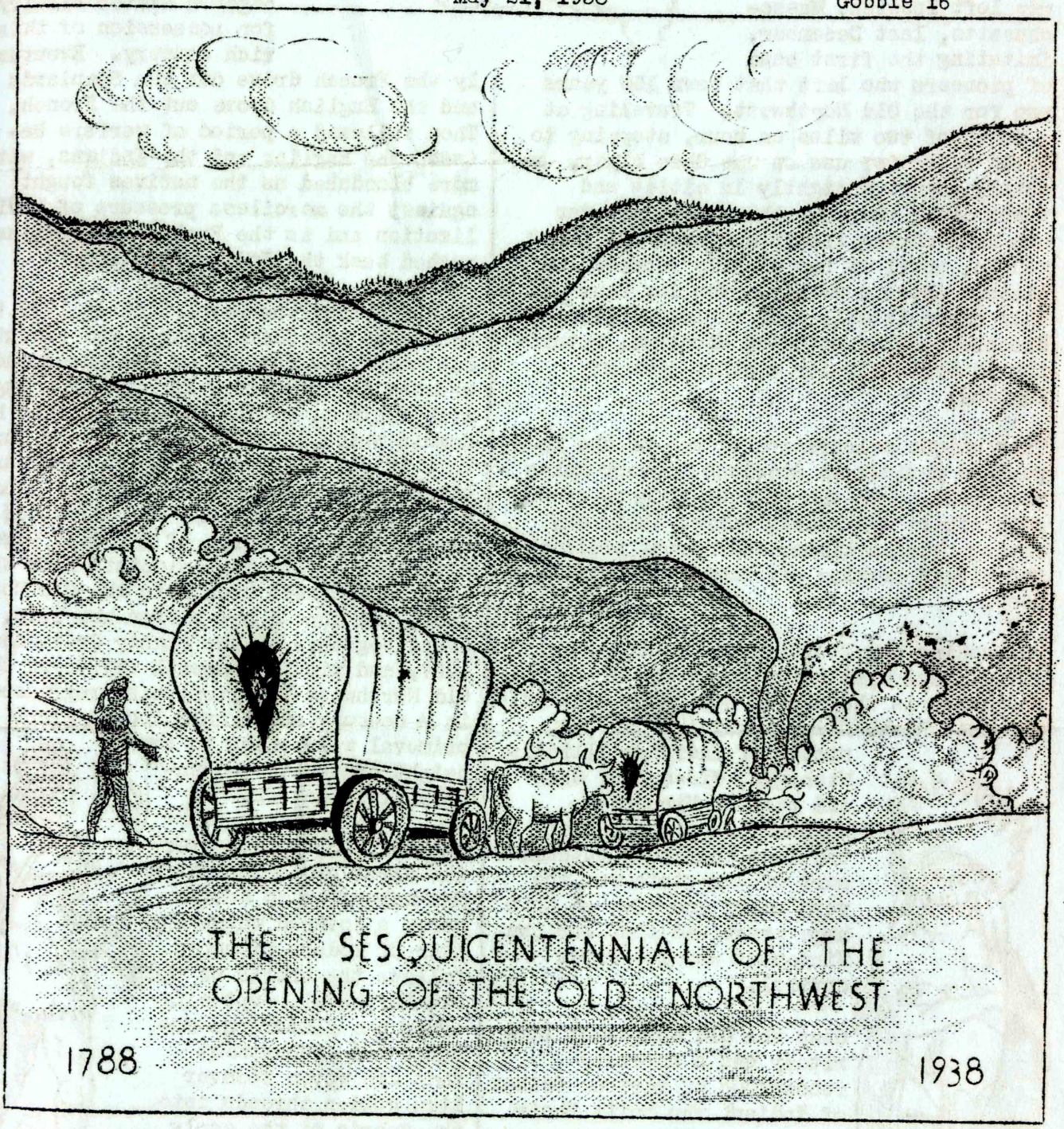

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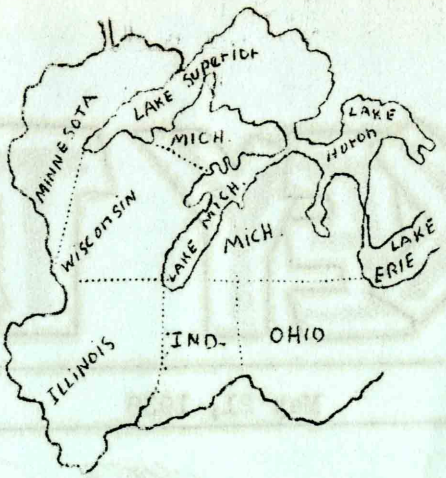
CARAVAN FOLLOWS TRAILS OF OLD NORTHWEST



Tracing the trail followed by pioneers in 1788, a caravan of modern pioneers with ox-drawn wagon and homespun clothing reached Indiana this week to celebrate the 150th anniversary of the opening of Indiana and five neighboring states to settlement. The ox-team caravan of thirty-six men left Ipswich, Massachusetts, last December, imitating the first band of pioneers who left that town 150 years ago for the Old Northwest. Traveling at a speed of two miles an hour, stopping to build boats for use on the Ohio River, enacting pageants nightly in cities and towns along the way, the modern caravan has been moving slowly westward all these months, until it has finally reached Indiana. After a twenty-seven day tour of this state it will move on into Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, returning in September for another tour of Indiana.

This unique celebration of one of the important periods in American history makes very real to us the valiant efforts of our forefathers who slowly forged their way through virgin timber and across prairies and rivers seeking new homes in the wilderness.

Refreshing our fourth grade history, we recall that what is known as the Old Northwest is the region north and west of the Ohio River which today includes the states of Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Ohio and part of Minnesota. We Hoosiers are proud of the fact that the southern part of our state was the very heart and core of this huge tract and that our own Vincennes was its first capital.

Once the Old Northwest Territory was a favorite rendezvous of various tribes of Indians who built their villages at strategic points, made their trails through the trackless forests, paddled their canoes along the quiet waterways and practised agriculture with a surprising degree of proficiency. Then came the white people to this beautiful, bountiful wilderness -- the Spaniards, the French and later the English -- and with their coming began a bitter rivalry for possession of this rich country. Eventually the French drove out the Spaniards and the English drove out the French. Then followed a period of warfare between the English and the Indians, with more bloodshed as the natives fought against the merciless pressure of civilization and as the English relentlessly pushed back the Indian frontier.

It was during the Revolution in 1779 that George Rogers Clark planned and executed his audacious capture of Vincennes and wrested the territory forever from English control, giving to America this huge domain which is as large as all of Europe. Were it not for George Rogers Clark and his achievements, the Dominion of Canada might today include all of the United States west and north of the Ohio River. After the Revolution colonists from the east began their trek into the Old Northwest, and thus a new nation was born, bound together by the mighty Ordinance of 1787, and with phenomenal swiftness this Old Northwest Territory has progressed in a century and a half from a great primeval wilderness to the height of twentieth century civilization.

And now, 150 years after the first pioneers left Massachusetts to settle here, a covered wagon caravan of modern pioneers follows the trails of the Old Northwest, capturing again the glamor and romance and enchantment that are woven forever like golden threads into the fabric of the early history of Indiana and its neighboring states.

MUSICAL PROGRAM SUNDAY BY SINGERS FROM SPRINGFIELD

The Six Singing Sisters of Springfield, Illinois, the Misses Gertrude, Helen, Esther, Rosalee, Virginia and Genevieve Rohrer, will present a forty-five minute musical program in the old log chapel Sunday morning, beginning at nine o'clock. They will be accompanied at the organ by Alma Monninger.

The program will include the following numbers by the Misses Rohrer: The Lord's Prayer, In The Garden, The Church In The Wildwood, The Holy City, The Old Rugged Cross. All of our guests are invited to attend this service of worship through song.

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TRUSTEE HONORED AT PARTY

More than sixty members of the Harrison Township Teachers Federation of Vigo County had a dinner party at the Inn Wednesday evening. The guest of honor was John T. Sankey of Terre Haute, who is nominee for auditor on the Democratic ticket.

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PLAY IN CRAWFORDSVILLE

On Wednesday evening Golden Patterson with his guitar, Alma Monninger with her accordian and Bill VanVactor with his harmonica played at the annual business meeting and dinner of the Crawfordsville Chamber of Commerce which was held at the Masonic Temple.

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BILL'S STILL HERE!

Mr. Bill Davidson of Chicago fooled us! We announced in last week's Turkey Talk that he was going to leave after a three weeks' visit, and then just to put us in the wrong he decided to stay on. But we don't care, because we really like having him around even though he never does anything to make news.

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BUD AND HUGH GO TO CINCINNATI

We go to press too early to get the low-down on the meeting of the Turkey Run Club of Greater Cincinnati which was held Thursday evening. Bud James and Hugh Wood of the Inn staff attended the party, and we will tell you all about it next week.

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INDIANAPOLIS GUEST

A delightful guest this week was Mrs. Charles Pfafflin of Indianapolis who did some interesting writing while she was here.

TEN RULES FOR HONEYMOONERS

June will soon be here, and with it will come the honeymooners who annually transform Turkey Run into a paradise of billing and cooing, of heart-throbs and lovelit eyes and blissful smiles. Many honeymooners don't want anyone to know that they've just middle-aisled it, so we are glad to pass along a few hints to newlyweds on how to act at Turkey Run. If these ten rules are followed, we guarantee that the newlyweds will be able to fool even the boys at the registration desk.

1. Don't get fussed over writing "Mr. and Mrs." for the first time when you register. (Be nonchalant.)

2. Don't blush when the bell boy shakes rice out of your luggage. (Pretend you are a rice salesman and your samples have been spilled.)

3. Don't hold hands openly at the table. (The table cloths are long enough to conceal such goings-on if necessary.)

4. Don't pay any attention when Bud asks all newly-weds to stand up at the song fests. (Bud will point you out to the crowd and you won't need to stand.)

5. Don't hold hands in the lobby. (If you must do it, pretend that you are telling fortunes or something.)

6. Don't hold hands in the gift shop. (If you can't control yourselves, pretend you're a couple of kleptomaniacs checking up on each other.)

7. Don't be too conscious of the new wedding ring. (No one will notice it if you refrain from waving it in front of people all the time.)

8. Don't call each other "Angel Pie" and "Ducky Darling" in public. (Some soulless person hearing you might think you are a little "teched in the haid."

9. Don't tell everyone that you were just married last Sunday. (They'll know it anyway end you might as well save your breath.)

10. Don't have any old shoes or "Just married" signs on your car. (This is a dead give-away.)

PRESS CLUB REDEDICATES MEMORIAL

Members of the Woman's Press Club of Indiana met at the Inn Saturday for luncheon and to rededicate the Juliet V. Strauss memorial which has recently been moved from the north lawn to Turkey Run Hollow. Mrs. Blanche Foster Boruff of Bedford, a charter member of the club, told incidents of the original dedication of the memorial in 1922, and Mrs. Marcia Strauss Ott of Rockville, daughter of Juliet Strauss, gave a brief tribute to her mother. Following the luncheon the club members, defying rain and mud, journeyed down into Turkey Run Hollow to see the memorial. Its new location in a rocky niche in the hollow is much more attractive than its old one on a concrete base on the hotel lawn. The memorial was given by the Woman's Press Club to the state in honor of Mrs. Strauss who was largely responsible for preserving Turkey Run for a state park, and its removal to a more suitable site was made possible by the cooperation of the Conservation Department.

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ABOUT GUTHRIE INN AT DUPONT

This week's Rockville Republican carries a very interesting description of Guthrie Inn at Dupont written by W.B. Hargrave who visited there last week. "Guthrie Inn," writes Mr. Hargrave, "Is located at the east edge of Dupont, a town about the size of Marshall, in Jefferson County and only 12 miles from Madison and the Ohio River. It is a spacious two-story Colonial house with a large rolling lawn, beautifully landscaped. The interior has been completely redecorated and furnished; beautiful wall paper, drapes, rugs and furniture create a refined, comfortable and homelike atmosphere - totally lacking any harsh note of commercialism. Each bedroom has a different color scheme and style and the beds are the kind that were made to sleep on. Few around here are unfamiliar with the fine meals served at Turkey Run so the quality of food served at Guthrie Inn needs no recommendation. Miss Lena Drake is a charming hostess. The whole place is conducive to pleasant relaxation and restfulness."

Another pleasing article, beautifully illustrated, describing Guthrie Inn appears in this month's issue of the Hotel Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Guthrie and Clyde Leatherman visited Guthrie Inn and farm Thursday and Friday.

OLD HUNCH SEZ

Been havin' a spell o' rain but it wuz shore welcum. Everythin' wuz gittin' a leetle dry an' I wuz worried 'bout my garden. This mornin' I went wadin' through th' mud ter have a look at it an' derned if th' vegitables ain't jist a-sproutin' right up.

Growin' things must make ya feel like a carpenter or a contractor does when they sees th' buildin' takin' form. It kinda makes me want ter make a bigger un, but then, shucks, th' econymists say th' reason we is havin' a reseshun is cuz of over perduction an' I'm shore willin' ter do my part ter help out.

Heard th' catfish is bitin' down 'long th' crick so guess I'll have ter meander down an' see.

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Word has been received that a junior C.C.C. camp will move into the barracks at Turkey Run on July 1 for an indefinite stay. This means that our boys will have to move out of "Hoot Owl Inn", that cozy part of the barracks that they have been occupying for some time. Mr. Guthrie is building some new cabins for them a short distance west of the park on Indiana 47, and they will soon be comfortably settled in their new quarters.

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The new guest cabins on U.S. 41 at the intersection of Indiana 47 will be ready for occupancy in time for the Memorial Day week-end, and a mighty welcome addition they will be to help accommodate the holiday crowds.

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Wilbur Duncan, state nature guide, will be here each week-end until June 3 to conduct nature hikes. After that time he will be here permanently until late in the fall.

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The Misses Rosemary and Georgia Glassmeyer, those famous Gum-drop Twins from Cincinnati, are week-ending at Turkey Run. We like those gals -- yes, indeedy we do!

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MEMORIAL DAY

THIS WEEKEND AT TURKEY RUN

The steady ringing of the bell on the little gadget which records the dimes at the gate house, beginning early Friday morning and continuing without a pause until Monday night.

The ten new cabins on U.S. 41 ready for holiday guests, their freshly made beds alluring to tired week-enders.

The sandwich stand near the cabins open for business and offering tempting food to hungry hordes.

Every Inn room, cabin room and tourist home room filled to capacity by reservation, and hundreds of people unable to get accommodations.

The world and his wife and children milling around at the Commissary.

The world and his wife and children and grandchildren milling around in the gift shop.

The camping ground filled with tents and trailers, and gala groups under every tree in the picnic area.

Tons of fried chicken and mashed potatoes disappearing with amazing rapidity.

Dancing, movies, song-fests, conducted hikes, chapel service -- all on the program for the week-end.

Weather predictions: fair and comfortably cool on Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday. (We have our fingers crossed and are keeping our rabbit's foot handy, because we've been fooled by weather predictions before.)

AMONG THOSE PRESENT

The reservation chart shows reservations made in the following names for the holiday week-end:

Maybelle S. Austin, Anton W. Aiton, Inez C. Ader, L.K. Brillhart, L.F. Brook, Harry Boyell, Margaret Cawley, Miss Cavanaugh, E.E. Clark, Alma Everard, Lester E. Garland, Walter F. Kirk, Arnold Kinsley, Morris Miller, W.F. Moss, R.B. Middaugh, Alice O'Connell, Christian Rask, Jane Starck, Josephine Simons, Georgia Schmitt, Mrs. Erwin Shafer, Miss A. Singer, H.D. Wilson, E.A. Wagonseller, Clara C. Weil, all of Chicago.

Lillian Braden, Louisville; Louis A. Ciha, Jane McLaren, Berwyn; Robert J. Carroll, Lafayette; Mrs. A.T. Coburn, Glen Ellyn; A.G. Fox, Hollywood, Illinois; Lawrence Glandorf, Dorothy Lauderback, Cincinnati; Claudia B. Hulse, Forest Park; G.O. Keasey, South Bend; R.P. Koch, Whiting; Effie Montgomery, Wheaton; William O'Rourke, Fort Wayne; Ruth Randall, Wilmette; Ralph C. Shultz, Erna Schimpf, Cicero; Mrs. T.H. Sanderson, Dayton; Janet Schiveish, St. Louis; E.R. Walker, Emily White, Oak Park.

BRIDAL SHOWER FOR ALBERTA AND HELEN

A pretty bridal shower honoring Mrs. Alberta Presslor and Mrs. Helen Mayes was given by the girl members of the Inn staff Thursday afternoon in the Pioneer Room. Inez Rivers was hostess and she was assisted by Mary Dale, Wilma Robinson and Wanda Porter.

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ATTENDANCE AT STATE PARKS

Virgil M. Simmons, commissioner of the Department of Conservation, reports the total attendance in Indiana state parks for this year up to May 15 was 110,857 as compared with 87,136 for the same period last year. This is an increase of twenty-seven percent over last Year's attendance.

****

THE LOG CHAPEL SERVICE

Rev. Robert C. Ellsworth, pastor of the Rockville Methodist church, will preach at the Memorial Day service in the log chapel Sunday morning at nine o'clock. The service will last forty-five minutes and all are invited to attend.

****

CREDIT UNION PARTY PLANNED

The board of directors and members of the loan committee of the Turkey Run Federal Credit Union met Thursday evening at the new home of Sally and Art Carpenter to make plans for a party which they will give soon for all the members of the Credit Union. The board of directors consists of Bud James, president, Sally Carpenter, vice-president, Claude Presslor, treasurer, Frances Hatfield, clerk, and Mac Kirtley. The loan committee includes Clyde Leatherman, Bud James and Von Nickell.

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MARRIAGE ANNOUNCED

Announcement was made last week of the marriage of Alma Monninger, our musician, and Bill VanVactor, our reservation clerk, which took place March 30 in Indianapolis. The staff wishes them the best of luck.

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PARTY FOR FRATERNITY CHAPTER

Mr. Guthrie entertained members of the Phi Delta Theta fraternity of Wabash College Monday evening with a chicken dinner at his home on Gobbler's Knob. A number of local alumni of the fraternity were also present.

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The Indiana Bakers Association will have a convention here from June 1 to June 3.

THIS WEEK WE SAW:

An article in the Chicago Tribune by Hal Foust, automobile editor, describing Turkey Run in glowing terms.

The Misses Myrna Ann Lyons and Dorinda Lou Kirtley asleep in their buggies on the north porch while their mamas attended a party.

Mary Lois Ball doing some efficient trapping in the gift shop, her prey a wee, defenseless mousie.

Cricket, the Beck's cute little half-pint terrier, trying to make noises like a fierce hound dog out at the garage.

A group of Girl Scouts from Fowler, Indiana, having an outing at Turkey Run.

The stenographic force working overtime in an effort to inform would-be guests that there are positively no reservations available for the Memorial Day week-end.

****

JOHN STEPS OUT

The annual spring formal dance of Terre Haute State Teachers College will be held on Saturday night, and as John Davies is an alumnus of that well-known institution, he is going to attend. We hope that everyone will be on hand to see John as he leaves for the dance, for he will be a sight to behold. His costume will consist of a white double-breasted Palm Beach suit, white shoes and a white Panama hat. His accessories will consist of light brown silk socks and garters, a white and brown striped shirt with a stiff front and white turn-down collar, jeweled studs and a brown and white tie. (All styled by Esquire.) When "Mr. Deeds Goes To Town" he will be very much surprised because John will already be there.

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The Methodist Student Union of DePauw University held their annual retreat in Turkey Run's log chapel last Sunday afternoon.

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The recent rains have had their unpleasant features, but in their favor we can say that they have washed and refreshed Turkey Run to such an extent that people are saying it has never looked so beautifully green. The leaves and the grass are of a real emerald green these days.

OLD HUTCH SEZ

Decorayshun Day is 'bout here an' everyone will do their share in makin' th' cemeteries purty with lots an' lots o' flowers. It's a derned good idear jist chocked full o' sentyment, but personally I calcylate that there is too much fuss made after a person hez been called away an' too dern little before. There is jist lots an' lots o' old folks whooze livin' would be a sight more pleasant if we were more friendly like an' if we thunk how a nice bokay o' flowers wud brighten their spirits. Tiz surprisin' whut nice characteristics we find 'bout some one when they leaves us when we cain't be very hospityble before.

Ef I cud sit in President Roosyvelt's chair fur 'bout five minutes I wud declare th' whole year ter be "Flowers Fur Old And Sick People Year."

Guess I'll slip down th' crick an' see if I cain't find a few leetle bunches fer 'Lisbeth.

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PARTIES

May 24, Mrs. Forrest Clearwater of Rockville hostess at a bridge luncheon.

May 27, Luncheon for thirty members of Parke County Welfare Department.

May 28, Breakfast dance for sixty members of Delta Delta Delta Sorority from Franklin College.

May 30, Dinner for twenty-five students of Urbana, Illinois, High School.

May 26, Mrs. A.T. Brockway, Miss Marion Brockway and Mrs. Charles Brown of Rockville hostesses to a luncheon bridge.

CRICKET

Among our favorite and regular guests we find Mr. and Mrs. Harry Bedk of Wheaton, Illinois, and Cricket, who have been here all week. Now, Mr. and Mrs. Beck are two very, very nice people, normal and friendly to everyone. Cricket, however, is an unusual character. She is a toy terrier about three years old and though we have seen many intelligent dogs (we have even owned a few) we must confess that Cricket tops the list. Her tiny body is chuck full of energy and the way she struts reminds us of a race horse. Her wardrobe is something to behold also. With the return of warm weather she has discarded her flaming red wool sweater in favor of her dainty green plaid jacket. Dog lovers wishing to see something "doggy" in female canine clothing are welcome to drop in and inspect Cricket's wardrobe.

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Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Davies and daughter Carolyn Lue of Mitchell, Indiana, formerly of Turkey Run, will visit Turkey Run this week-end.

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On June 1 Mrs. C.C. Chandler of Terre Haute will entertain at the Inn with luncheon and bridge

FRANK RETURNS

Frank Glaubitz, that high radio tower climbing guest from Chicago, returned to the fold last Sunday night. After spending a week here he decided to visit Guthrie Inn at Dupont, and the beautiful hills of southern Indiana. However, when he got there, Lena Drake, hostess at Guthrie Inn, wouldn't let him stay because of a group of girls who were taking all the rooms for the week-end. Lena sent him back to Turkey Run, although he politely offered to sleep in the garage. Sleeping in the garage is one thing we won't allow. (But we have sneaked a few men into the boys' dormitory during busy times.) It is with a note of sadness that we tell of Frank's approaching departure, for life has been very interesting while he has been around. He has the curliest hair, too, and we bet we'd let him sleep in our garage if he ever wanted to.

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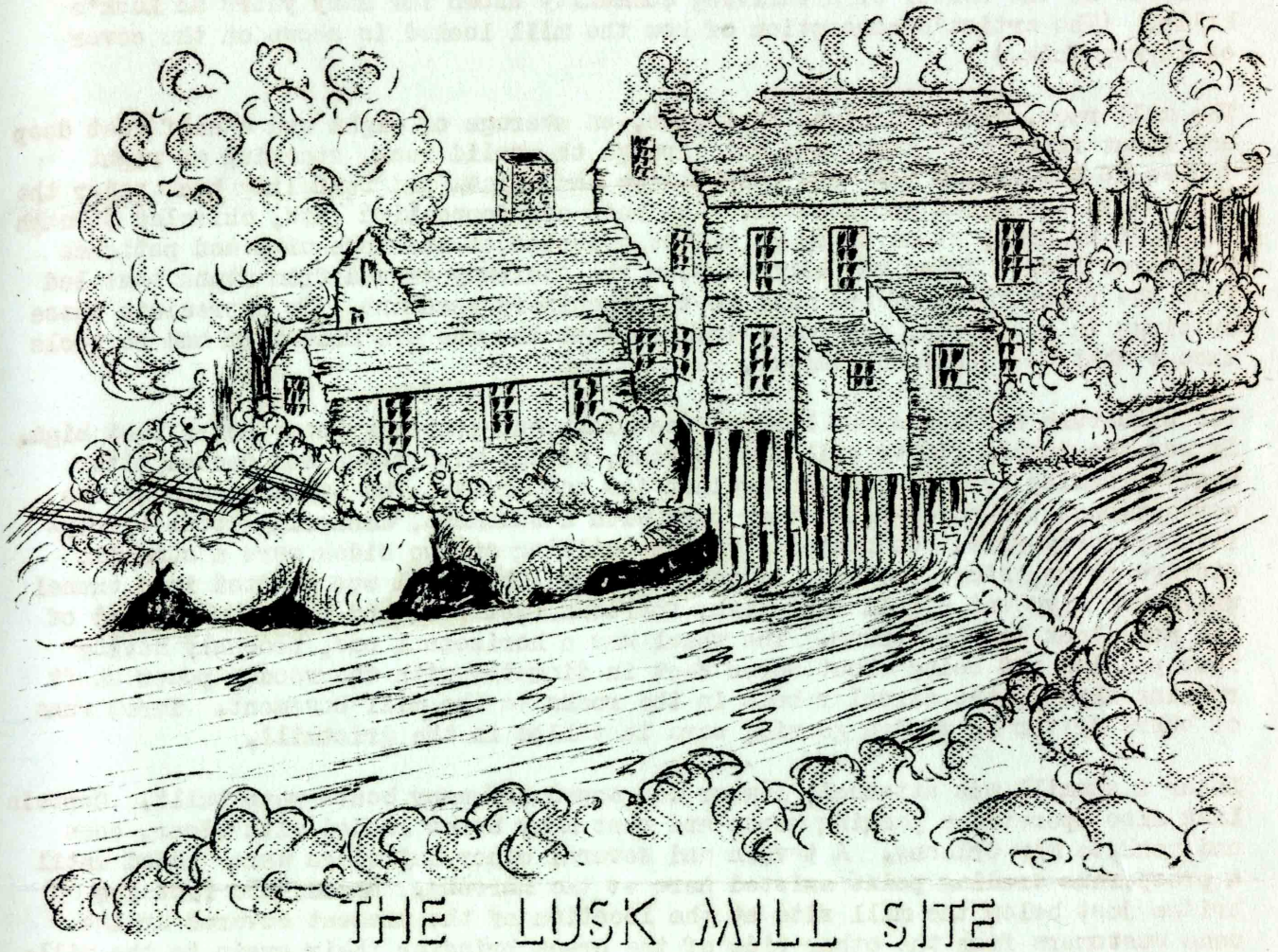
JUN 14 1938

TURKEY TALK

Volume III | June 11, 1938 | Gobble 20



THE LUSK MILL SITE

Down at the Narrows in Sugar Creek, about fifty feet upstream from the old covered bridge where the stream runs between high walls of solid rock, are some fascinating channels and carvings and holes in the rocky ledges that are a source of never-failing interest to Turkey Run visitors.

These man-made carvings in the rocks are all that remains of the Lusk mill which once stood here, the center of a busy community that flourished at the Narrows more than a hundred years ago. No one is living today who can remember the mill nor the town, no records can be found pertaining to any of it, but enough is known about it and enough remains to make this one of the most interesting places in the park.

Captain Salmon Lusk, a native of Vermont, was the first white person to settle here. When a young man he enlisted in the army under General William Henry Harrison, and as a reward for his service he was given his choice of a tract

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of land in this part of the country. Perhaps the rugged contour of the rocks at the Narrows reminded him of his mountainous Vermont, and perhaps his thrifty Yankee shrewdness told him that here was an ideal place for a mill. At any rate, he chose the tract of land which is now Turkey Run, and to this beautiful spot in 1822 he came with his bride, Polly Beard Lusk, to make their home in the wilderness. Here they built a log cabin (which was later replaced by the brick house now standing on the hill above the creek), here they placed a log bridge across the stream, and here they reared their family.

In 1826 Salmon Lusk, assisted by Prior Wright and others, built the mill which soon became the center of a thriving community known for many years as Lusk's Mills. (The artist's conception of how the mill looked is shown on the cover of Turkey Talk.)

The mill race, which is eight feet wide, an average of eight and a half feet deep and about fifty feet long, was cut through the solid rock, starting at right angles to the stream and then paralleling the stream and tunneling back under the mill where the wheel was located. The race and foundation cuts, chiseled through the rock by hand, stand today as silent tributes to the ingenuity and patience of Salmon Lusk. Today may also be seen the stairway carved from stone that led from the first floor of the mill to the machinery basement. To appreciate these cuttings in the rocks, one must remember that the man who made them had no tools except what he fashioned himself.

The structure was about one hundred feet long and probably about seven feet high. It was the common timber crib type of dam, filled with stone and decked with heavy planking as a protection against ice and drift. The building was of the conventional two-and-a-half story type with a basement, measuring about thirty-five by forty-five. Connected with the building on two sides were a sawmill, storage rooms, store, office and post office. The wheel was located in a tunnel which was five and a half feet high, fourteen feet wide and ran from the end of the race back to the stream. The wheel was a horizontal one, probably having four paddles and being about seven feet in diameter with the wooden power shaft running through the circular hole in the rocks to the mill basement. Three runs of buhrs driven by wooden gearing were installed in the gristmill.

Later a sawmill was attached, lumber was sawed and many boats were built. Captain Lusk also operated a packing house and sent many boats loaded with flour, corn and pork to New Orleans. A tavern and several other buildings were added until a prosperous trading point existed here at the Narrows. Across the foot log bridge just below the mill site at the location of the present covered bridge came customers from the other side of the creek bringing their grain to the mill.

Lusk's Mills continued to grow and thrive until the morning of January 1, 1847, when a great flood in Sugar Creek washed away the mill and swept the buildings of the village from their foundations on the rocky banks. A retaining wall had been built above the mill to protect it from flood waters, but it could not keep out the torrents of that raging stream. Thus went one of the most promising business centers of this vicinity, its career abruptly ended by that treacherous flood.

The mill is gone, the trading post is gone, the footlog bridge has been replaced by a covered bridge, but still the spirit of those pioneers lingers and adds a romantic touch to the carvings and holes that lure visitors to the former mill site on the rocky ledges at the Narrows in Sugar Creek. No one, seeing these remains of the mill, can fail to be impressed with the perseverance and cleverness of the man who constructed the mill so long ago.

BEG YOUR PARDON !!!!

. . For over a year your editor has been deceiving her public, but last week she was caught red-handed at it, so she will now break down and make a confession.

Since early last summer your editor has been writing up the soft ball games, giving glowing descriptions of the prowess of the Turkey Runners, lauding their brilliant plays to the skies and soft-pedaling their less glorious efforts. She has fairly worn out her thesaurus looking for superlative adjectives to describe the players, and she has almost burned up her Underwood in her enthusiasm about the games. And now, folks, for the confession. She has never attended one single, solitary soft ball game in her life! She doesn't know a run from a double play nor a triple to right field from a base hit. But apparently she was getting away with it.

Last week she gathered from an unimpeachable source that our boys had walloped the Marshall team on Memorial Day, so without hesitation she wrote up the story in Turkey Talk, telling of the ignoble defeat of the Marshall team by the Turkey Runners! Alas! She soon learned her error, for an indignant howl from Marshall informed her that Turkey Run did not beat the Marshall team on Memorial Day; that indeed Turkey Run did not play the Marshall team at all on Memorial Day! Investigation by a frenzied editor proved that Turkey Run played the Pastime Cafe of Rockville on Memorial Day, and that the unimpeachable source of information was impeachable.

The editor of Turkey Talk extends her humble apologies to the Marshall team, and she makes a note on her cuff to try to make an effort to attend the next soft ball game if for no other reason than to find out who the opponents are.

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Mrs. W.F. Roberts and Bill Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Bill Peloubet and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Armstrong, all of Chicago, seem to be having a big time together this week. They're practically always just leaving for some place or returning from some place, and they're always laughing heartily at something.

****

Miss Laura Holden of Cincinnati is a guest this week.

STEAK ROAST

Wednesday evening was ideal for the steak roast at the shelter house near the commissary. The weather was just cool enough to make the fire feel welcome, and there was enough zip to it to whet the appetities of the fifty guests who attended. Musical numbers by Mrs. Roy Armstrong of Chicago and by Alma and Bill and Pat added to the festivities.

****

Past presidents of the sixth district American Legion Auxiliary will have a luncheon at Turkey Run Inn on June 16 at one o'clock. The committee in charge of arrangements includes: Mrs. Carl Wilson, Mrs. George Burns of Crawfordsville, and Mrs. Lewis Lemstra of Clinton.

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TRUE STORY

Bill Roberts: Are the whip-poor-wills here yet?

Bob Morgan: (trying to be helpful) I can't say for sure. So many people are coming and going now that it's hard to keep track of all of them.

****

Mrs. A.L. Shellenberger of Paris, Illinois entertained a group of twelve at a luncheon bridge at the Inn Friday.

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SONG SERVICE

An informal program of songs including many of the favorite old hymns will be presented at the log chapel on Sunday morning at nine o'clock. Alma will play the organ and has promised to sing a special number, and Virginia Waddell and Ruby Wilson will also sing a duet. All of our guests are invited to attend this old-fashioned song service.

****

A new pastime for a rainy day was instituted at the Inn Thursday by the Misses Shirley Wrath and Eloise Patrick of Des Plaines. It was too damp to be out doors so they plumped themselves down on pillows in the middle of the front lobby floor while they read their mail and scanned the morning paper. They looked so very youthful sitting there that someone suggested that Hugh Wood read the funnies to them.

****

One hundred and twenty carriers of the South Bend Tribune were at the park Wednesday on an outing that they had earned in a recent contest. The high spot of the day was the fried chicken dinner at the Inn.

RANDOM IMPRESSIONS OF THE SOUTHERN TOUR

BY PAT

Two days of perfect weather and a perfect way to spend them -- a trip through southern Indiana. At Greencastle we see the DePauw campus quite deserted now that school is over -- The White River colored an unfamiliar reddish brown due to recent rains -- The roar of the falls in McCormick's Creek State Park fills the air and makes the usually placid pool at its foot resemble a boiling witches' caldron, and we wonder at the whereabouts of the friendly black bass that last year would leap high into the air for morsels of food thrown to them.

A visit to the beautiful campus of Indiana University, and then a trip over a winding country road to Nashville with its interesting artists' colony -- Brown County State Park and its thousands of acres of ever-changing, breath-taking colors, covered with a mantle of myriad hues of green -- The surprise of hearing Mac Kirtley's bray-like laugh, only to find that the sound came from the combination of voices of two bob cats, a coyote and three peacocks having a jam session in the park's zoo. -- Taking a by-road on the way to Spring Mill State Park, the thrill of fording a stream where the bridge was washed away, with the added but uncomfortable thrill of having three cylinders drowned out in mid-stream -- Natives of the hills staring at us from doorways of their log cabins as we pass - "Thar's real hill billies in them thar hills" -- Spring Mill with its intriguing old village, and we smile to ourselves as we hear a mechanical engineer in the group inspecing the old water mill and saw mill expounding on the dynamic principles of construction and trying to estimate the horsepower developed -- Binders and combines at work in fields, with rows of shocked grain -- Ripe peaches and cherries on the rolling farms of the Ohio valley, and the realization that summer is here.

The home-like charm of Guthrie Inn at Dupont, and the welcoming smile of Lena Drake, together with one of Margaret Webb's excellent dinners, gives the finishing touch to a perfect day -- An early morning trip to Clifty Falls State Park where we feel humble and unimportant gazing upward at ninety feet of shimmering beauty of the waterfall glistening in the morning sunlight -- the Lanier home in Madison transports us to the stately splendor of the nineteenth century, and a stroll beneath the heavy-scented blossoming magnolia trees shows us the beautiful garden extending down to meet the mighty Ohio where an old-fashioned stern-wheeler steamboat puffs its way slowly upstream.

West Baden, the home of the world-famous mineral springs, gives a sharp contrast of ancient and modern times. The large, modern hotel, now converted into a Catholic school, situated among the Roman style baths of the different springs is a sight never to be forgotten -- A stop for lunch at pretentious French Lick hotel where an Oriental touch is given by the colored waiters carrying huge trays loaded with food on their heads and trying unsuccessfully to keep their feet from swinging in time to the orchestra's throbbing rendition of "Bolero."

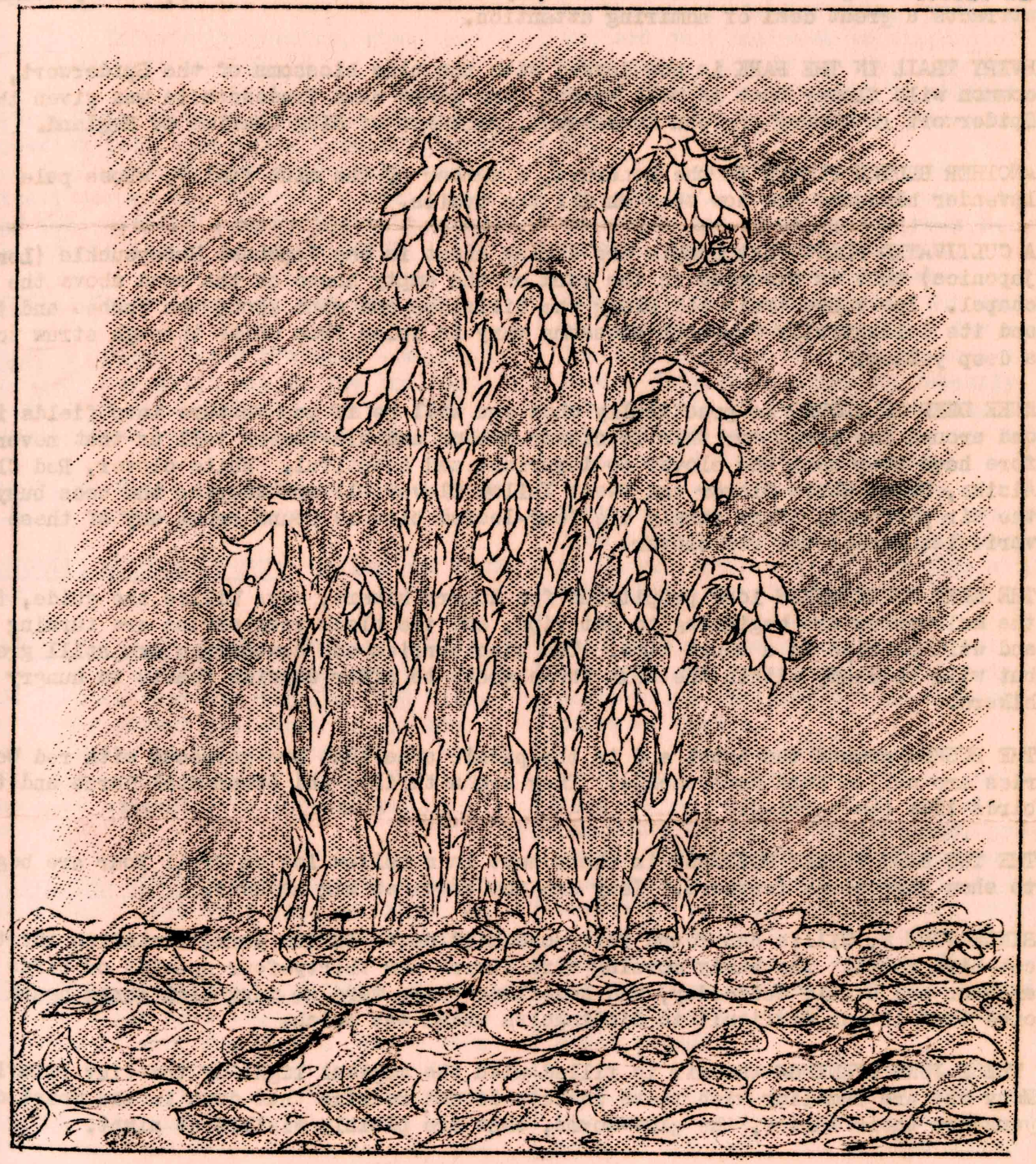
The George Rogers Clark memorial at Vincennes breathes an atmosphere of daring accomplishment, while the century-old church and cemetery give mute evidence of the struggle and conquest they once witnessed -- Watching the sun slowly set over the bright waters of the lake in Shakamak State Park, one feels a deeper appreciation of Nature and the great out-of-doors, and although we have not the power of words to express properly the feeling, we are thankful for the words of the poet who said, "To see a flower's little fragrant heart is enough to make us humans start in wonder that our eyes could ever cease to gaze upon this peerless masterpiece."

(Editor's note: The above is a description of one of the tours through southern Indiana which are available for guest of Turkey Run Inn.)

INDIANA STATE LIBRARY JUN 21

TURKEY TALK

Volume III June 18, 1938 Gobble 21



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ALONG THE TRAILS

THE FLOWER-OF-THE-WEEK is the Indian Pipe which may be seen in gleaming clusters on Hemlock Point and in other shaded woodsy places where the ground is covered with decayed leaves and branches. This curious flowering plant has no green parts; its stem, leaves and flowers are white - so white that the plant is sometimes called Corpse Plant or Ghost Flower, and is often mistaken for a fungus. With its waxy beauty, the Indian Pipe is a welcome visitor to our woods.

JUST BEGINNING TO BLOOM is the Wild Hydrangea which is profuse on Trail Six and which also hangs over the cliffs in Rocky Hollow. White and showy, the Hydrangea attracts a great deal of admiring attention.

EVERY TRAIL IN THE PARK is now decked with the blue blossoms of the Spiderwort, a common wild flower that is well known. The genus name Tradescantia was given the Spiderwort in memory of John Tradescant, gardener of King Charles of England.

ANOTHER BLUISH FLOWER is the Monardia, a member of the mint family, whose pale lavender blossoms are now seen on all the trails.

A CULTIVATED PLANT that people are asking about is the Japanese Honeysuckle (Lonicera japonica) that is blooming in the yard of the empty house on the road above the log chapel. Its vines trail all along the hillsides and wind about the bushes and trees, and its delightfully fragrant blossoms vary in color from white through straw to a deep yellow.

KNEE DEEP IN CLOVER is practically what you will be if you venture into fields in and around the park, for this is clover season and old-timers tell us that never before have they seen the clover so luxuriant and beautiful. White clover, Red Clover, Alsike, Sweet White Clover and Sweet Yellow Clover all are keeping the bees busy and the air perfumed. Very rarely are four-leafed clovers found among any of these varieties except the red clover.

THE NEXT THREE WEEKS look propitious for hungry hikers, says Willie the guide, for the mulberries are beginning to get ripe, and the black raspberries are turning red and will be ripe in a short time. The blackberries and dewberries are still green, but will be ready within the next three weeks to offer wayside feasts to hungry hikers.

THE BUSHES around the hotel and in the picnic area that are gorgeous with red berries are called Bush Honeysuckle. They are a thrifty and ornamental shrub and the birds like the berries.

THE TWO BABY TURKEY BUZZARDS in their nest in a hollow log on Trail Four are beginning to show some black feathers. They are now about as big as hens.

SINCE JUNE 2, Willie has found fifty-one bird nests in the park, including thirteen cat-bird nests. The early morning bird hikers saw thirty-four species of birds in an hour and a half Wednesday, and sometimes there were so many bird songs heard at once that it was difficult to distinguish which was which.

THESE JUNE EVENINGS the air is filled with the magical light of the tiny fireflies. Many who are familiar with these insects do not realize that down in the moist canyons are their larvae, the glow-worms, that are plainly visible at night.

FORTY-ONE GIRL SCOUTS who are camping in the camping area were conducted on a moonlight hike Tuesday night by Willie and Chet. Thursday morning the same group went on a bird hike and spied thirty-seven species. The Girl Scouts are from Marion, Indiana.

INTRODUCING OUR NEW NATURE GUIDE

NAME: J. Chester Long. (We haven't been able to find out what the "J" is for, but we suggest that it might be Jabez, Jacob, Jared, Jason, Jeremiah, Jerome, Joab, Job, Joel, Joash, Joshua, Josiah or Julian. Take your pick.)

NICKNAME: Chet

HOME: Bloomington, Indiana

SCHOOL: Indiana University, where he is majoring in zoology.

APPEARANCE: Five feet nine - slender - brownish hair that has a beautiful wave and a curly lock that frequently drapes itself across his forehead - hazel eyes - and (oh, girls!) a sandy little mustache that parts itself in the middle!

HOBBY: Collecting bugs and fossils

TALENT: Sings basso profundo - wears an honorary key given him by the Indiana University glee club as a reward for singing four years with that organization.

AMBITION: Plans to continue with work at I.U. to obtain A.B. degree

FAVORITE OUTDOOR SPORT: Hiking and fishing

FAVORITE INDOOR SPORT: Eating. (Says he has the largest appetite in captivity and insists that the morning bird hikes before breakfast are about to get him down. Plans to take a sandwich to bed with him preceding next bird hike so he can have something to sustain him en route.)

SUPPRESSED DESIRE: Wants to own a mirror (he doesn't care what size or shape) so he can see to trim and groom his mustache.

OUR GENERAL IMPRESSION OF CHET: He seems to be a right nice young man, although a person of very few words. Maybe when he gets better acquainted around here he will wax more eloquent. He is pleasant and friendly and apparently knows his stuff about the Great Outdoors. He refused our invitation to sing a solo in the log chapel some Sunday, but we hope he will reconsider. We are all glad to welcome J. Chester Long to Turkey Run.

DICK WEARS A SMOCK

Dick Savidge, now a grave and reverend alumnus of Wabash College, has come to spend the summer in our humble Inn, where he will be in charge of our scenic and historic tours. Dick blew in Wednesday night wearing - of all things - a smock! We stood it as long as we could and then we delicately suggested to him that his shirt-tail was hanging out. Whereupon he told us that he meant it to be that way, and that he thought it looked nice. We'll give Richard just one week to dispose of that smock, and if by that time he still clings to it we'll be obliged to begin a crusade in Turkey Talk against it.

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Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie and George and Jessie Jo are spending the week at Guthrie Inn and farm at Dupont.

****

Joe Danforth, former Turkey Run employee, is now a guest here for a few days. Joe has finished his arduous work at Purdue University where he recently received his Ph.D, and is resting in preparation to going out into the cold, cruel world to enter business.

****

Kathryn Delp, former waitress, was married Sunday afternoon to Warren Smith of Gary. After a trip west they will make their home in Gary.

****

Inez Rivers, one of our waitresses, has returned from a delightful trip north which included a tour through parts of Canada.

****

We're hard to surprise, but we surely were amazed when Mrs. W.F. Roberts, our youthful guest from Chicago, presented three grown-up daughters to us last Sunday. We were trying to adjust ourselves to this entirely unexpected situation when Mrs. Roberts completed our consternation by saying, "And I've got two more daughters at home -- and a granddaughter too!" Will wonders never cease?

****

We miss Ruby Wilson, the waitress with the great big eyes, who is ill at her home in Waveland, and we hope she will be back soon.

****

The postmasters of Indiana are having a convention at the Inn this week-end.

PROGRAM FOR THE WEEK

SUNDAY:
5:00 A.M. - Bird Hike
9:00 - 9:45 A.M. - Service in Log Chapel
10:00 A.M. - Nature Hike
2:00 P.M. - Nature Hike
8:00 P.M. - Turkey Run Movies in East Lobby

MONDAY:
9:00 A.M. - Nature Hike
2:00 P.M. - Nature Hike
8:00 P.M. - Song Fest in East Lobby

TUESDAY:
9:00 A.M. - Nature Hike
2:00 P.M. - Nature Hike
8:00 P.M. - Bird Lecture by State Nature Guide

WEDNESDAY:
5:00 A.M. - Bird Hike
9:00 A.M. - Nature Hike
2:00 P.M. - Nature Hike
8:00 P.M. - Movies in East Lobby
8:30 P.M. - Dance at Commissary

THURSDAY:
9:00 A.M. - Nature Hike
2:00 P.M. - Nature Hike
8:00 P.M. - Musical Program in East Lobby

FRIDAY:
5:00 A.M. - Bird Hike
9:00 A.M. - Nature Hike
2:00 P.M. - Nature Hike
8:00 P.M. - Lecture in East Lobby
9:00 P.M. - Bingo Game

SATURDAY:
9:00 A.M. - Nature Hike
2:00 P.M. - Nature Hike
8:00 P.M. 0 Movies in East Lobby
8:30 P.M. - Dance at Commissary

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INDIAN SUMMER

By Pat

I.
A great and noble work's been done
By the Department of Conservation;
But who'd have thought that Turkey Run
Could become an Indian reservation?

II.
We see more redskins every day
With bright and shining faces,
Seated here and there upon the grass
In all the sunny places.

III.
Some are blonde and some brunettes
And all of 'em wear dark glasses,
Like incognito movies stars,
Or the cream of the upper classes.

IV.
Some are short and some are tall,
And some look pretty nifty.
Some are lean and some are - well,
I'd say way past fifty.

V.
Gone is the garb of long ago,
Feathers, how we loved 'em.
Now all we see where e'er we go
Is shorts, and not much of 'em.

VI.
Onee a friendly greeting met our ears,
Alas! It's all changed now.
They raise a freckled, blistered hand,
And solemnly utter "How!"

VII.
Jack Frost's a master painter, true,
His colors make the leaves turn,
But his magic can't at all compare
With what Old Sol does with sunburn.

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Welcome to you, Mr. and Mrs. J. O.Ferris of Muncie. We're glad you're with us again, and we wish you much happiness on this celebration of your seventh wedding anniversary.

The Past Matrons and Past Patrons Association of the Eastern Star of Crawfordsville had their annual breakfast at the Inn Friday. Mrs. Fred A. Turner was in charge of arrangements.

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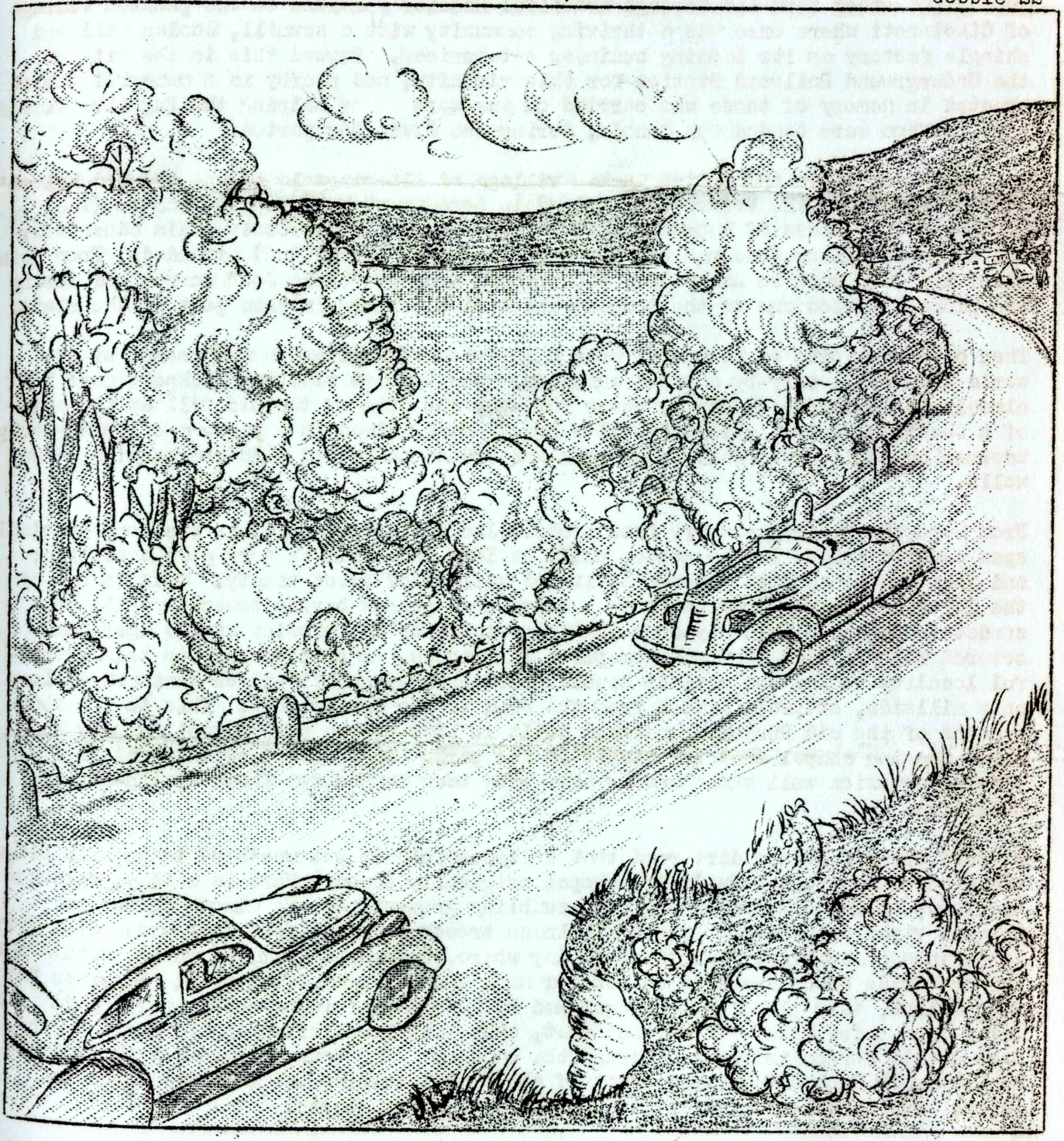
JUN 30 1938

TURKEY TALK

Volume III | June 25, 1938 | Gobble 22



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LET'S TOUR INDIANA

Auto tours through southern Indiana and west central Indiana are an important part of the program at Turkey Run Inn this year, for it is our conviction that the Hoosier state has a wealth of scenic beauty and of places and things of historic interest to offer. These tours, which vary in length from ten miles to several hundred miles, cover a wide and fascinating variety of possibilities and are purposely designed so that they may be adjusted to the individual desires of our guests.

One of the most popular short local tours goes southwest from the park, past the Turkey Run stock farm and through beautiful Hoosier farmland to the phantom village of Cincinnati where once was a thriving community with a sawmill, woolen mill and shingle factory as its leading business enterprises. Beyond this is the site of the Underground Railroad Station for this vicinity, and nearby is a memorial tablet erected in memory of those who carried on the work of helping the fugitive slaves, most of whom were headed for Canada, during the Civil War period.

The next stop is in the quaint Quaker village of Bloomingdale to see the old Friend's church and grove, the Friend's Bloomingdale Academy where Joseph G. Cannon (The Speaker of the House of Representatives from 1903 to 1911) received his education, and where John Lusk (the man who saved the trees of Turkey Run) attended. From this point the tour goes to Annapolis, the boyhood home of "Uncle Joe" Cannon and during the pioneer period one of the largest industrial centers in this part of the state.

Then on to the site of Rockport, once a thriving village and now forsaken by the world and marked only by a small cemetery. The tourist visiting Rockport must look closely to discover, hidden by dense foliage, the site of the old mill at the head of a beautiful canyon called "Devil's Den." Here indeed is a picture of pure beauty adorned by sunlit waterfalls and ferns and trees and framed with overhanging canyon walls.

From here the winding country road crosses Jackson Bridge which is the longest single span covered bridge in the state, built in 1861 and still in very good condition; and then the route dips through hills and valleys of great beauty. This is one of the loveliest drives imaginable -- a drive that passes beside towering walls of sandstone pitted with honey-comb markings etched by the erosion of the ages, and covered with verdure of almost tropical luxuriance. A stop is made in this beautiful locality to see an ancient double brick chimney and fireplace that stand alone on a hillside, entirely hidden from the road by the dense woods. This is all that remains of the old Russell homestead built in 1830 by the same Russell family who built the log chapel that now stands in the park. At the foot of the hill is a flowing artesian well whose waters have long been famous for their health-giving qualities.

A short way off (via a dirt road that is impassable in wet weather) is Bristle Ridge, the place where Turkey Run's log chapel originally stood. Here is a tiny, forsaken cemetery, hallowed ground where the crumbling gravestones are almost hidden by tangled vines and where a hushed stillness broods over the scene. A descending path leads into an amazingly beautiful valley where, concealed from the world, Nature has for centuries been executing one of her most unusual rock formations. Known as Pot Rock Hollow, this place is distinguished by a series of round holes, varying in diameter from a few inches to fifteen feet, that have been carved in the rocks by the busy little stream that runs through the canyon. The tour concludes with a visit to Gobbler's Knob and an inspection of the Guthrie cabins and industries located there. The entire trip is about twenty-two miles in length.

This is only one of the many tours conducted from the Inn. For full particulars on this phase of our activities, see Dick Savidge who is in charge of the trips. He will be glad to answer your questions and to help you arrange for any trip that might interest you.

NEWS ABOUT THE LATEST BRIDES AND GROOMS

Eva Davis and Bob Morgan, members of the Turkey Run staff, announced last Sunday that on May 20 they slipped off to Rockville where the Rev. Robert C. Ellsworth heard their "I do's" and made them man and wife. Bob and Eva, two very popular employees, have the best wishes of the other members of the staff. They will make their home in Marshall.

Miss Irene Ephlin, an employee in the Turkey Run laundry, and William Carter, Jr., of Kingman, were married Sunday afternoon at the bride's home in Kingman. The Rev. R.V. Saylor of Rockville read the ceremony. Following a wedding supper which was served at the Ephlin home, Mr. and Mrs. Carter left on a honeymoon trip through the south. They were accompanied by Bob and Eva Morgan, who were their attendants at the wedding.

Gene Swaim, who a few years ago was a bell hop at Turkey Run, was married Saturday to Miss Rosetta Harrison, whom many Turkey Runners know as the cashier at the Ritz theater in Rockville. After a short trip Gene and his bride will make their home with his parents on their farm near Marshall.

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NEWS ABOUT THE YOUNGEST GENERATION

Aunt Myrtie Keller, the little lady in charge of the Inn's bedroom department, became a proud grandmother early Thursday morning when her son James and his wife Doris became the parents of a fine baby girl. Both James and Doris have been employed here.

Four young ladies whose parents are employed at Turkey Run were guests at a party given by Mrs. Paul Mitchell in Wallace Wednesday. The young ladies were Miss Myrna Ann Lyons, Miss Dorinda Lou Kirtley, Miss Wanda Louise Wood and Miss Beverly Sue Hutson. Mrs. Mitchell, who is employed at the Commissary, also had as a guest her son, Darwin Jean. Since none of the guests was more than four months old, we are sure that the party was a howling success.

Pictures of the party were taken for the various family albums.

MASONIC MEETING

The Red Cross of Constantine met at Turkey Run Inn Thursday evening for a dinner and meeting, with forty present. This is a selective body composed of those who have rendered distinguished service in Freemasonry as the presiding officers of state bodies.

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BAR ASSOCIATION MEETING

The Bar Association of the Sixth District will meet at Turkey Run Saturday for a luncheon and business session. Louden L. Bomberger of Hammond, president of the State Bar Association, will be the principal speaker, and other guests will include several members of the Supreme and Appellate courts of Indiana, former presidents of the State Bar Association and members of standing committees of the Association. John McFaddin of Rockville is president of the Sixth District Association.

****

"IT'S A BUSH JACKET" SAYS DICK

"It's not a smock, it's a bush jacket," said Dick Savidge, referring of course to the peculiar garment that has draped his manly form practically all the time since he came to work at Turkey Run Inn last week. On Monday he appeared without it, and your editor and others hoped he had taken the gentle hint in last week's Turkey Talk and had put it in the furnace, but it seems that he had parted with it only temporarily while it was being shampooed.

Since Dick has refused to refrain from wearing his "bush jacket" we now take the liberty of reproducing his picture so that everyone may have the privilege of seeing just how he looks in this garment which resembles a cross between a limp pajama top and a Mother Hubbard apron.

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LOST AND FOUND DEPARTMENT

LOST: My Kappa Sigma fraternity pin, somewhere in the vicinity of Rockville. No reward for its return.

R.L. Hopkins

ALL-DAY HIKE

Thursday morning a group from the Inn set out on the season's first all-day hike with Willie the guide in charge. We who had to stay behind and earn our bread and butter were envious of the grand time that was in store for them, and when we later saw the truck leave the Inn carrying the marvelous lunch that Sally had prepared for them, our jealousy knew no bounds and we turned a rich bright shade of green.

Willie didn't take a radio outfit with him to keep us in touch with the hiking party, but he did manage to send (via the luncheon truck driver) the following notes about the hike:

"Every time we take a trail that goes past the Narrows of Sugar Creek we have trouble keeping our hikers from going swimming ... Three box turtles along the trail ... Wild ginseng eighteen inches high, the root of which is used for various cures by the Chinese, and which used to be $15.00 a pound ..... Tiger lilies abundant..... Pasture roses in full bloom everywhere .. ... Wild black raspberries which we ate as we hiked .... At dinner time we heard ten different species of birds singing, the most interesting of which was the yellow-breasted chat ..... Wild Hydrangea fulfilling expectations of beauty ..... Camel's Back as pretty as ever ... Spearmint patch at Camel's Back bigger than ever this year."

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CHAPEL SERVICE

The chapel service Sunday morning will be in charge of the Rev. Benjamin Rist of Fowler, Indiana, who will have as his sermon subject "The Way of Jesus." The service will begin at nine and will last forty-five minutes. All are invited.

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SOFT BALL SCORES

Turkey Run 13 - Coxville 8
Turkey Run 12 - Dana 5

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GUEST AT INN

Mrs. Carl Monninger of Indianapolis has been a guest this week of her daughter and son-in-law, Alma and Bill VanVactor.

****

Bob Hopkins and Dick Savidge drove to Guthrie Inn at Dupont Thursday.

THE BLUE PHANTOM

Several reports have been received this week of a masculine looking figure flitting about the halls draped in a blue silk negligee. Could it be that one of our gentlemen guests forgot to bring his robe and has been forced to do his hall-walking in his wife's blue silk negligee?

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DINNER GUESTS

Mrs. Goldie Turner of Rockville and Mrs. Patsy Venn of Chicago were dinner guests of Maxine Turner at the Inn Thursday evening.

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PICNIC AT PARK

A large group representing the Indiana State Vegetable Growers Association met at Turkey Run Tuesday for their annual picnic and business meeting.

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HIKING CLUB

The Turkey Run Hiking Club race has again become news, with thirty hikers registered this week. George Clemmons, an eleven-year-old guest, has hiked a total of thirty-eight miles and is almost ready to become a full-fledged member of the club.

****

OLD HUTCH SEZ

Y' know when th' hot weather gits here we allus starts complainin' 'bout th' heat an' we starts sheddin' clothes tryin' ter git comfortable. Fact is, sum o' us looks 'bout like little tots does cuz we undress so much.

Derned if I don't think that th' best part o' summer is th' back ter nature movement. It's derned nigh impossible ter be real stiff and formal like when yore underneath is a-showin' an' yore not fixed like other folks.

Usually happens that th' most perticular people who dresses the nicest has th' knobbiest knees an' th' knottiest muscles.

****

Mr. Guthrie and his family are expected back this week-end after a two weeks' vacation at Dupont.

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TURKEY TALK

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A SAFE AND SANE FOURTH

IT WAS WITH MINGLED FEELINGS that most of us saw the big sign over the road at the gatehouse, which informed us that there were to be absolutely no fireworks allowed in Turkey Run State Park this year. Of course, we'll miss the Roman candles and sparklers and magic fountains that have made the park a pretty place after dark on other Fourths of July -- but personally we'll not shed one single tear over the absence of the giant firecrackers (and even the little tiny baby ones) that have always made our life miserable every time the Fourth of July came around. Too, it seems a consistent move to eliminate fireworks from this place because of the fire hazard they bring with them and because of the nuisance they must be to the birds and squirrels and chipmunks and such.

The holiday week-end will bring out unusually heavy traffic, and in anticipation of the great caravan of automobiles that will head for Turkey Run we quote from the very apt warning of an insurance company: "Travel with extra care on July 4th so that on July 5th you may continue to enjoy life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

****

HONORABLE MENTION

Honors for this week's most notable achievement go to Mr. and Mrs. Fred N. Johnson of Chicago. Mr. and Mrs. Johnson came to Turkey Run Wednesday for their first visit, arriving late in the morning. Before nightfall they had covered Trails 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, in addition to a number of unmarked trails. When interviewed Thursday morning they claimed that they felt no ill effects from their hiking, and they were contemplating polishing off their stay by doing Trails 8 and 9 before lunch. We regret that we have no more than nine trails to offer them!

****

NEWLYWEDS: Mr. and Mrs. M.J. Kujala, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ostermeyer, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. A.L. Cieck, Elmhurst, Illinois.

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Mr. and Mrs. Charles Anderson of Chicago celebrated their third wedding anniversary at the Inn on June 27.

****

Maxine Turner, assistant head waitress, has returned to work after an absence caused by illness.

****

We're going to miss Mr. and Mrs. A.S. Hall of Chicago who have been such delightful guests for the past two weeks. A high spot of their stay was Mr. Hall's birthday celebration on June 26. We hope they will come back again and often to visit us at the Inn.

TURKEY RUN

Just a day at Turkey Run -
A day to dream and rest;
A moment with the setting sun
Where Nature's at its best.

Although we've been but casual friends,
These many years, replete,
I often long to look it up,
This picturesque retreat.

The Cat-bird's most alluring note
Bids fair to stretch my stay;
The Cardinal too, in his scarlet coat,
His chit-chit: "Why leave today?"

And so the Brown Thrasher and the Thrush
The latter, a brilliant singer;
They all cajole through the evening hush,
To enchant each guest to linger.

Thus ends each day at Turkey Run,
Where golf and horseback riding
Beckon each guest to a day of fun -
And a rest - after excellent dining.

(Contributed by T. Earl Almdale of Wheaton, Illinois.)

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Miss Madge Thompson of Rockville who frequently visits the Inn, had as her guests here Monday night Mrs. W.N. Greene and Miss Gertrude Greene of Topeka, Kansas.

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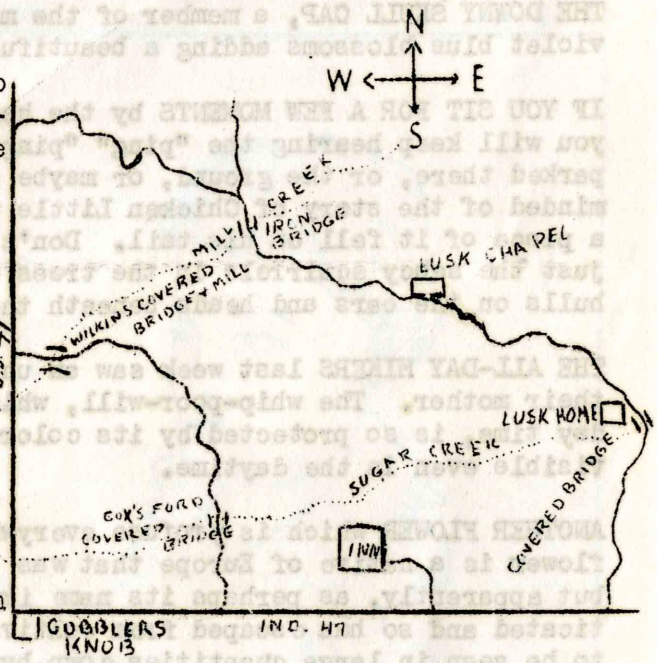
From the looks of things over at the CCC barracks, it would seem that everything is in readiness for the arrival of the 500 boys who will be stationed there this summer.

A COUNTRYSIDE TOUR

Since the park itself offers few drives of any length, we suggest the following short trip for those of our guests who would like to explore some of the surrounding countryside in their cars. This tour, which is by way of winding country roads and forest pathways shaded by tall trees that arch above them, circles the park and presents lovely vistas of natural beauty.

Turning right from the park, the tour proceeds two miles on Indiana 47 to its first stop, Gobbler's Knob, at the intersection of 47 and U.S. 41, where are located the Guthrie cabins and industries. Then back on 47 to the first road north, a road which wanders and winds its away to Sugar Creek and across Cox's Ford covered bridge, and then dips up and down hills and vales to Mill Creek which is spanned by Wilkin's covered bridge. Beside this romantic structure is an old abandoned water power mill which lends a picturesque touch to the beauty of the scene. Then out of the woods to turn right on U.S. 41 and after a mile to turn right again at the first road back into the woods. Always angling to the right, this road crosses Mill Creek again via an iron bridge, passes the Lusk Chapel and then winds back to the banks of Sugar Creek and the old Lusk home and historic mill site. From this point the tour continues south until it joins with Indiana 47, and a right turn on the pavement soon brings you back to the park. This beautiful trip is eleven miles long.



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OLD HUTCH SEZ

Sum o' th' fellers over at th' hotel talked me inter goin' down an' seein' 'em play baseball t'other night an' I hed a swell time. Th' fellers hed been tryin' ter git me ter go last year, but I thought shucks hit ain't nothin' but soft ball an' after th' way I used ter play baseball th' idear wuz that it wud be kinda tame. Dern it, yuh know I didn't bring my long-sight glasses along an' I jist cudn't keep track o' that dern pesky ball. Th' way th' fellers yipped it around frum one t'other kinda surprized me. Kinda tickled me a leetle, there wuz a feller who must uv been dern near as old as I is, an' he shore wuz havin' a time keepin' up. I wuz tellin' Jeb Hoskins 'bout seein' th' game an' he hed th' same attytude I did 'bout th' ole days bein' best. There is too dern many o' us ole fellers who is too dern stubborn ter admit that modern times is best, an' won't admit we is jist too slow ter keep up.

****

ANOTHER "BLUE PHANTOM"

This is to notify the friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ostermeyer that we did not refer to them when we wrote about the "Blue Phantom" in last week's issue. In fact we had no idea, until they told us this morning, that Mr. Ostermeyer, like the unknown "Blue Phantom" had left his robe at home and that he, too, was faced with the alternative of wearing his wife's blue silk negligee.

ALONG THE TRAILS WITH WILLIE THE GUIDE

THE TOUCH-ME-NOT is in bloom now, and is profuse in the canyons and valleys. The orange blossoms, hanging in almost a horizontal position, suggest some of the jewels that women used to wear as earrings. This plant is also called the Jewel Weed because of the fascinating habit its leaves have of turning to gleaming silver when held under water. The fruits of the plant are under such tension that a touch causes them to split and pop open -- hence the name Touch-me-not. Many humming birds may be seen hovering about these plants, getting nectar from the blossoms.

THE DOWNY SKULL CAP, a member of the mint family, is in bloom in the woods, its violet blue blossoms adding a beautiful touch of color to the scene.

IF YOU SIT FOR A FEW MOMENTS by the hedge row at the east edge of the hotel lawn, you will keep hearing the "ping" "ping" of something hitting the tops of the cars parked there, or the ground, or maybe even your head, and perhaps you will be reminded of the story of Chicken Little who insisted that the sky was falling because a piece of it fell on his tail. Don't worry, though -- the sky isn't falling; it's just the saucy squirrels in the trees dropping an endless supply of black walnut hulls on the cars and heads beneath them.

THE ALL-DAY HIKERS last week saw an unusual sight -- two baby whip-poor-wills and their mother. The whip-poor-will, which flies by night and seldom appears in the day time, is so protected by its coloration that it becomes almost completely invisible even in the daytime.

ANOTHER FLOWER which is profuse everywhere is the Bouncing Bet or Soapwort. This flower is a native of Europe that was brought to this country as a garden flower, but apparently, as perhaps its name implies, it was too vivacious to remain domesticated and so has escaped from cultivation and is now a common wild flower. It is to be seen in large quantities down by the covered bridge.

IF YOU WANT TO SEE a cat bird's nest with the mother bird sitting on three eggs, walk to the far end of the north porch and peak through the screen. You'll see the nest perched snugly in an elderberry bush just outside the porch.

THERE'S A WOOD THRUSH NEST in a maple tree to the right of the pathway leading from the Inn to the garage. Willie is afraid to look into the nest for fear he will cause it to fall from its precarious position in the tree.

THE ROBINS ARE BUILDING their second nests now so that they may rear their second batch of babies.

THE BIRD HIKERS - 27 of them - saw 38 species of birds in an hour and a half Wednesday morning.

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NEWS OF GUTHRIE INN AT DUPONT

Mr. Merton Hughbank of Scottsburg, Indiana, often a guest at Turkey Run, entertained a party of twelve at Guthrie Inn on Friday evening, July 1, in honor of the birthday anniversary of Mrs. Hughbank.

Mildred Denman and Treva Myers, waitresses at Turkey Run Inn, drove to Guthrie Inn Sunday and remained their until Wednesday. Others from here who visited Guthrie Inn recently were Mr. and Mrs. Bob Morgan and Mr. and Mrs. William Carter.

A party of nine left Turkey Run Inn on Thursday morning to tour southern Indiana and visit Guthrie Inn at Dupont. The group included the Misses Elizabeth Wallish and Olga Scher of Chicago, the Misses Marie Breuwer, Kay Bestfelt, Rosemary Kendall and Ruth Austing of Cincinnati, and Dick Savidge, John Davies and Hugh Wood of the Inn staff. They planned to be gone two days, and their tour was to include a number of state parks and historic cities in southern Indiana.

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BUD BROWN'S DIARY

One evening Pop comes home from the office and sits down and begins to gripe about the hot weather and the stock market and says the country's going to the dogs and why do we have to have veal cutlets every other night? And then Mom says this is the first time we've had veal cutlets for two weeks and what you need is a vacation, some place where there isn't any noise and confusion, you're just worn out and so am I. So Pop says all right where'll we go? And Mom says what's the matter with that place called Turkey Run that the Joneses and the Smiths always rave about? And Sis puts in her two cents and says yes let's go there, I've heard there's some awfully cute fellows there. So Mom writes in for reservations because when Pop writes a letter nobody can read his writing. And we pack our stuff and all the kids in the neighborhood are jealous because I get to go to Turkey Run which is where they want to go too.

And we all get in the car and start out and all the way Sis says Bud shut that window because the wind blows my hair and do you want me to look like a Fiji Islander when we get there? And Mom says Pop don't drive so fast, even if you don't value your own life you might consider me and these innocent children. And the Baby hollers and Mom makes me play with her so I jiggle her around on my lap and wiggle my ears and make her laugh. And we get there and gee but it's pretty. And Mom says no wonder everybody raves about the place, and Pop says this is the real thing, I feel better already.

So we get settled in our hotel rooms and eat a big chicken dinner and then Pop says Bud you go out and play so your Mom and I can rest. And so I go out doors and gee I don't know what to do first. And then along comes a bunch of people going on a hike and the guide says why don't you go on a hike with us so I grab a walking stick and we hike for about a hundred miles and we see some canyons and trees and a snake and gee it's pretty. And when we get back I could eat a horse and I'm glad when it's supper time. And after supper Mom says Sis you take care of the Baby while Pop and I go to the movies in the lobby, and Sis just simpers and says why can't Bud because that cute fellow at the desk asked me to go to the dance at the Commissary with him. So gee I get stuck with the Baby while Mom and Pop go to the movies and Sis goes up to her room to put on another paint job. And I sit and jiggle the Baby and wiggle my ears and make her laugh.

The next day I go for another hike and then I go bicycling and then I see Mom looking for me to take care of the Baby so I skin out with some other fellows and go swimming in the Old Swimmin' Hole and gee it is swell. Then I come in for lunch and Mom says Bud your Sis wants to take a little walk with that boy at the desk this afternoon so I think you might look after the Baby so your Pop and I can take a hike. And I guess the waitress sees that I don't want to do this because she says to Mom one of the girls here will take care of the Baby if you want her to. So we leave the Baby with a girl over at the little playschool and I show her how to wiggle her ears if the Baby should get to crying. And then I go hiking with Pop and Mom and then I go horseback riding with Pop and then we shoot some archery. And then we eat again and then there's a song-fest in the lobby and Pop sings out like he's proud of his voice, and then it's bed time. The next day we all go on a historical tour and see some covered bridges and things and Mom says I never had such a nice time in my life. And then Pop and I play some tennis and go bicycling and do some more hiking. And we stay a week and I don't have to bother with the Baby because the girl is taking care of her and I don't have to bother with Sis because the desk clerk is taking care of her and gee it's swell.

And then we have to go home and they all tell us to come again and we say try and keep us away. And on the way home Pop says I feel like a different man and Mom says you look ten years younger and your disposition is improved 100% and Sis says I wonder if he will really write to me the way he promised and I just don't say anything because I'm busy trying to figure how many days until our next vacation trip to Turkey Run.

NEW TURKEY RUN BOOK

"A History And Description of Turkey Run State Park and Vicinity" is the title of the little mimeographed booklet which made its first public appearance last week. The book is for sale at the Commissary, at the reservation desk and in the gift shop, and the price is $.35.

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FOURTH OF JULY BABY

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Peebles of Shelbyville, Indiana, are the parents of a son, Jon Manley, who was born July 4. Mrs. Peebles will be remembered as Thelma Barkes who worked here last summer. She is Sally Carpenter's sister.

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PAUL LYONS TO GO OUT OF CIRCULATION

Paul Lyons, former Turkey Run employee, who is now connected with a hotel in St. Paul, Minnesota, writes that he is planning to be married in August and that he and his bride will come to Turkey Run about August 15 on their honeymoon trip.

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SUZY INMAN, TOO

Suzy ("You're Pretty Too") Inman of Chicago is seen at Turkey Run these days carrying as her constant companion a small book entitled "So You're Getting Married Too." We extend our congratulations to the lucky man. Suzy is here with her mother, Mrs. Wilbur Inman, and with Mrs. Wm. T. Lyon and little Bill Lyon, also of Chicago.

****

HUGH IS BLUSHING BRIDE

The group that went on the tour through southern Indiana last week came back with glowing accounts of the beauties of the countryside, the glories of a boat ride on the Ohio River and the comforts of Guthrie Inn. They also told about what a cute bride Hugh Wood made. It took us quite a long time to unravel the whole story, but from what we could gather it seems that John Davies and Hugh Wood occupied the bridal suite at Guthrie Inn --- and Hugh was elected to be the bride because he blushes so beautifully and because John was too chubby for the role.

****

SONG SERVICE IN CHAPEL

A service of song will be held in the log chapel Sunday morning from nine to nine forty-five, and everyone is invited to attend. With Alma at the organ there will be congregational singing of many favorite old hymns, and there will also be a few special numbers.

BUSH JACKET BECOMES TOGA

"You'd better not say anything more in Turkey Talk about my bush jacket," said Dick Savidge to the editor, "Because people will think you're short of news and trying to fill up space." We appreciate Dick's suggestion, but we just can't pass up this one chance to throw the spotlight on the Chinese coolie shirt that he wears, and herewith we quote from a letter received today from our good friend, Mrs. Alvin Hall, of Danville, Indiana. "Regarding the shirt-like garment worn by Dick Savidge," writes Mrs. Hall, "Permit me to refer you to Elizabeth Hawes in 'Fashion Is Spinach.' She is the designer of these new garments which men are to wear --- or will they? Anyway, you have one on your staff, so at least read the condensations in the Reader's Digest for June and July from the story by Hawes. They are clever and in point on the Savidge toga."

So, Dick, now that Mrs. Hall has championed your Sing Sing shirt and has elevated it to the dignity of a toga, we promise not to make fun of it any more. We will treat it with the dignity which it deserves.

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RETURNS FROM TRIP EAST

Helen Hosford, waitress, has returned to work at the Inn after a two weeks' through the East with her parents, during which she visited New York City, Washington, D.C., West Point and the Queen Mary.

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GRAND GRAND-DAUGHTER

June Evelyn is the name given to Aunt Myrtie Keller's new grand-daughter who was born last week. Aunt Myrtie assures us that she is a grand baby and promises to bring her to visit us soon.

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KENNETH BECOMES BELL-HOP

Kenneth Davies who has been employed in the kitchen is now working in the front office as bell-hop. Kennie (who by the way is Melvin's brother) has recently become a member of the Indiana Historical Society, and he is much interested in the Turkey Run tours.

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NEWLYWEDS

Mr. and Mrs. W.F. Rogge, Cincinnati, Ohio

Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Konja, South Bend, Indiana.

WILCHET THE FLYING SQUIRREL

Wilchet is what we've named the flying squirrel that Willie and Chet the state nature guides have on display. They caught it over at the Commissary the other day, and they keep it alive with love and peanuts. "Does it really fly?" was our first question when we saw it, and Chet told us that it glides rather than flies and that it has highly specialized powers of leaping from place to place. Its fore and hind legs are connected by a broad fold of skin, and it has a broad flat tail to aid it in gliding from branch to branch and from tree to tree. "What makes its eyes so big?" we next asked, and were told that all nocturnal animals have unusually big eyes. "Are there many flying squirrels in the park?" we wanted to know, and Chet said that nobody knows, for they are seldom seen in the daytime and he doesn't know anybody who has gone through the park at night counting the flying squirrels.

Wilchet is a cunning little creature, and a coy one. When visitors come to call, it covers its great eyes with its funny flat tail, peaking out occasionally like a naughty child to see if anybody's watching.

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PARTY AT GUTHRIE INN

Mrs. John A. Shields and Miss Harriet Roeger of Seymour, Indiana, entertained twelve members of the "Coffee Club" with a chicken dinner Wednesday at Guthrie Inn at Dupont.

NEW HARMONY TOUR

Dick Savidge conducted a tour to Vincennes and New Harmony Friday for the following Inn guests: Miss Mary Slater, Miss Margaret Fabian, Mrs. Julia C. Snow, Miss Louise Habetler, Mrs. W.F. Inman and Miss Suzy Inman, all of Chicago.

This tour down into southern Indiana to historic old Vincennes which played such a glorious part in the early history of the Old Northwest and to quaint New Harmony which at one time was world famed as the Promised Land of the Rappites and later the Owenites who sought to establish there a new social system, is as delightful and worthwhile a way to spend a day as we can think of.

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CELEBRATE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Zellar of Hamilton, Ohio, celebrated their twenty-eighth wedding anniversary at the Inn on July 4. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. William Morner also of Hamilton.

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DOLLY, BEAUTIFUL & BEAUTIFUL'S SISTER

There is quite a stir here over the expected arrival on July 15 of Miss Dolly Shields and Beautiful and Beautiful's Sister, all of Chicago. More detailed information on the identity of Beautiful and her sister will be forthcoming when we ourselves find out who they are -- but we feel that Turkey Runners need no further introduction to Miss Dolly Shields, one of our most popular young lady visitors.

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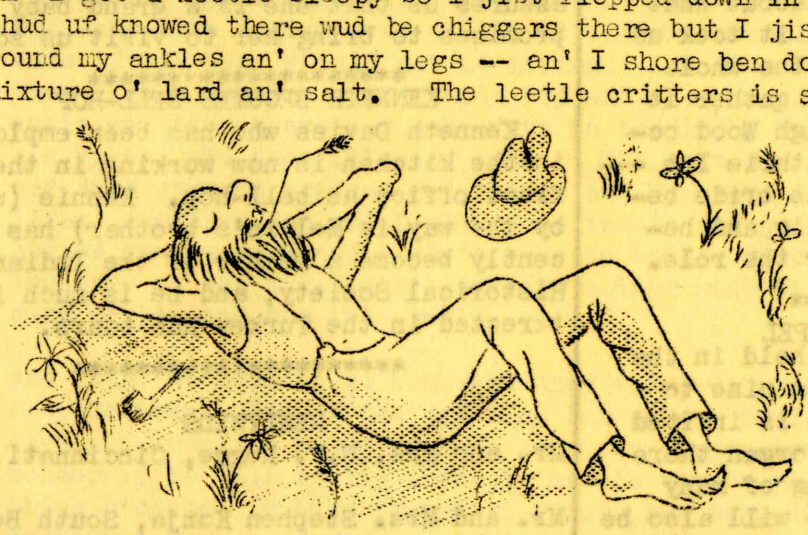
OLD HUTCH SEZ

Ben havin' a leetle irritashun lately cuz I wuz a dern fool an' wuz a leetle carelus out in th' woods. Picked up a few chiggers. I wuz takin' a walk out in th' woods an' I got a leetle sleepy so I jist flopped down in a nice soft bed o' grass. Now I shud uf knowed there wud be chiggers there but I jist fergot. Anyway I got a few round my ankles an' on my legs -- an' I shore ben doctorin' 'em. Ben rubbin' on a mixture o' lard an' salt. The leetle critters is so dern small ya cain't see 'em but in 'bout a day it feels like a hornet set down on yerself.



Peeple cusses chiggers an' sez whut a nuisance they is, but pusonally I ain't blamin' 'em fer bitin' folks. The Great Builder must uv put 'em here fer sum purpose and then peeple cums along an' wallers all over their home an' gits bit. I know dern well if sumbody'd come campin' on my ranch and tearin' down th' buildins I'd chase him out with a load o' salt in th' old blunderbuss.

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TURKEY TALK

Volume III July 16, 1938 Gobble 25

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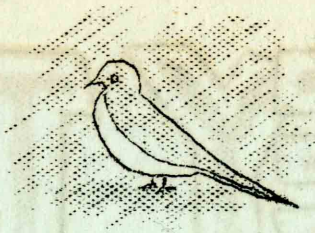
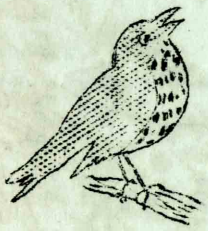
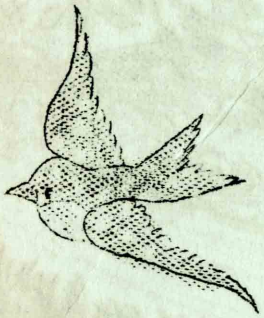


EARLY MORNING BIRD HIKE

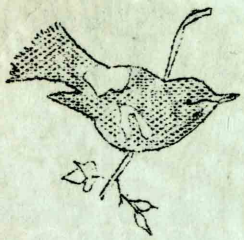
Well, we've been on a bird hike -- and high time, too, after four summers at Turkey Run with never a bird hike to our credit. Our failure to include bird hiking in our repertoire was not due to a lack of interest in our feathered friends, but rather to a deeper and more impelling interest in our feathered pillow at break of day. But Wednesday morning we arose at five o'clock and descended to the lobby, giving the night man on duty the surprise of his life. When we assured him that he wasn't having hallucinations but that it was really us in person bent on a bird hike, he obligingly offered us a pair of field glasses and even patiently showed us which end to use for the best results.



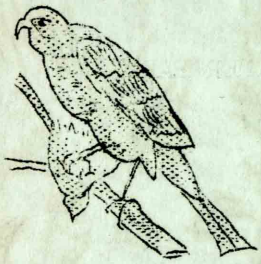
We were dying to ask him whether the shadowy dimness out of doors was natural at that time of morning, or whether it was due to cloudiness, but we hated to display our ignorance, so we wisely heeded the advice of the sage who once said, "It is better to remain silent and be thought a fool than to speak and remove all doubt."

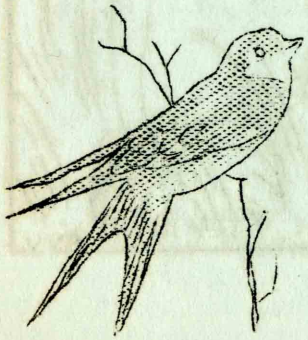


People began drifting down stairs, sleepy-eyed and listless, and promptly at five-thirty Willie the guide came bouncing in, full of pep and grinning so widely that we wondered for a moment if he were endowed with more than the usual number of teeth. When we left the Inn people appeared from everywhere and our party rapidly increased until there were thirty-two of us. "You're going to have trouble seeing this morning," warned Willie as we started out. "And not only because you're just half awake. It's because it is so cloudy." Which left me with the impression that generally at five-thirty A.M. the sun is up and beaming.



We started across the lawn and Willie suddenly said, "Look!" We looked quick but all we could see was Fritz reclining in one of the lean-back chairs by the garage apparently in a state of coma. "You are all familiar with it, but perhaps you never knew that it has white specks on its tail feathers," said Willie, and then we realized that he was referring to a roly poly robin that was hopping about on the grass gathering the worms that cannot escape the early bird. Before we had reached the Commissary Willie had called our attention to a cat bird, a warbling vireo, a mourning dove, a downy woodpecker, a chipping sparrow, a purple martin, a flicker and a blue jay. Back of the Commissary we saw a wood pewee and a female scarlet tanager which was not scarlet at all, and a lowly English sparrow that assumed interest when Willie pointed out its black bib and said that city dwellers seldom see the bib because city sparrows are generally black all over! We passed some people having breakfast in the woods, and the smell of their coffee and bacon made us fairly drool.





When we came up out of the picnic grounds into an open meadow we saw a number of birds breakfasting in a wild black cherry tree, and while we stood there we heard so many bird calls that only an expert like Willie could separate them and identify them. The air all about us was filled with the sweetest music imaginable, and

(continued on last page)

HORSES WIN RIBBONS AT SHOW

The annual horse show at Marshall last Friday was of interest to many Turkey Runners, particularly since the two Belgian mares and colt of the Turkey Run farm and the ponies from the Guthrie stables were entered. With her Belgian horses Turkey Run won first price for best mare and colt, any class; second prize for best draft colt; second prize for best draft team, any age, hitched; two third prizes. The Turkey Run ponies also came back with some ribbons.

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COMMITTEE MEMBERS AND DIRECTORS MEET

The board of directors and committee members of the Turkey Run Federal Credit Union met for their July business session Monday evening at the home of Sally and Art Carpenter over on Gobbler's Knob. Plans were made for a general meeting of all stockholders which will be held at the Inn on Monday night, July 25.

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OUR BOYS WIN AGAIN

It looks as if the Turkey Run boys have finally hit their old stride in soft ball. Proving this is the victory scored over Marshall Tuesday night to the tune of 15 - 11.

Although the ball game wasn't exactly an errorless affair, it proved very interesting to the fans due to the very high feeling which is always present in athletic contests between Turkey Run and Marshall.

The ball game started off with the well-known "bang." Marshall scoring two runs in the first inning set the crowds wild, but then came the dawn for Turkey Run scored three runs and continued on through the game to a typical Turkey Run victory.

Our apologies for the write-up several weeks ago concerning the supposedly played first game, Marshall, but we do think you'll find this one accurate.

****

SOUTHERN TRIP

Mary Dale, Miriam Rusk, Herschell Davies and Orin Woodrow enjoyed a motor trip this week to Guthrie Inn at Dupont and from there to Louisville, Clifty Falls State Park and other places along the Ohio River. They left Sunday evening and returned to the Inn Wednesday. They are all Inn employees.

DINNER PARTY

Thirty-five stockholders of the Standard Life Insurance Company of Indianapolis who live in Parke County were guests of Arthur Wyatt, general agent, at the Inn Thursday night.

****

ILLINOIS-ITES TO SEE SOUTHERN INDIANA

Miss Eustella Sinnott of Oak Park and Miss Doris Larsen and her sister and Miss Mary Kelly of Chicago, guests of the Inn, left Thursday morning for a two-day tour to various state parks in southern Indiana, planning to stop for a visit at Guthrie Inn at Dupont. They were accompanied by Dick Savidge and Bud James of the Turkey Run tour department.

****

TO TEACH AT UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

Wilbur Duncan, state nature guide, has let it be known that he has accepted the position as instructor in botany at the University of Georgia, Athens, Georgia. Wilbur, who received his Ph. D. from Duke University last Spring, will begin his teaching in the fall.

****

OLD FRIENDS RETURN

We are certainly glad to have with us again Miss Georgia Bagnetto of New Orleans, who was a guest here last year. She is accompanied by her mother and by Mrs. Lamer and Mrs. Kennedy, also of New Orleans. Miss Bagnetto has just spent a few days at Inn By The Sea at Pass Christian, Mississippi, and from her description it must be a delightful place.

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CHICAGO TURKEY RUNNER

Miss Ellen Berg, a member of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago, is here this week with her mother and sister, and we are enjoying getting better acquainted with these three charming Chicagoans.

****

JOHN HIKES

How John Davies hated to get up on Thursday morning to conduct a nature hike! But how proud of himself he was after he had successfully guided thirty guests over the treacherous trails! "I'm down to 202 now" he said at the lunch table afterwards, but we couldn't see much difference.

EARLY MORNING BIRD HIKE
(continued from second page)

there was Willie like a maestro conducting a symphony, waving his hands in the air, calling our attention to various overtones and undertones, imitating the calls and adding greatly to our pleasure in the concert. Here we saw a red-headed woodpecker, a brown thrasher, a red-bellied woodpecker and a meadow lark. As we went towards the gatehouse a bell-like sound to the east of us suddenly brought us to a halt, and we thought we had something there until it dawned on us that it was only the breakfast call over at the CCC barracks. And that made us more hungry than ever.

On the dew-drenched lawn beside the gate house we heard the sweet song of the blue birds and saw a field sparrow, a Bewick's wren and a hummingbird. Then we went out on the highway and stood on the bridge looking down ninety-six feet to Turkey Run Hollow, and in the few minutes that we stood there Willie identified for us a rough-winged swallow, a phoebe, a blue-gray gnat-catcher, a white-breasted nuthatch, a crow, a hairy woodpecker, a cow bird, a wood thrush, a tufted titmouse and a flight of gold finches. Then on up the old gravel road to another field where we saw a sharp-shinned hawk, a towhee and a chimney swift, and while we watched and listened we ate blackberries wet with dew.

En route back to the Inn by way of the steep hill near Hemlock Point, we saw a cardinal and an indigo bunting and then Willie pointed skyward and said, "There's a green heron." We grabbed our field glasses, but they didn't do us much good because the green heron was gone before we realized we were looking through the wrong end!

"This wasn't a very good morning to see the birds," our guide said as he left us at the Inn. "You have to have Old Sol to help bring out the colors." But as we went in to gobble our breakfast we meditated that, Sol or no Sol, we had just been on a wonderful bird hike.

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LONGING THOUGHTS

These are the days when ice-cream cones drip stickily and when we think longingly of how wonderful Turkey Run is in the winter time. Remember those toboggan rides and those snow-fights?

A L O N G T H E T R A I L S

With Chet and Willie The Guides

The flowers along the trails are becoming deeper in color with the advancing of Summer, and now we see the rich blues and purples and yellows instead of the pastel shades that we saw during the Springtime.

The woods are full of the bluish-pinkish blossomes of the Summer Phlox, the white Starry Campion, the yellow Coneflower, the purple Wild Bergamot and four kinds of purplish Loosestrife.

And the first Goldenrods are in bloom, too, bringing forcibly to mind that Summer is speeding past and Fall is just around the corner.

The guides say they have trouble keeping the hikers together these days because the blackberries along the trails lure them into stopping and indulging.

The baby Turkey Buzzards in their nest on Trail 4 are now two months old, but they still haven't developed enough feathers to attempt flying. They are all black except for a little white around their tails.

The guides are preparing a nature exhibit in the main lobby which will be completed in the near future.

****

LOCAL TOURS POPULAR

Our guests are enjoying the tours through the neighboring countryside which are offered practically every day. If you've ever longed to explore some of those charming country lanes that wind so alluringly through the woods near here, be sure and arrange to go along on one or more of the local tours.

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ENTERTAIN AT CCC CAMP

Bud James acted as master of ceremonies at an entertainment at the CCC camp Wednesday evening, and Bill and Alma VanVactor played harmonica and accordian for the boys. The affair was held out-of-doors .

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"Man is the only animal that blushes. Or needs to."

Mark Twain

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TURKEY TALK

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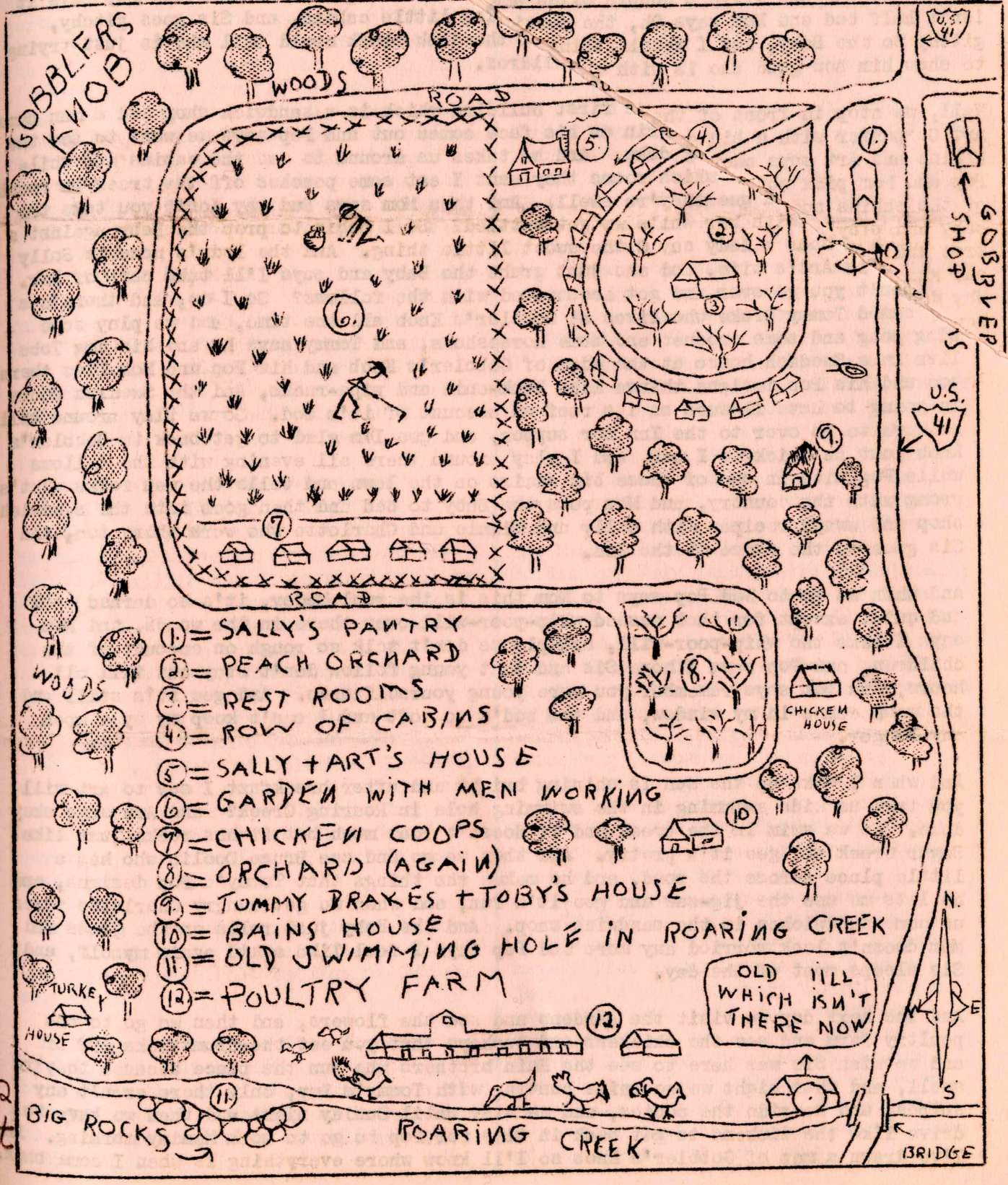

BUD BROWN'S DIARY

Pop walks up to the reservation desk at Turkey Run Inn and the clerk says how do you do Mr. Brown, and Pop is tickled pink to be remembered and he says we were here two weeks ago and now we're back again because we like it. How about some rooms? And the clerk is all in a dither on account of Sis standing there and he says we're filled all week and Mom says to Pop I told you we should have written for reservations. And the desk clerk looks calf-eyed at Sis and says we can take care of you at Gobbler's Knob, and Pop says what in blazes is Gobbler's Knob, and Mom says to Pop don't get profane in front of the children and the desk clerk says I'll show you. So we all get in the car and drive a coupla miles and there's Gobbler's Knob and Pop says it isn't half bad and Mom says Oh, the cunning little cabins, and Sis goes gitchy, gitchy to the Baby, and I should think the desk clerk could tell she is just trying to show him how good she is with children.

Well, we stop in front of the first building which is a sandwich shop and a man named Art Carpenter with a big grin on his face comes out and Pop says we want to see the cabins and Art says okey doke. And he takes us around to see the cabins and while Pop and Mom pick out which rooms they want I eat some peaches off the trees in front of the cabins and gee they're swell. And then Mom says Bud why don't you take the Baby and play with her while we get settled? So I begin to prop the Baby against a tree and I hear a lady say O the sweet little thing. And the lady's name is Sally and she is Art's wife, and she just grabs the Baby and says I'll take care of her. Why don't you go over and get acquainted with the fellows? So I do, and there's a boy named Tommy Drake who lives at Gobbler's Knob all the time, and we play some ping pong and some croquet and some horseshoes, and Tommy says he and his dog Tobe live in a Swedish house at the edge of Gobbler's Knob and his Pop and Mom live there too and his Pop designs things like book-ends and pipe-racks, and the Swedish house is going to have flowers on its roof on account of it's sod. So we play around till we have to go over to the Inn for supper, and gee I'm glad to get back to Gobbler's Knob just as quick as I can, and I play around there all evening with the fellows while Pop sits in one of those big chairs on the lawn and tells the men folks what's wrong with the country, and Mom puts the Baby to bed and then goes into the sandwich shop and swaps recipes with Sally and Minnie and Charlotte who work there too, and Sis goes to the dance at the Inn.

And when we go to bed Pop says to Mom this is the real McCoy, it's so darned cool and quiet except for that cussed whip-poor-will over there in the woods, and Mom says I like the whip-poor-will, and please don't talk so rough on account of the children, and Pop says I hope Sis and that young fellow don't stay out till all hours, and Mom says remember you were young yourself once. And gee it's still and the moon comes in my window, and the bed's so soft and I can't keep my eyes open any longer.

And when I wake up the sun is shining bright and after breakfast I say to Art will you take us kids swimming in the swimming hole in Roaring Creek? and Art says okey doke. So we swim in the creek and it doesn't roar much but it has rocks just like Sugar Creek and gee it's pretty. And then we go and see Bruce Doolin who has a little place across the road, and he makes the things that Tommy's Pop designs, and he lets me use the jig-saw and gee it's fun, and when we get hungry Charlotte fixes us some sandwiches in the sandwich shop. And the Baby just rolls on the grass and Mom doesn't look worried any more and Pop says I feel like a kid again myself, and Sis sleeps most of the day.

And the next day we visit the gardens and see the flowers, and then we go to the poultry farm and see the chickens and turkeys that you eat the drumsticks off of and we wish Sis was here to see the Bain brothers who run the place because they're swell, and that night we go snipe hunting with Tommy's Pop, only there aren't any snipes, and we ride the ponies, and we stay until Sunday night and then we have to drive like the dickens to get back in time for Pop to go to work Monday morning. And I've drawn a map of Gobbler's Knob so I'll know where everything is when I come back.

STATE LI

COPE CHIGGER CURE

We are grateful indeed to Mr. Harold F. Cope of Champaign, Illinois, for sending us a remedy for chigger bites. In a very nice letter Mr. Cope writes: "To repay you for your kindness in mailing me Turkey Talk I will give you my favorite remedy for chigger bites, which I see were the subject of Old Hutch's column. When you get chigger bites, just buy a dime's worth of collodion and apply it to the bites with a tooth-pick or a match end. The collodion will cover the bite so that clothing will not irritate it and before long the inflammation will be gone. Don't buy too much collodion at one time because it dries up very quickly. The chigger bite needs no other medication because it seems to disappear, leaving only a small pimple or water sac which will soon break and go away."

We wish to thank Mr. Cope for his helpful hint for the relief of chigger-bitten humanity, and we know that our guests will also thank him. Of course they'll never need to put collodion on chigger bites at Turkey Run, but if they should ever visit any place that has chiggers they will be glad to know how to remedy the bites.

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RELIGIOUS EDUCATION INSTITUTE

Sunday, July 24, marks the beginning of the Unitarian-Universalist Mid-West Religious Education Institute which will be held at Turkey Run throughout the week. Ernest W. Kuebler of Boston is making arrangements for the meeting which will bring back to Turkey Run many of our Universalist and Unitarian friends.

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NEWS OF GUTHRIE INN AT DUPONT

Mrs. M.O. Reeves of Columbus, Indiana, entertained eleven members of her family with a chicken dinner at Guthrie Inn last Sunday in honor of Mr. and Mrs. G.L. Reeves, who left Monday for a visit to Norway and Sweden.

Mrs. A.F. Dreimeyer and daughter Mary Sue of Cincinnati, frequent guests at Turkey Run, spent last Tuesday at Guthrie Inn.

Miss Geneva Webb and Miss Florence St. Clair of Indianapolis are spending the week at the Inn. Geneva is the sister of Margaret Webb, formerly of Turkey Run who is now in charge of the kitchen at Guthrie Inn.

WHO CAN COAX CHET TO SING IN CHAPEL?

If you ever hear a deep bass voice late at night singing sweet nothings under the moon, in all probability it belongs to our new state nature guide, Chet Long, who has been known to serenade the frogs and owls and such. While we have nothing against moonlight crooning, we think that Chet can direct his talent in a manner that will be profitable to all of us instead of to the few who stay up after nine o'clock. Our idea is that Chet should break down and accept our invitation to sing again in the log chapel some Sunday morning. So far we have been unsuccessful in our attempts to persuade him to do this, so we are now offering a reward of our best stick of chewing gum (only slightly used) to the guest who can coax Chet, by fair means or foul, to give us all the pleasure of hearing him sing. This offer is good until Sunday, August 28.

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LOUISE AND MYRNA ANN LYONS ENTERTAIN

The Turkey Run Young Mother's Club met Wednesday at the home of Mrs. Louise Lyons, who was assisted by her daughter Myrna Ann. Guests were Mrs. Kathleen Kirtley and Dorinda Lou, Mrs. Fauneal Wood and Wanda Louise, Mrs. Loretta Hutson and Beverly Sue, Mrs. Veda Mitchell and Darwin, Mrs. Marietta Turner and Richard and Roberta, Mrs. June Goodin and Judy, and Jessie Guthrie and Ann Witherspoon. Many members of the staff who have no claim at all to being young mothers (notably Von Nickell who said, "I may not be a mother, but I'm an uncle to two of those babies") yearned to go to the party just to see all the babies and to hear the mamas comparing notes and discussing the value of spinach and orange juice. But they didn't rate an invitation, so now they are waiting for Papa Kirtley to come around and show them the baby pictures that were taken at the party.

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KENNY'S HAIR IS NATURALLY CURLY

The rain last Sunday proved conclusively that Kenny Davies' hair is not done up on curlers every night, but is naturally that way. Most everybody came in out of the rain with their tresses lank and discouraged looking, but the more Kenny stayed in the rain the kinkier his hair got. This settles a question that has been bothering many of the guests and employees.

ALONG THE TRAILS

With Chet and Willie the Guides

Willie and Chet went on a fossil hunt on Trail Six the other day and were successful in finding fossils of ancient ferns and fern-like trees.

The swimming is getting exceptionally good in the Old Swimmin' Hole in Sugar Creek, and the blackberries are the sweetest and tastiest they have ever been.

Touch-me-not Hollow is the name the guides have given a place along the trails where touch-me-nots seven feet high are in bloom. When you touch the pods they break open with a popping noise.

While returning from a hike this week the guides saw some luminous fungi on Trail Five, so they went back that night to see it shine in the dark. They claim that their hands cast a shadow when held in front of the fungi, it was so bright.

There were 26 on the all-day hike Thursday, and 49 on the Wednesday morning bird-hike.

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Miss Jane McLaren, the little gal with the beautiful brown eyes from Berwyn, will arrive Sunday for a week's vacation at the Inn. We understand that complete arrangements have been made for her entertainment during her visit here, but in case she should have a few spare minutes on her hands we know of several people who will be glad to see that she does not become bored.

SEASON'S SENSATION

The summer's sensation at Turkey Run is Bob North, the young fellow from Chicago who is here for an indefinite stay. We think we can say without fear of successful contradiction that Bob is one of the most versatile people we have ever had the privilege of meeting. First of all, he's a very accomplished pianist -- then he knows a lot about rocks and birds and flowers -- and can he ever dance! He hikes, too, and has tramped the forty miles necessary to make him eligible to join the Turkey Run Hiking Club, and it is predicted that he will have hiked at least one hundred miles by the time his visit is finished. Bob enters into everything with enthusiasm, and he is the kind of a boy we like to have as our guest at Turkey Run.

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Lillian Zekas, member of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago, is vacationing here this week, much to the joy of all the staff members and other guests.

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Another visitor is Julia Cosgrove, also of Chicago, who is brightening the place with her million-dollar smile.

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Statistics from the travel department of the Inn show that eighty people have gone on tours from the Inn within the past week. This includes local countryside tours, tours to Crawfordsville and neighboring cities, tours to New Harmony and Vincennes and tours to Guthrie Inn at Dupont. The tours are so popular that it's getting so the only time we catch a glimpse of Dick Savidge or Bud James, tour conductors, is when they dash through the lobby to get a drink of water between trips.

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OLD HUTCH SEZ

God hez shore ben swell to all o' us people down here lately cuz th' blackberries is shore deelishus. Great big black temptin' juicy morsels jist a-hangin' on th' bushes waitin' fer us ter pick 'em before they drops on th' ground. They hez ter be picked awful careful-like or ya gits juice all over yer hands. Then ya hez ter be more careful on 'count o' th' chiggers which lives on th' bushes. Pusonally th' berries is shore worth a few bites. Jeb Hoskins comed over t'other day an' got me ter go over ter Bristle Ridge where th' berries is tremdneus. We went an' wuz pickin' berries ter tie th' pup when sum pore leetle kids comed along with pails full. They told us how they wuz gittin' plenty o' food now since th' berries wuz free. Ol' Jeb an' I felt so dern sorry fer 'em we gived 'em our'n an' picked 'bout a bushel more fer 'em. Lizbeth wuz kinda peeved when I cum home empty handed but she got over it when I telled her why.

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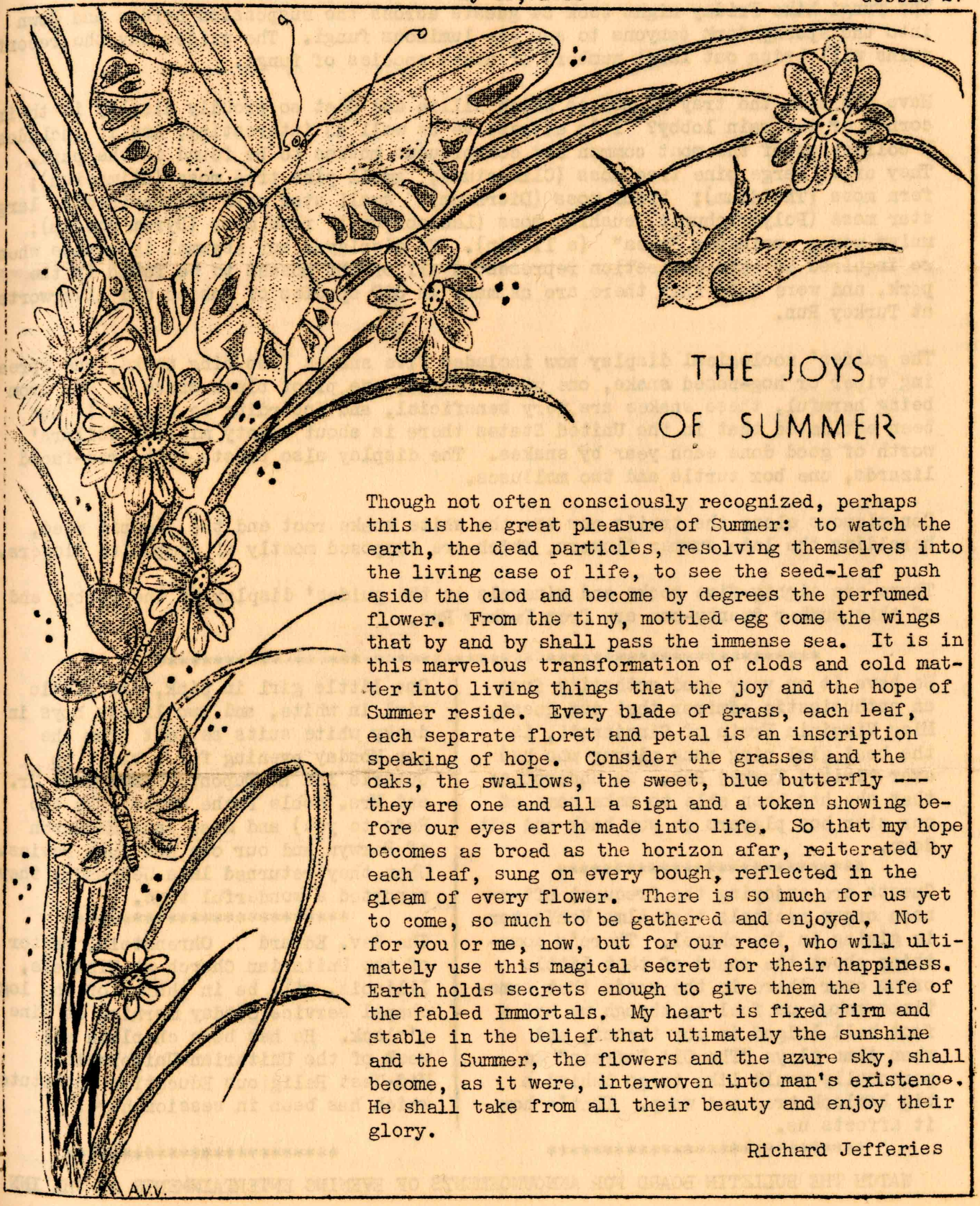

THE JOYS OF SUMMER

Though not often consciously recognized, perhaps this is the great pleasure of Summer: to watch the earth, the dead particles, resolving themselves into the living case of life, to see the seed-leaf push aside the clod and become by degrees the perfumed flower. From the tiny, mottled egg come the wings that by and by shall pass the immense sea. It is in this marvelous transformation of clods and cold matter into living things that the joy and the hope of Summer reside. Every blade of grass, each leaf, each separate floret and petal is an inscription speaking of hope. Consider the grasses and the oaks, the swallows, the sweet, blue butterfly --- they are one and all a sign and a token showing before our eyes earth made into life. So that my hope becomes as broad as the horizon afar, reiterated by each leaf, sung on every bough, reflected in the gleam of every flower. There is so much for us yet to come, so much to be gathered and enjoyed. Not for you or me, now, but for our race, who will ultimately use this magical secret for their happiness. Earth holds secrets enough to give them the life of the fabled Immortals. My heart is fixed firm and stable in the belief that ultimately the sunshine and the Summer, the flowers and the azure sky, shall become, as it were, interwoven into man's existence. He shall take from all their beauty and enjoy their glory.

Richard Jefferies

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WE INTERVIEW THE NATURE GUIDES

Willie and Chet, the state nature guides, have given us some interesting statistics pertaining to their activities this season from their arrival until July 23. Here they are: 116 nature hikes with 3,104 in attendance; 19 bird hikes with 473 in attendance; 18 lectures with 1,345 in attendance. Add 'em up and you'll see that there is a total of 4,922 people -- quite a few fans we'd say.

The fungi hike Friday night took 54 guests across the suspension bridge and down into the spooky dark canyons to see the luminous fungi. The guides say the recent rains will bring out large numbers of other species of fungi.

Have you seen the tray of mosses which Willie and Chet so proudly display in their corner of the main lobby? It's attractive as well as interesting, and it includes a collection of the most common and conspicuous mosses to be found in the park. They are: large pine tree moss (Climacium); small pine tree moss (Climacium); fern moss (Thuidium); broom moss (Dicranum); small star moss (Catharinea); large star moss (Polytrichum); cushion moss (Leucobryum); rose moss (Byrum roseum); mnium moss; reindeer "moss" (a lichen). We displayed our abysmal ignorance when we inquired if this collection represented all of the mosses to be found in the park, and were told that there are as many as 300 species of mosses and liverworts at Turkey Run.

The guides' zoological display now includes five snakes (two ring necks, one spreading viper or hog-nosed snake, one water matrix, one pilot black snake.) Far from being harmful, these snakes are very beneficial, and according to Willie it has been estimated that in the United States there is about twenty million dollars' worth of good done each year by snakes. The display also boasts three red-faced lizards, one box turtle and two molluscs.

Conspicuous along the trails now are the white snake root and the joe pie weed, heralding the late summer flowers, which are composed mostly of composite flowers.

There are eighty-five rocks and minerals in the guides' display in the lobby, and of this number twenty-one are from Turkey Run.

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We have it on very good authority from an enthusiastic admirer that our guest, Miss Virginia Erwin of Cincinnati, is the best girl ping pong player who has ever visited Turkey Run. We understand that she has been able to make some of our star boy players go way back and sit down.

****

Guests are enjoying the frequent afternoon organ recitals that Alma VanVactor is giving in the chapel. There's something about the sound of that little organ over there in the woods that sometimes makes us feel as though we had a foot ball lodged in our throat, and when Alma plays "The Old Refrain" we personally would like to go behind a big hemlock tree and weep. That's how it affects us.

****

One little girl in pink, one little girl in white, and two little boys in ducky white suits set out from the Inn Monday evening for a visit to Guthrie Inn at Dupont. They were Mr. and Mrs. Noble Foche Mayes (The two Reds to you) and Miss Jane MacLaren of Berwyn and our own Don Juan Davies. When they returned late Wednesday they reported a wonderful time.

****

The Rev. Edward W. Ohrenstein, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Hinsdale, Illinois, will be in charge of the log chapel service Sunday morning at nine o'clock. He has been chaplain all week of the Unitarian-Universalist Mid-West Religious Education Institute which has been in session here.

****

WATCH THE BULLETIN BOARD FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS OF EVENING ENTERTAINMENTS AT THE INN

We hear that the new soda fountain down in the Gobbler's Roost is a great improvement over the old one. However, we wouldn't know for sure, because we have not yet had an opportunity to see it, for every time we go down there it is completely hidden from mortal eye by a bevy of beauteous maidens who hang over it. Could our own Pat (tear-their-hearts-out) Patterson who presides at the fountain be the attraction?

****

The pleasantest surprise of the week was the letter received from Rosemary Glassmeyer addressed from guess where ------ Guthrie Inn at Dupont! Says she: "At last we are spending the day at Dupont and Guthrie Inn. I had expected to be flippant and say it is a 'swell elegant jernt', but I find that would be a sacrilege. You were much, much too modest in your praise of Guthrie Inn, and it exceeds all expectations." Rosemary --- one of the well-known Gum Drop Twins from Cincinnati, concludes with this happy thought: "Wish the days would just literally fly until the tenth of August when we shall be coming to Turkey Run and seeing you." The wish is mutual, Rosemary.

****

New this week is the girls' glee club composed of our own waitresses and directed by Alma VanVactor. The following girls were at the first rehearsal: Wanda Porter, Lydia Smith, Virginia Waddell, Pinnina Burba, Eva Morgan, Marjorie Baker, Lois Day, Helen Mayse, Mary Dale, Katherine Lawson, Ruby Wilson, Mildred Denman, Doris Phipps, Sara Lee Weaver, Helen Hosford. The girls plan to sing in the dining room occasionally, at evening entertainments and in the log chapel.

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Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Norris of Steubenville, Ohio, celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary at the Inn on Wednesday. They are frequent Turkey Run guests.

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"What do you do here?" asked a new waitress of Cecil Cox, one of the state employees who rings up dimes. "I'm St. Peter," said Cecil. "What do you mean?" the girl wanted to know, and Cecil said, "I guard the gate."

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Members of the Wallace Lutheran church will have an outing here Sunday.

NEW HARMONY

Down in southern Indiana is a quiet little village called New Harmony that is a favorite stopping place on our tours.

In 1815 this town was the Promised Land of the Harmony Society, a small group of German peasants who came here under the leadership of George Rapp to establish a community where everybody would be equal. Today you see the buildings they erected a century ago, the community house, the fort and the tavern and about forty brick and frame dwellings. You see also the large stone slab brought here by Father Rapp which bears the image of two human feet, and you hear the story of how the Angel Gabriel appeared and announced the end of the world, leaving these footprints upon the rock when he departed! You will see the ancient sun-dial which has marked the hours for more than a hundred years, and the odd rain gauge that is still in use, and the strange Rappite cemetery where sleep the founders of the town in unmarked graves, equal in death as in life.

For ten years the Harmony Society lived here, happy and prosperous, and then, following a restless urge, they departed. They sold their entire city and its 30,000 acred estate for $150,000 to Robert Owen, a Welsh philanthropist who said that here he wanted to introduce an entirely new state of society, and change it to a place where all interests would be united in one and all cause for contest between the individuals would be removed. So the town, forsaken by the Rappites, was peopled by about 800 Owenites who came down the Ohio and up the Wabash in 1826 in what was called the Boatload of Knowledge. Scientists, educators, dramatists, writers, musicians artists, lecturers, inventors, statesmen -- all came to New Harmony with dreams of a perfect social system where all would be happy. But in two years this noble experiment had failed, in spite of the brilliant minds that had fathered it, and this Utopian community disbanded, leaving behind it the fascinating village of New Harmony which is a charming place to visit. No tour through southern Indiana is complete without a stop-over in this charming place.

VELMA'S LAMENT

A kitchen drama was revealed this week when we found the following note attached to the pantry ice box. It was written by Velma Wilhite, queen of the jams and jellies in the Inn's pantry, and it tells its own sad story of Velma's chagrin at finding that "old Doug" (Olive Douglas, the head of the pantry department) had come along and had done the work that Velma was supposed to do but had not had time to do. Incidentally, Velma will be surprised (and we hope pleased) to find this in Turkey Talk, for she has no idea that it has fallen into your editor's hands.

AN OPEN NOTE TO THE JAMS AND JELLIES AND ICE BOX IN GENERAL
By Velma Wilhite

Please now, jams and jellies, don't feel so blue,
I know darned well it's coming to you
To be kept well filled and labeled and clean
With the finest class jams as ever was seen.
We take out all the old and spoiled,
Clean the trays and keep them oiled.
But heaven's sake -- not a minute to spare,
Only late at night -- and even then it's rare.
Oranges to squeeze, salads, and then a lunch --
You know how things always come in a bunch.
But old Doug comes along with a moment to spare,
Cleans you off and gives you air,
But never the less it's my job, you see,
To keep you clean and from all germs free.
So I hope each day some time I'll find
That others won't have to do this work of mine.
So with this parting thought I leave tonight,
"I'd like to have time to do things right."

INSTITUTE

About fifty ministers, young people and Sunday School teachers are at Turkey Run Inn this week attending the Mid-West Religious Education Institute - Universalist - Unitarian. The Rev. E.W. Koubler of Boston is in charge. Those in attendance are afrom as far north as Minnesota, as far west as Iowa, as far south as Tennessee and as far east as Massachusetts. Activities include classes in the morning, recreation and hikes in the afternoon, sunset services on Sunset Point, and an evening service in the log chapel. The group hold a banquet Friday evening, and they will conclude their Institute with the log chapel service Sunday morning. We always like to have these friends of ours come back to Turkey Run from year to year.

****

OLD HUTCH SEZ

Summer air here in full force with all th' vacashunists havin' a good time fishin' an' swimmin' an' playing from morn til night an' havin' such a good time. Th' gals are runnin' around real nonchylant-like with 'bout as many close as a flea. An ole feller like me jist cain't git used ter it cuz there hez ben such a change since I wuz young.

Ben thinkin' 'bout Europe an' its wars an' how much money there is spent by th' tourists over there. Ef we cud git Congress ter pass a law lettin' no tourists over fer 'bout five year we'd have 'em bankrupt in a short time. Then we need a law passed makin' companies have their employees take a vacashun durin' each season. In th' spring one year, summer th' next an' so forth. Then all the country wud git 'em instead o' a lake or a fishin' place or th' mountains. Guess I'll have ter write ter Virginny Jenkes in Washington.

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When you come into the Inn from a sun-bath or from a long hike it's pretty refreshing to see that winter display by the dining room door. There's the Turkey Run winter fun map hanging on the wall fairly dripping with icicles, and below it the scene with all the little soap figures romping around in the cotton snow and the ice-skaters gliding over the blue mirror. We asked Alma to draw a picture of the fun map for Turkey Talk's cover this week so you could all look at it and cool off. And now we're seated at our typewriter in front of an electric fan trying to compose a little ditty for page two to tell you about winter time at Turkey Run.

Come to think about it, winter is getting awfully close -- it's just a month till Labor Day, and then it'll be a month till Columbus Day, and then two weeks till Hallowe'en, and then a month till Thanksgiving and then a month till Christmas. Summer's all gone -- fall's all gone and the good old winter time is here -- just like that. In other words, it's not at all too early to begin planning for a winter vacation at Turkey Run.

The snow comes a-drifting down at Turkey Run in flakes as big as saucers and great gobs of it stick to the trees and the ground looks like one of Sally's angel-food cakes. There's never any tattle-tale gray about our snow. We unconditionally guarantee that it falls white and it stays white. And the icicles! They get so big down here in Rocky Hollow and Gypsy Gulch that we whittle 'em down and use 'em for telephone poles. You ain't seen nothin' till you've seen our icicles hanging in the canyons in clusters beside the moss that always stays green.

The hiking's good here in the winter-time. You go out in the zippy air and spend an hour or two walking and slipping and sliding over the trails, and then you come in starved to death and ready to do real justice to a Turkey Run meal. You don't know how good our fried chicken can taste until you've approached it after a winter hike. There's tobogganing, too, down the hill above Turkey Run Hollow. It's quite a walk up dragging your sled -- but coming down is real sport, especially when you get near the bottom and wonder if you'll be able to manipulate the curve at the bridge. You'll like the skating, too, when the gang gets together on a still and starry night for a hilarious exhibit of their ability to do the figure eight, with various portions of their anatomy coming frequently and unexpectedly in contact with the ice. And, oh what fun it is to ride in a one horse open sleigh at Turkey Run, with Old Dobbin doing his best to dispense a little Hoosier hospitality as he dashes you over the drifted snow to the tune of the jingling sleigh bells.

And after a day in the open how you'll love to toast your feet around the fireplace at the Inn, swapping stories, reading and loafing! You'll not be lonesome, either, because the other guests and the employees will want you to dance and sing with them and join in their games and parties.

Yes, winter time is a grand time at Turkey Run. We could go on and on about it, but we've reached the bottom of the page, and besides our teeth are chattering and our fingers are stiff with cold. So we'll wind our little ditty up with this:

PLAN TO COME TO TURKEY RUN FOR A WINTER VACATION

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB SINGS

The new Turkey Run Girls' Glee Club, composed of waitresses, made its first public appearance Wednesday evening in the dining room when they gathered 'round the piano during the dinner hour and sang two or three numbers.

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THEY'RE FROM MISSOURI

They're from Missouri and they have practically the same name: the Misses Eugenia Elizabeth Wilds of Kansas City and Eugenia Elizabeth Senewald of St. Louis. They met last year at a summer resort, and because of the similarity in their names they struck up a friendship. This week they've been vacationing together at Turkey Run.

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ROTARY ASSEMBLY

The 155th District Assembly of Rotary International was held at Turkey Run Inn Thursday and Friday of this week. John Stemm of Lafayette is district governor.

****

THEY STILL LIKE TURKEY RUN

Mrs. A.N. Everard and her daughters the Misses Alma and Fay Everard are again our guests. Mrs. Everard and Alma have just returned from a trip to the Canadian Rockies, and their descriptions of glaciers and mountains are very pleasing. Most pleasing to us, however, is their repeated remark: "We still like Turkey Run. When we come here it's just like coming home." That's their story, and they stick to it.

****

MARGARET WEBB VISITS US

Margaret Webb, former Turkey Run employee who is now employeed at Guthrie Inn at Dupont, visited Turkey Run the first part of the week. She was accompanied by Dorothy Kelley and Kenneth Perry who are also employed at Guthrie Inn. "We just decided to come," said Margaret, "So we piled into the station wagon and here we are." Which shows that Margaret hasn't changed at all since she was here and piling us into the station wagon to go to the show or something.

****

TWO BLUE RIBBONS

Nell and Bess, the Belgin mares at the Turkey Run stables, covered themselves with glory at the Waveland Fair last week. Nell won first prize as the best heavy draft mare, and together they won first prize as the best hitched team.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Norris of Steubenville, Ohio, celebrated their ninth wedding anniversary here a week ago, and upon their departure Mr. Norris wrote the following lines:

THOUGHTS ON LEAVING TURKEY RUN

When we arrived at Turkey Run
We met a Savidge smile.
We thank Dick for the things he did
To make our stay worth while.

We always ate out on the porch
With Maxine as before,
We liked to see her standing there
A-smiling at the door.

This year we spent at Turkey Run
Our anniversary.
The cake that Sally baked for us
Was brought by Saralee.

Who came from Greenfield where before
Her light had long been hid?
Who brought her sister over here?
Why, that's what Katy did.

Now Dr. Warren is a prince
Who always is on call.
He perks you up if you get sick
Or if you have a fall.

For forty miles the nature guides
Give pretty polished sticks,
But Willie's memory doesn't stretch
To 1936.

Do you know why most all the girls
So close to Chet would walk?
I overheard one of them say,
"I love to hear him talk."

It's lots of fun to look for birds
When Willie is along.
He sees the ones that we would miss
And knows them by their song.

In summer selling Agfa film
He's busy as a pup;
In winter he does color work,
We say, "Nice move, Upp."

We called on Mr. Carpenter,
Found Sally on the job.
Your visit here is incomplete
If you miss Gobbler's Knob.

So many happy hours we've spent
So great has been our fun,
Already we are planning our
Return to Turkey Run.

ALONG THE TRAILS WITH THE GUIDES

Some of the hikers started out reluctantly Thursday because it was pretty warm and they thought maybe they would be cooler if they just sat around, but after they had been hiking a few minutes they began to cool off, and after they had followed the trails through the air-conditioned canyons they decided that it was cooler to hike than to sit.

Wednesday morning the bird hikers saw the Baltimore Orioles again. It happens every year that these birds disappear for about three weeks during July, and then reappear suddenly the first part of August. The guides say this is due to the fact that they are shy about being seen during their moulting season.

The yellow blossoms of the downy and smooth foxgloves are conspicuous in the woods.

Some robins are building a nest in an elm tree between the Inn and the Commissary. If they are the same robins that were there in the spring, then this is their fourth nest for the year.

The fruits of the trailing burning bush or wahoo are breaking open. They are green on the outside and the seeds within are a beautiful red.

****

ALONG THE TRAILS WITHOUT THE GUIDES

Twice this week the would-be hikers have gathered on the steps of the Inn at the proper time all ready to go hiking, and they have had to wait and wait because there were no guides to show them the way. Both timesthe guides, Willie and Chet, were discovered slumbering blissfully in their tent, oblivious to the fact that duty called. "Our clock was slow, somebody set it back," said Willie. "The alarm didn't go off, somebody had been tinkering with it," said Chet. All we can say is that people who go to bed nights have no trouble getting up in the daytime.

J.A. O'CONNOR

It was with sorrow that we learned of the death of our good friend, Mr. J.A. O'Connor, which occurred last week at his home in Cincinnati. Mr. O'Connor was a frequent guest at Turkey Run, and the Turkey Run Club of Greater Cincinnati was his idea and he was its president. Turkey Runners will greatly miss Mr. O'Connor.

MEET GLENN, GIRLS

No, girls, that tall, dark and handsome young man seen gracing Pat's domain down in the Gobbler's Roost in the evenings isn't Gary Cooper. It's Glenn Shirley, Lothario of the gate. Usually his stately frame is draped with a natty light brown uniform which adds to the effect. As Glenn says, "There's something about a soldier." When he dances -- he dances, but usually has only one dance with each girl because of the popularity of his services. In face, in one evening it's said that by actual count Shirley favored 39 different young ladies. Hailing from Veedersburg, Indiana, and being a true Hoosier, Glenn is a dispenser of Hoosier Hospitality and personal service.

OLD HUTCH SEZ

Speakin' O' th' wonders o' nachur an' th' different shows she puts on like symphonies o' music an' perades o' color an' such, derned if we kin overlook th' fireworks display. T'other night I hed ter git up 'bout one o'clock an' there a-shinin', in th' north wuz th' northern lights. Arory Boryalice I thinks they is called. There wuz shafts o' light shinin' up in th' sky like great big airplain beakons. They wud be a red glow all over th' sky. Shure wuz perty. Then last night we hed a storm an' after th' rain wuz over th' lightnin' wuz wunderful. Jist a-playin' all over th' sky an' yet not strikin' close enuff ter make any noise. Yer cud pick out lacy patterns as the lightnin' wud start, goin' in different direchshuns tryin' ter find a place ter stop an' never quite makin' it. We kin make our powerful searchlights an' things, but wun cluster o' God's lightnin' bolts kin make enuff light fer millyuns o' people.

****

BETTY AND MING

These are dog days -- and the cutest dog of the week at Turkey Run is Ming, the toy Pekingese that belongs to our young guest Miss Betty Kohl of Louisville. Betty is here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E.C. Kohl, and whenever she and Ming appear together they are the center of attraction.

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We heard the katy-dids this week ----- and old timers tell us that when the katy-dids begin singing it's only six weeks until frost.

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ALONG THE TRAILS WITH THE GUIDES

ANOTHER SIGN OF THE TIMES: The pokeberries are getting ripe, which means six weeks until frost. And the ironweed is blossoming in beautiful purple clusters.

THE YELLOW AND GOLD flowers of early fall are in bloom everywhere, as lovely to behold as the flowers of early spring. Conspicuous among them are the sneezeweed or swamp sunflower, the green coneflower, the brown coneflower, the goldenglow, the black-eyed Susan, the giant sunflower, the hawkweed, the butterfly weed and the goldenrod.

THE FRUIT OF THE WILD GINSENG is turning red, and the red partridge berries are to be seen on the little trailing plants on the knobs beneath the hemlock trees.

ANOTHER PRETTY BLOSSOM is that of the woodbine or wild clematis -- white and dainty

A MEMBER OF THE ORCHID FAMILY is now in bloom in the park -- the nodding pogonia, a white flower with lavender tinge which may be seen on Trail Five.

THE EARLY MORNING BIRD HIKERS saw a rose-breasted grosbeak Friday -- a rare sight here.

AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR the gay Harlequin caterpillars may be seen in great numbers on the leaves of the milkweed plants. They are not bothered by the birds because they're too fuzzy and because their milkweed leaf diet doesn't make them taste very good. The guides brought in nine of these caterpillars one night recently and put four huge milkweed leaves in their box, and by morning the greedy caterpillars had eaten every leaf! They may be seen in the nature display in the main lobby.

THE GUIDES FOUND the larva of the cecropia moth and put it in a cage. Immediately it started to spin a cocoon and within twelve hours it was completely hidden by the webs it had spun. It will stay dormant until next spring inside its cocoon, and then it will emerge -- a beautiful moth. The cocoon and a cecropia moth are also on display in the lobby.

****

LET'S GO TO THE FAIR!

Employees and guests are enjoying the local fairs and horse shows these days. Last week they went to Russellville and this week to Ladoga and Kingman. The Turkey Run team of Belgian mares had to stay home from the shows this week because in the excitement of having a new pair of shoes for the occasion Bess gave herself a mighty kick in the leg, and the resulting bruise made it impossible to show her. However, it is hoped that she will be in shape to bring back some blue ribbons from the show next week at Cayuga. (We are particularly anxious about this because Cayuga is Bobby Hopkins' home town and we want Turkey Run to do itself proud over there.)

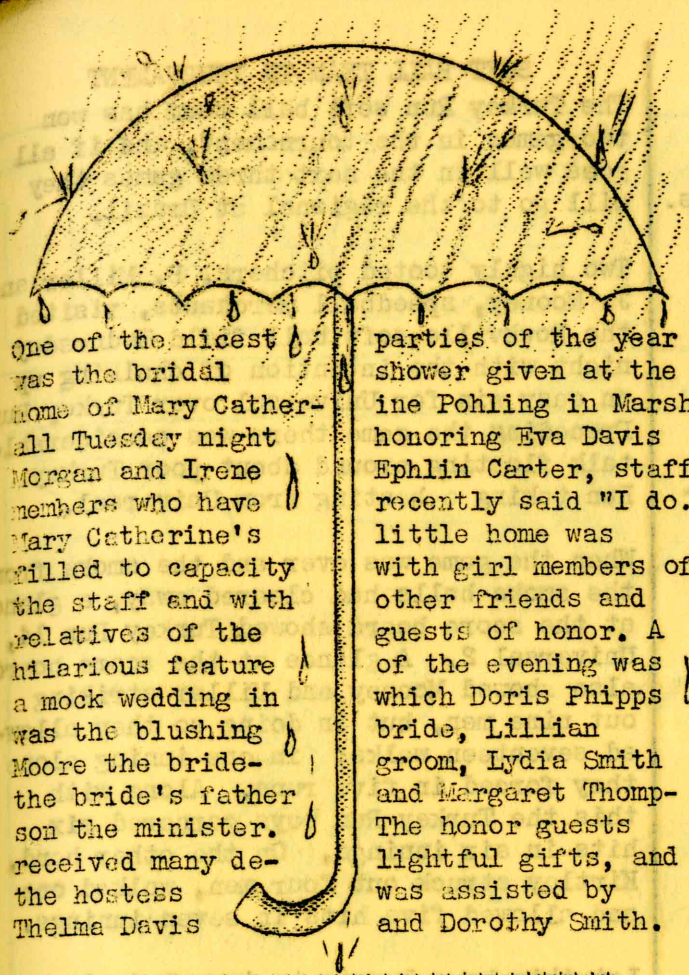
****

Don't quote us on this, but it is rumored that Mr. Guthrie is buying a bicycle for his own use. We wonder if it is true that he plans to make a trip to Dupont via the bicycle route.

TALL STORY

Willie Duncan and Pat Patterson have returned from a few days' trip northward -- Willie to the dunes and Pat to Chicago and the dunes. Pat brings back accounts of good swimming, hiking and an electric piano at the Chicago theater, and Willie brings back the following harrowing tale:

"I was walking along the dunes," says Willie, "When two mosquitoes came along, and one mosquito said to the other mosquito, 'Here's a nice juicy morsel named Willie. He looks pretty good. Shall we eat him here or shall we take him back into the swamps and eat him?' And the other mosquito said, 'We'd better eat him here because if we take him back into the swamps the big mosquitoes will take him away from us.' Believe me," concludes Willie, "I beat it back to Turkey Run in a hurry after that."



One of the nicest parties of the year was the bridal shower given at the home of Mary Catherine Pohling in Marshall Tuesday night honoring Eva Davis Morgan and Irene Ephlin Carter, staff members who have recently said "I do." Mary Catherine's little home was filled to capacity with girl members of the staff and with other friends and relatives of the guests of honor. A hilarious feature of the evening was a mock wedding in which Doris Phipps was the blushing bride, Lillian Moore the bride-groom, Lydia Smith the bride's father and Margaret Thompson the minister. The honor guests received many delightful gifts, and the hostess was assisted by Thelma Davis and Dorothy Smith.

****

INTERESTING GUEST

An interesting guest this week was Mrs. Cora Morgan Williams of Long Beach, California, who had lunch here Wednesday as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Morgan of Swing In. Mrs. Williams, who has traveled extensively and who has just returned from a trip to Alaska, is the great grandniece of Kinchen Morgan, one of the early settlers of the Turkey Run tract. "I am sure that my great uncle Kinchen Morgan is the one who gave this place the name of Turkey Run," said Mrs. Williams.

****

ANOTHER SOUTHERN INDIANA TOUR

Mrs. A.N. Everard and Miss Faye Everard of Chicago, Miss Aida Stephenson of Cincinnati and the Misses Maxine Turner and Mary Lois Ball of the Inn staff went to Guthrie Inn at Dupont Tuesday on a tour conducted by Dick Savidge. They returned Wednesday night, and the five ladies were up bright and early Thursday morning to tell us about their trip; but Dick, for reasons best known to himself, slept all day Thursday and did not appear until the shades of night had fallen. What's the matter, Dick?

****

MICKEY LIKES MUSIC

While Alma was soulfully playing "Trees" at the organ recital Wednesday in the log chapel she suddenly became aware of a slight confusion among the feminine members of the audience, which increased until it drowned out the organ music and brought "Trees" to an abrupt end. Alma turned around, and to her amazement saw most of the audience standing on the benches, looks of horror on their faces. And there in the middle of the floor sat Mickey Mouse as unconcerned as you please, enjoying the recital with all the appreciation of a true music lover. Order was restored only after Mickey decided to take his departure. Query: Is this the church mouse that we've always heard so much about?

****

VILLAGE GREEN POPULAR

We notice in passing of an evening on U.S. 41 that more and more of the employees are taking advantage of the outside lighting over at Gobbler's Knob and are dropping in to enjoy pingpong, horseshoes and croquet on the village green. It all looks very inviting on a warm evening, what with the big lean-back chairs for the lazy ones and the sandwich shop for the hungry ones, and Art and Sally Carpenter as delightful host and hostess.

****

WE CAN HARDLY WAIT!

Now that Mr. and Mrs. Bob Drake and son Tom and dog Tobe have moved into their new home on Gobbler's Knob, the rest of us are waiting for an invitation to the housewarming. The house is a Swedish cottage with a brightly colored interior and an intriguing sod roof, and will make a delightful setting for the housewarming.

****

4-H CLUB TOUR

A tour of inspection to various farms in the vicinity was a part of the Parke County 4-H Club program Wednesday. Those from here who went were Mr. Guthrie, Von Nickell, Clyde Leatherman, Jessie Guthrie, Tom Drake and Barbara Hatfield.

****

COME ON IN -- THE WATER'S FINE!

The water's fine in the Old Swimmin' Hole in Sugar Creek these days, and anywhere between the suspension bridge and the covered bridge you will find swimmers. The best place to swim, however, is at the Narrows by the covered bridge. From the looks of things, this will be one of the most popular places in the park this week-end.

****

SQUARE DANCES AT COMMISSARY

Brother Bill Walden with the able assistance of Brother Frank Wakeland has been putting over the Friday night square dances at the Commissary in fine style, and of late there have been about two hundred in attendance each week. All that is needed to make the affairs perfect is to get Claude English up there to do some dancing -- and the gang is hoping that he will oblige them before the season is over.

****

THOSE WEDDING BELLS AGAIN

The wedding bells are surely breaking up that old gang of ours, and the next one to go is Lillian Burgeson, frequent Turkey Run guest and member of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago. We wish you lots of happiness, Lil -- and don't forget us after you're married!

****

GUEST SOLOIST

Miss Harriet Greuning of Chicago, here for her first visit, sang a solo at the music memory contest the other night, and did it so well that she had to sing an encore. She is here with her sister, Miss Winnie Greuning, who has been here before.

****

LENA DOES NOT LINGER

Lena Drake, hostess at Guthrie Inn at Dupont, was here for a little while last Tuesday. She blew in and out so quickly that about all she had time for was to tell us all to come down and see her sometime. And wouldn't we love to!

****

WE SCOOP THE BROOK REPORTER

Bud James visited Brook, his home town, Monday. This news item may not get in the Brook Reporter, Bud, but here it is in Turkey Talk.

SOFT BALL TEAM IN TOURNAMENT

The Turkey Run soft ball team has won two games in the tournament, and if all goes well in the next three games they will go to the regional at Brazil.

Two highly tooted pitchers, B. Miller and J. Mooney, speedball merchants, visited the Rockville soft ball field Wednesday night with the intention of chalking up an easy win for Universal over Turkey Run. Preceding the game there was considerable talk floating around about poor Turkey Run taking a beating from Universal.

When the game was over and the smoke from the smoke balls had cleared away, a glance at the score board showed Turkey Run 14, Universal 2. A glance at the score board also showed Mooney and Miller striking out nine men, but in doing so they allowed seventeen walks; in one inning alone they forced in five runs. Along with this the Turkey Run boys garnered six hits in six innings. On the other hand, Kirtley struck out four men, walked one and allowed five hits in seven innings.

Let this be a lesson to imported pitchers to the Universal team and to all fans in general not to count their chickens before they're hatched or win their games before they're played.

****

GEORGIA KEEPS COOL

"I know how to keep cool," announced Miss Georgia Glassmeyer, the incorrigible blonde from Cincinnati who is here for ten days. "I just go down on trail six into Turkey Run Hollow and take off my shoes and stockings and wade around in the water." We regret that our candid camera has not been on the job to take a picture of the charming Miss Glassmeyer keeping cool. Anyway, such goings-on won't be allowed, we are sure, after Georgia's dignified sister Rosemary arrives this week-end.

****

SUNDAY MORNING CHAPEL SERVICES

Dr. Otto Scott Steele of West Lafayette, Indiana, will be the minister at the log chapel service Sunday. His sermon subject will be "The Privilege of Living." He will speak to the guests at nine o'clock and to the employees at ten. All are invited.

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TURKEY TALK

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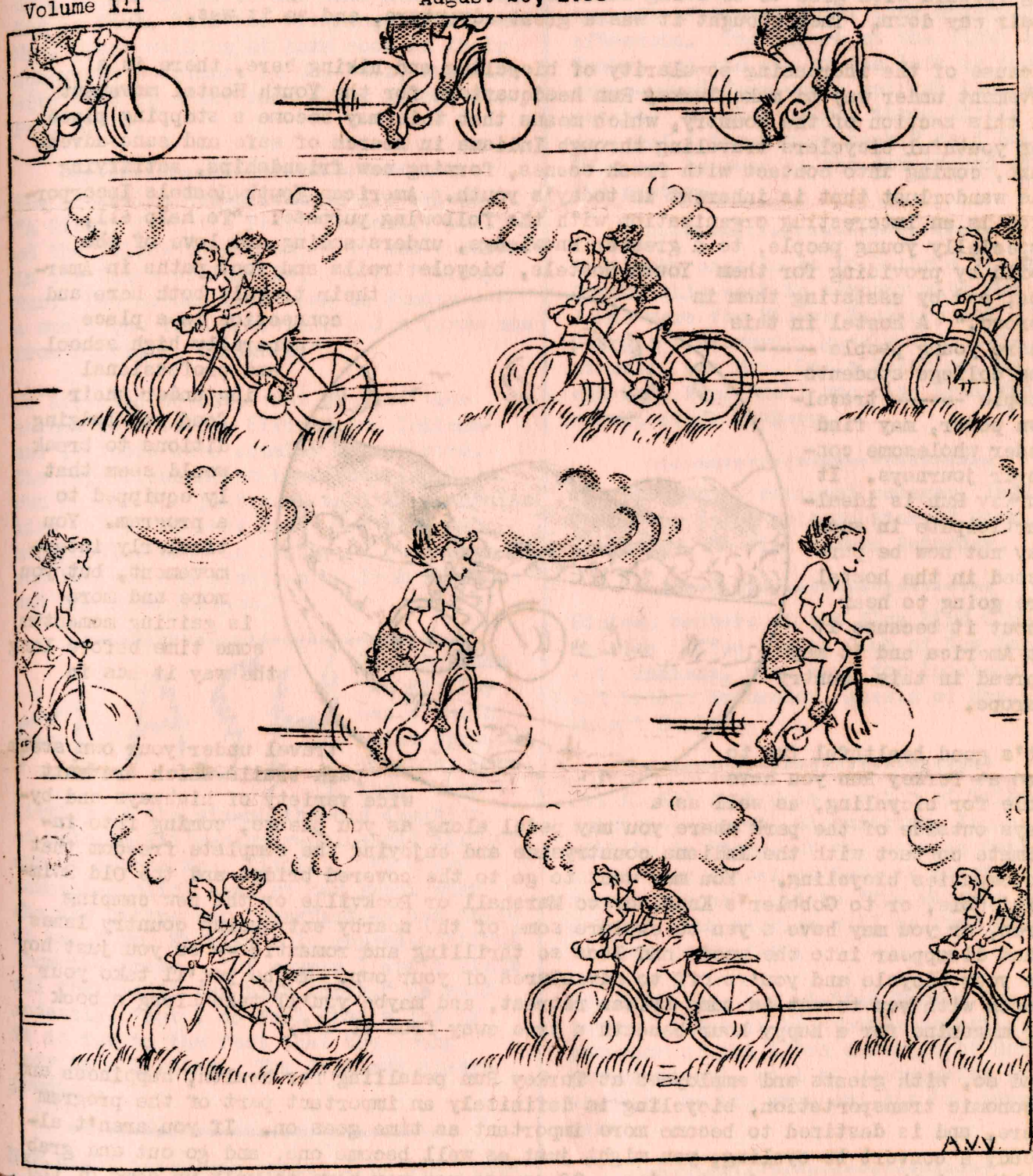

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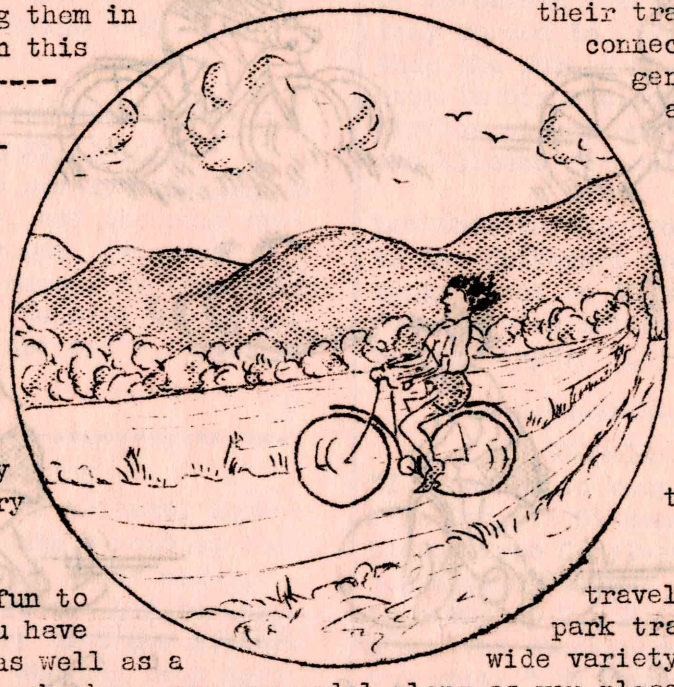
Travel Under Your Own Steam

This week two young ladies, Mrs. Lydia Beidel and Miss Ruth Auer, left Chicago by train en route for Turkey Run, and in the baggage car were their bicycles. They got off the train at Danville, unloaded their bicycles and began pedalling their way to Turkey Run, arriving here as fresh as a couple of daisies and full of enthusiasm about their trip. They spent the week here hiking and bicycling, and then they left on their wheels, determined to make Danville in one hitch and looking forward with glee to coasting down all the hills that they had climbed on their way down. They thought it was a great adventure, and so it was.

Because of the increasing popularity of bicycling and hiking here, there is a movement under way to make Turkey Run headquarters for the Youth Hostel movement in this section of the country, which means that this may become a stopping place for youthful bicyclers traveling through Indiana in search of safe and sane adventure, coming into contact with fresh scenes, forming new friendships, satisfying the wanderlust that is inherent in today's youth. American Youth Hostels Incorporated is an interesting organization with the following purpose: "To help all, especially young people, to a greater knowledge, understanding and love of the world by providing for them Youth Hostels, bicycle trails and foot paths in America, and by assisting them in their travels both here and abroad." A hostel in this connection is a place where young people ----- generally high school and college students and professional people ------ traveling under their own power, may find food and lodging under wholesome conditions to break their journeys. It would seem that Turkey Run is ideally equipped to participate in such a program. You may not now be particularly interested in the hostel movement, but you are going to hear more and more about it because it is gaining momentum in America and it may some time before long spread in this country the way it has in Europe.



It's good healthful fun to travel under your own steam and at Turkey Run you have park trails which are suitable for bicycling, as well as a wide variety of highways and byways outside of the park where you may pedal along as you please, coming into intimate contact with the Indiana countryside and enjoying the complete freedom that accompanies bicycling. You may want to go to the covered bridge and the Old Swimmin' Hole, or to Gobbler's Knob, or to Marshall or Rockville or the new camping area, or you may have a yen to explore some of the nearby entrancing country lanes that disappear into the woods and loos so thrilling and romantic -- so you just hop on your bicycle and you're off to adventures of your own. Maybe you'll take your lunch with you to eat in some sylvan retreat, and maybe you'll take along a book or magazine for a happy hour beneath a tree away from it all.

And so, with guests and employees at Turkey Run pedalling for health, happiness and economic transportation, bicycling is definitely an important part of the program here, and is destined to become more important as time goes on. If you aren't already a convert to cycling, you might just as well become one, and go out and grab a bike at the garage and get going. Of course you may have to walk up some of the hills pushing your chariot ahead of you -- but remember that the law of compensation requires a downgrade for every upgrade.

HONEYMOON

Honeymooning at the Inn this week have been Mr. and Mrs. Paul Lyons of St. Paul, Minnesota. Many guests, remembering Paul as Turkey Run's Number One Glamour Boy of two years ago, will be pleased to learn that Mrs. Paul is equally glamorous. She was formerly Miss Adeline Rolland of St. Paul, and the wedding on August 10 at her home had, according to Paul, "all the trimmings." Mr. and Mrs. Lyons will be at home soon in their honeymoon apartment in St. Paul, in which city Paul is chief room clerk at the St. Paul Hotel.

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The Rockville Republican in its column, "A Glance Into the Past," recently published the following gem which it had unearthed in its files of July 24, 1907: "Turkey Run: Two automobiles came in Sunday --- a small one from Rockville and a large one from Danville, Illinois."

We are glad to note that at that time things were evenly divided and Indiana and Illinois were equally represented. The Republican might have (but didn't) run during the past week an item something like this: "Turkey Run: Two thousand automobiles came in Sunday -- one thousand, one hundred and ninety-nine from Illinois and one from Indiana."

****

Miss Dorinda Lou Kirtley has a tooth which sprouted Thursday morning. Miss Kirtley is the six-months-old daughter of Malcolm (it's-simply-colossal) Kirtley, and of course Mrs. Kirtley. "I heard something click against her spoon when she was eating her breakfast -- and there it was," Mr. Kirtley told representatives from the press. "Of course I don't claim all the credit for that tooth," he said modestly, "But I do feel that a lot of it is due to the fact that the young lady is a Kirtley. The Kirtleys always produce."

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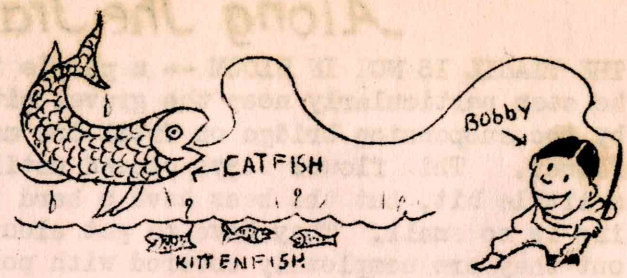
New night patrolman employed by the state to pull down the shades of night and get the moon up on time is Don Baxster of Rockville who takes the place of Harold Connelly.



Our candid cameraman caught this fine picture of Bobby Morgan as he was fishing off of Sunset Point late Wednesday afternoon. The figure at the right is Bobby, and the one at the left is the three-pound-four-ounce catfish that he caught. "I also caught three little ones but I threw them back," said Bobby. They may be seen in the foreground of the picture.

****

The lucky ones to go to Guthrie Inn at Dupont this week in company with Bud James were the Misses Rosemary and Georgia Glassmeyer, guests from Cincinnati, and Mrs. Della Presslor, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Odell and Miss Iris Winnegar, staff members.

****

Everett Lyons, resident manager, left Wednesday for a trip to Starved Rock, Illinois. He will return Saturday.

****

Sixteen members of the Blue Bird Club and the Koffee Klatch Club of New Market, Indiana, were here for luncheon and bridge Wednesday, guests of Mrs. Hubert Saylor.

****

Dr. A. Elliston Cole, pastor of Trinity Episcopal Church, Bloomington, Indiana, will be in charge of the service Sunday in the log chapel on Hemlock Point. His sermon subject will be "The Measure of a Man." The service will be from nine to nine forty-five.

Dr. Cole, who has visited Turkey Run several times in his former capacity as governor of the 155th district of Rotary International, will be accompanied this week-end by his wife and his two daughters.

****

Mrs. Ralph Wood entertained the Turkey Run Young Mother's Club at her home Wednesday. Eight mothers and eight babies were present.

Along The Trails With The Guides

THE TEASEL IS NOW IN BLOOM -- a purple flower that resembles a thistle. It is to be seen particularly near the gravel pit on Trail Four and along Trail Two. Down by the suspension bridge on Trail One may be seen the Turtle Head, a blue and pink flower. This flower stays closed until the pollen is ripe and then it opens up a little bit, but the bees have a hard time getting at the pollen because the opening is so small. They have to get clear inside the blossom, and then when they come out they are completely covered with pollen which they carry with them to the next flower.

TWO EDIBLE MUSHROOMS are here after the recent rains -- the Oyster Mushroom which has been seen on Trail Nine and the Boletus Mushroom which has been seen in the woods by the big bridge on highway #47.

A CREATURE SO UGLY IT IS FASCINATING is the hickory horned devil which is on display in the guides' corner of the lobby. This is a huge woolly worm with an apple green coat and eight big orange horns near his head and many little black horns all over his body. He lives on walnut, hickory, sweet gum, ash or persimmon leaves, and some day he will be transformed into a beautiful royal walnut-moth.

THE GUIDES' COLLECTION also includes two leather-back tutrles which have shells that are leathery instead of hard like most turtles. Sometimes they are called hog-nosed turtles because of their tiny pointed noses.

THE TURKEY RUN HIKING CLUB now boasts 125 members who have completed their first forty miles on the trails. The club's files show 623 names of people who have partially covered the forty miles and who will return to complete the task as soon as possible. Two members of the forty-mile club are now eligible for the Hundred Mile Club and will soon have their walking sticks decorated with a star as reward for their prowess.

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The Misses Jane MacLaren, Ann MacLaren and Lou Hoffman of Berwyn, Illinois, were here last week-end and scattered a lot of sunshine on the place.

****

"Lodging For A Night" is a new book by Duncan Hines who recently published "Adventures In Good Eating." In the new book is the following about Guthrie Inn: "One of the most delightful, homelike, small inns (of which there are far too few) in the Middle West. It is owned and operated by W.B. Guthrie who has for many years so successfully operated the Inn at Turkey Run State Park. Mr. Guthrie states that his inn is a place where guests may find physical and mental comfort, refinement, rest, relaxation, peace and contentment. Very attractive and immaculate, both inside and out. By all means make reservations to avoid disappointment. The rooms are delightful, the meals ample and satisfying, and both are reasonable.

"The darkest hour in a man's life is when he sits down to plan how to get something for nothing." - Horace Greeley

NEWS OF GUTHRIE INN AT DUPONT

Dr. and Mrs. Albert G. Parker of Hanover, Indiana, entertained recently with a dinner at Guthrie Inn in honor of their wedding anniversary. Dr. Parker is president of Hanover College.

Mrs. William Shuck of Madison entertained with a buffet supper, followed by bridge, Wednesday evening in honor of her sister Miss Mary Huey of Monticello, Indiana.

Mrs. Roy Kruwell of North Vernon was hostess to the Wednesday night bridge club Wednesday.

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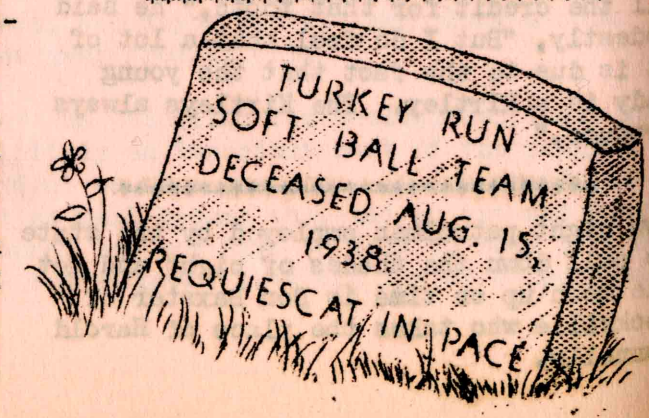

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TURKEY TALK

Volume III August 27, 1938 Gobble 31

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Brown-eyed Susan

Who's the girl we love the best?
Why, it's brown-eyed Susan,
The beautiful girl so gaily dressed,
Radiant brown-eyed Susan.

She wears a garb of yellow and brown,
Happy brown-eyed Susan,
A velvet sash and a golden crown,
Pretty brown-eyed Susan.

We'd never find her on city street,
Glowing brown-eyed Susan,
But at Turkey Run we're sure to meet
Lovely brown-eyed Susan.

She'll nod and smile and greet us, too,
Gorgeous brown-eyed Susan,
She's a friend for me and you,
Beautiful brown-eyed Susan.

****

Last Saturday was almost like Old Settlers' Day at the Inn, what with former members of the staff coming back one by one for a visit. First there was Hazel Jane Holst, who once was log cabin hostess at Turkey Run and who is now entering medical school at DePaul University, Chicago. And pretty soon in drifted Cracker Krom, our erstwhile nature guide, now a teacher at Wabash, Indiana. Then Eddie Valentine showed up, the life-guard who used to save fair damsels in distress down at the Old Swimmin' Hole. And along toward evening who should drop in but Victor Hough, he of the long black eyelashes who used to be a member of the Inn's Personal Service Department. It was great fun to sit and talk with them about auld lang syne and the dear dead days beyond recall and whatnot.

****

John Davies, Hugh Wood, Howard Wood, Woody Morgan and Herschel Davies of the Turkey Run Inn staff, and Vinton Woodard of Bloomingdale drove to Chicago Wednesday to attend the baseball game between the Cubs and New York Giants. After the game they were dinner guests of Miss Jane MacLaren at her home in Berwyn.

****

A special song service will be held in the log chapel Sunday morning at nine. The Girls' Glee Club, composed of Turkey Run waitresses, will sing, Chet Long, nature guide, will sing a solo, and there will also be a special number by Alma Monninger VanVactor. All are invited to attend.

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NEWLYWEDS: Mr. and Mrs. C.E. Johnson, Kokomo, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. S. Fitz-Patrick, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Franklyn Kingdon, Chicago.

The last week in August is always a momentous week here because it is then that the members of the original Turkey Run Club gather at the Inn for their annual get-together. After watching this group for a number of years, we have about decided that they have more fun than anybody else who comes here. This year the following club members are here: Miss Blanche Lewis, Miss Frances Swanson, Miss Lulu Myers, Miss Lillie Procise, Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Reagan and Dr. and Mrs. George Ekblaw and son Andrew of Champaign, Illinois; Miss Ethel O'Brien, Miss Stella O'Brien, Miss Dorothy Marlotte and Jack and Tom Rhoades of St. Louis; Mrs. Clara Patterson of Crown Point Ind; Miss June Reynerson of Terre Haute, Indiana; Mrs. May Procise of Washington, D.C.; Mrs. Charles Kirk of Marshall. A number of staff members are also members of the club. At the business meeting Wednesday night officers were re-elected as follows: president, C.W. Reagan, vice president, Miss Lulu Myers, secretary-treasurer, Miss Stella O'Brien. The banquet Thursday night was a hilarious affair at which Miss Dorothy Marlotte, Miss Frances Swanson and Tom Rhoades were initiated.

****

Miss Eileen McMasters, that sassy little redhead who helps wait tables at the Commissary, was married Tuesday morning to Glenn Crowder of Bloomingdale. The marriage took place in Rockville at the home of the Rev. R.V. Saylor. Best wishes, Eileen. We'll be seeing you at the charivari!

****

Standard Oil salesmen had a dinner and meeting at the Inn Wednesday night, followed by a play in the east lobby.

PROSPECTIVE HUNDRED MILERS

Miss Dorothy Linsenmann of St. Louis is our guest again with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. O.J. Linsenmann. Last year when Dorothy was here she hiked forty miles and became a member of the Turkey Run Hiking Club. Upon her arrival this year she looked around for new worlds to conquer, and immediately began working toward the Hundred Mile Club. As we go to press her record is seventy-eight miles, and doubtless before she leaves she will have completed her first hundred miles of Turkey Run hiking. Dorothy is ten years old.

Other guests who are sneaking up on the hundred mile mark are as follows: Miss Claire Neufarth, Cincinnati, seventy-seven miles, Miss Ellen Neufarth, Cincinnati, seventy-seven miles, Miss Grace Bartholdt, Chicago, seventy-eight miles, Miss Virginia Bartholdt, Chicago, eighty-three and a half miles.

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WELCOME GUESTS

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Mitchell and daughter Ruth of Springfield, Illinois, were welcome guests again a few days ago. Mr. Mitchell is Illinois State Manager of the Business Men's Assurance Company.

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PARKE COUNTY FAIR

The eighteenth annual Parke County fair which opens Monday at Rockville will be a great attraction for guests and employees of the Inn. Hurrah for the merry-go-round with horses that go up and down, for the Ferris wheel and the fan-dancers and the other attractions on the Mid-way, and for the pink lemonade and the cotton candy!

****

LIFE'S DARKEST MOMENT

"My wife is writing a lot of letters," said Mr. Clifford Martin of Evanston to himself the other day as he looked at the lady sitting at a desk in the lobby busily writing. So he went over to her and putting his arm around her shoulder in a gesture of husbandly love he said, "Why are you writing so many letters, dear?" The lady looked up and Mr. Martin prayed for the floor to open up and engulf him when he saw that she was not his wife but was a complete stranger. (He said afterwards she wore a dress like his wife's.)

TRIP TO GUTHRIE INN

The Misses Mildred and Maxine Tanke and their parents of Keokuk, Iowa, and Miss Arlene Bennett of Springfield, Illinois, drove with Dick Savidge Thursday to Guthrie Inn at Dupont. The two Tanke girls are the famous Keokuk twins.

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SPEED DEMONS

New speed records were set this week by more than one automobile driver. We have with us three young men from Cincinnati - Bill O'Conner, Bob Bunker and Glenn O'Dell - who made the trip from Turkey Run to Chicago and back again on Thursday in record time. We do not have the exact statistics, but we have heard that they returned from Chicago in less than three hours.

****

OLD GUESTS RETURN

This week has seen many of our former guests with us again, and when we look at future reservations we notice that within the next few weeks we will have quite a few more of them here. Among the old-timers here this week are: Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Irons of Evansville; Mr. and Mrs. H.B. Beck and Cricket of Wheaton; Mrs. S. Bartholdt and Miss Grace and Virginia Bartholdt of Chicago; the Misses Claire and Ellen Neufarth of Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Martin and son George of Evanston; Mr. and Mrs. G.F. LaVanway of Ottawa, Illinois; Miss Aldona Dalidonas of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. O.J. Linsenmann and daughter Dorothy of St. Louis.

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INSPIRING VERSE

We liked the little poem with which Dr. A.E. Cole of Bloomington, Indiana, closed his sermon last Sunday in the chapel, so we quote it here:

To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways, and A Way.
The high soul climbs the High Way
And the Low Soul gropes the Low.

And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.

And to every man there openeth
A High Way and a Low,
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

John Oxenham

ALONG THE TRAILS WITH THE GUIDES

QUITE OFTEN when people think of fruits they think of only such fruits as plums, cherries, strawberries, peaches, tomatoes and the like. They do not realize that practically every plant in the world produces fruits as the botonist calls them. Of course, all kinds of fruits cannot be found in the corner grocery, but never the less they are fruits, and although we may not consider them as delicacies they are nourishing tidbits for the wild animals. Flowers, when fertilized, form fruits within which the seeds of each particular plant are found. Fruits that have been growing all summer along the trails are now ripening and are beginning to drop to the ground. These fruits are frequently very beautiful, and are certain signs of fall.

ALONG THE TRAILS THIS WEEK may be seen the fruit of the dollseye, a round, white, waxy looking fruit with a black spot in the middle, for all the world like the round orb of a doll. Growing on red stalks they are truly attractive. The fruits of the false Solomon's seal are turning deep red. They are so red that at a distance they resemble the fruits of the jack-in-the-pulpit or Indian turnip, which are also decking the trails these days. A luscious fruit is the wild black cherry which is just finishing ripening and will soon be gone. In front of the Inn the redbud tree that in the spring was so pinkly lovely is now bearing fruit that is beginning to turn red, and in the woods the purplish-red fruits of the sassafras are appearing on their red stems. Acorns, too, are fruits, and they are falling from the oaks, giving the squirrels a treat. Squirrels also particularly like the fruit of the tulip trees. Fruits which are not so popular with hikers are beggar's lice and tick terfoil, which are fruits with clinging ways.

THE HICKORY HORNED DEVIL, that woolly worm of bright colors that the guides added to their collection last week, has shed his bright skin and is now a colorless and shapeless pupa. The moth will emerge from the pupa later -- perhaps next spring.

FLOWERS ALONG THE TRAILS THIS WEEK: Beech drops, cream and brown blossoms that grow on the roots of the beech trees, parasites that bloom but have no green leaves; pearly everlasting, one of the composites that grows in open fields and is pearly in color and has a pleasing, pungent odor; giant lobelia, a showy blue spike of a flower that is seen especially on Trail One and over the spring back of the Lusk Home; boneset with its lacy white blossoms.

****

On Wednesday evening, August 31, between the hours of six and six thirty, Jean Evans will roll up to the front door of the Inn on a bicycle, having pedalled all the way from Rockville to attend the Rotary Club meeting. While it is rumored that he may have a fair passenger on the handlebars, we cannot vouch for this. Let's all be out on the front steps to greet him!

****

Salesmen of the W.T. Rawleigh Company held a two-day conference at the Inn this week on Friday and Saturday, with about a hundred in attendance.

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WE WERE JUST WONDERING:

How Dick Savidge knows which twin is which.

Why Willie the Guide stopped singing the St. Louis Blues after a certain red-headed sheik appeared.

If it is true that John Davies has lost two pounds.

Why Dorothy seems to be very much at sea.

How-come Fritz Berger rates six beautiful damsels at once.

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TURKEY TALK

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THE COVER

This week's cover was drawn by a guest, Mr. Finney Briggs of Chicago, who very kindly gave us permission to use it. Mr. Briggs was formerly a newspaper cartoonist, and now he is doing radio work. He and Mrs. Briggs and their son have been guests here all week.

Incidentally, pictures and squibs and articles by guests suitable for using in Turkey Talk are always welcomed by ye editor.

****

A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT

Mr. and Mrs. Otto J. Linsenmann and daughter Dorothy of St. Louis are completing their second week as guests of the Inn -- and while Dorothy has been out walking her way into the Hundred Mile Club, her papa has been steadily eating his way into the Two Hundred Pound Club. One of his friends, gravely concerned for fear Mr. Linsenmann may lose his figure, has asked us to print this picture (with apologies to Wimpy) in hopes that he may take heed of the warning before it is too late. Mr. Linsenmann is associated with the John Weisert Tobacco Company at St. Louis.

****

SERVICE IN OLD LOG CHAPEL SUNDAY

"We All Have Handicaps" is the subject that Dr. E.R. Bartlett of DePauw University, Greencastle, Indiana, will have for his sermon in the log chapel Sunday morning. The service, which will begin at nine and close at nine forty-five, is open to all.

****

SHE BELIEVES IN PREPAREDNESS

Miss Barbara Embury of Chicago plans to visit Turkey Run September 8 - 21, and we have a very nice letter from her telling us just what kind of a room she wants. "I also have dibs on two chairs by the fireplace," writes Miss Embury, "One for me and one for my feet!" That's our idea of preparedness, and we hasten to make the necessary reservations for Miss Embury and her feet.

****

Jack Mortimer, a frequent guest, is here this week with his parents and brother. They are all from Chicago.

HUNDRED MILERS

Four hardy souls have completed their hundred miles of hiking at Turkey Run and are now eligible to membership in the Hundred Mile Club. They are: The Misses Grace and Virginia Bartholdt of Chicago, Miss Dorothy Linsenmann of St. Louis and Miss Alice Petersen of Chicago. More power to them, and may their tribe increase. And don't forget, the first hundred miles are always the hardest.

****

ORCHIDS TO CHET THE NATURE GUIDE

Thanks, Chet, for the fine way you conducted the song service in the chapel last Sunday. We liked the way you read the Scriptures, lead the singing and sang your solo, and here's a big bunch of orchids to you.

****

TO LEAVE FOR COLLEGE

The following employees will be leaving soon to attend school: Hugh Wood, Iris Winneger, Kathryn Morris and Howard Wood, who will all go to Indiana State at Terre Haute; Margaret Thompson, Indiana University; Dick Savidge, University of Minnesota.

****

4-H CLUB WINNERS

Tommy Drake, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Drake who live at Gobbler's Knob Village, is proudly displaying two blue ribbons won by the two hogs he entered in the 4-H Club exhibit at the Parke County fair this week. After taking first place in their class, the pigs also won third place in the open class entries. Three sheep entered by Jessie Guthrie also won honors at the fair.

****

VISIT GUTHRIE INN

Mrs. S. Bartholdt and daughters Grace and Virginia of Chicago, accompanied by Bill and Alma VanVactor, drove to Guthrie Inn at Dupont for a mid-week visit. They planned to return Wednesday, but they didn't get back until Thursday. Bill called us at the Inn Wednesday and said that Mrs. Bartholdt wanted to stay an extra day ... and that made us smile because we had a sneaking suspicion that Bill wanted to stay an extra day, too. And who wouldn't? The way Bill used Mrs. Bartholdt to promote that extra day reminds us of the way we are using our small daughter this week as an excuse for riding on the merry-go-round at the fair. And who wouldn't? She wants to ride on the merry-go-round so we just go along to be accommodating.

We Welcome Labor Day Friends Both Old AND New

Labor Day is almost here, and we at Turkey Run are all looking at each other in a dazed sort of way and inquiring, "Where has the summer gone?" It seems only last week that we observed Memorial Day and only yesterday that we were hoisting the flag for the Fourth of July celebration. Tempus not only fugits, it gallops right along, and if things keep on at this rate tomorrow will find us hanging wreathes in the windows of the Inn and getting out the Christmas tree trimmings.

The Labor Day week-end brings with it the usual crowds of folks, and it is with a feeling of pride that we list the following names of friends, old and new, who have reservations with us for the Labor Day holiday. As usual, Chicagoans are in the majority, but the careful observer will notice that there are also seven reservations from Indiana.

ILLINOIS,—CHICAGO: Ann Braun, Elsa M. Augustin, Mr. and Mrs. Finney Briggs and son, Eleanor Fisher, Mrs. E.Broderick, Mrs. J.F. Barceleaux, Mrs. S. Bartholdt, Grace Bartholdt, Virginia Bartholdt, Mary Bidese, Shirley Borshell, Irene Byrnes, Mr. and Mrs. N.L. Beck and family, Georgia Cunningham, Nelle C. Dwyer, Al Lee, Herbert Lee, Naomi Mesirow, Alice Mesirow, Mrs. A.N. Everard, Alma Everard, Faye Everard, Wanda Eipper, Lillian Brown, Irma Fowler, A. Glickman, Mildred Goldberg, Lillian Hoyt, Ray W. Haacke, Mrs. A. Holin, Olive Holin, Ann Holin, Elmer Holin, Mary Coffee, Estelle Ryan, Henrietta Kennedy, Bernice Hoering, Roy Horn, Elva Klaas, Henrietta Schneider, Rosalyn Kahn, Corine Kahn, Mr. and Mrs. LeRoy A. Listug, Dr. J. R. Link, Flora Linz, Ann McGonigle, Bette MacLennan, Ernest B. Mayer, Robert Nudelman, Flora Nisbet, Charlotte Narten, Alice Petersen, Mr. and John Pal, Lauretta Pratt, T. Regensteiner, Ann R. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Ed Schmidt, Gertrude Simmons, Janet Schwartz, H.A. Schryver, Loretta Vogel, Agnes Thiel, C. Viewek, Margaret Ventresca, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Valla, G.W. Whitmore, Mrs. Neil Wolf, Dorothy Yudisky, Agnes Tobelsky, C.H. Snyder, Eleanor Swanson, Mrs. S. Springer. EVANSTON: Mrs. W.E. Butz. PEORIA: Irma Crowder. ELGIN: Esther R. Runge. PARK RIDGE: Mrs. Harold E. Swanson. OAK PARK: Mr. and Mrs. C. Schmidt. JOLIET: E.F. Moller. ROCK ISLAND: Ruth Jackson. CICERO: Ralph C. Schultz.

OHIO, CINCINNATI: Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Audritch, L.H. Glandorf, Dorothy McLaughlin, Leo Weinberger, Emily Kessel, Mrs. Martha Schmidt, Charlotte Mooney. COLUMBUS: Annette Mantle. HAMILTON: Mr. and Mrs. Gordan Henniges. WYOMING: F.E. Kneuven

WISCONSIN, MILWAUKEE: Mrs. N. Ichenhauser, A.E. Montgomery, Otto Schwahn and son.

MISSOURI, ST. LOUIS: Mr. and Mrs. O.J. Linsenmann and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. I.H. LaBonte and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. T.M. Pardue, Louis Wissler, Jean Sennewald.

KENTUCKY, LOUISVILLE: Virginia Lowry. BELLEVUE: R.J. Stroup

MICHIGAN, TWIN LAKE: Mrs. Simon Link. DETROIT: Edna Nadle

INDIANA, INDIANAPOLIS: W.F. Delbrook. CRAWFORDSVILLE: Ben Evans. ROSEDALE: Katherine Harshbarger. WHITING: Mrs. Paul Thiel, Mrs. Joseph Thiel. FORT WAYNE: Emilie R. Grab. HAMMOND: Lucille Mead

TO THESE FRIENDS AND ALL THE OTHERS WHO WILL COME TO TURKEY RUN FOR LABOR DAY, OUR ASSURANCE THAT WE WILL DO EVERYTHING WE CAN TO HELP MAKE YOUR OUTING A HAPPY ONE.

PARTING IS SUCH SWEET SORROW!

Dick Savidge, who has been in charge of our travel and tour department this summer, will leave Tuesday for Minneapolis where he will enroll at the University of Minnesota for graduate work in the school of business administration. Dick has been appointed by the national office of Delta Tau Delta fraternity as resident adviser to the chapter at the University of Minnesota, so he will live at the Delta Tau Delta house. We are looking forward to seeing Dick back at the Inn again next spring, and meanwhile we'll be missing him and his smock-like toga.

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THE DATE IS SEPTEMBER 29

Irene Byrnes, platinum blonde reporter for the Turkey Run Club of Chicago, is here for a ten-day visit, and we're all mighty glad to see her again. Shortly after her arrival she sat down at our trusty Underwood and dashed off the following notice:

"Chicago Turkey Run Club members ..... here's a bit to mull over, and a date to save. The 'bit' is the fact that we're starting this season's round of dinners; the 'date' is the last Thursday in September. I'd give you the actual date, but Frances doesn't seem to have a calendar here, and this is being written right from the front line in the midst of a vacation .. by your usual T.R.C. of C. reporter."

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ANNUAL EMPLOYEES' PARTY

"Buffet supper, so bring your appetite," says the invitation issued by Mr. Guthrie for the annual party for employees of the park and Inn. The party, to be held Friday night in the hotel dining room, will serve as a temporary farewell to many employees who will leave soon after Labor Day. We'll be there, sir boss, two hundred strong with our appetites whetted to a fine edge. All summer long we've cooked the meals, washed the pots and pans, swept down the cobwebs, made the beds, scrubbed the floors and swatted the flies so that others might have a good time at Turkey Run. On Friday night we're going to sit back and take things easy. Through the stress of a busy season we cast our bread upon the waters --- and on Friday night it's going to come back to us with butter and jam on it, and maybe a little fried chicken on the side! We'll be seein' you!

AN OPEN LETTER TO WEE WILLIE THE GUIDE

Dear Willie:

This is just to make it a matter of public record that we're mighty sorry you're leaving us Saturday to become an instructor of botany at the University of Georgia.

You've been around here for four summers as state nature guide, and by this time you are as much of a Turkey Run fixture as the suspension bridge or the old oak tree on Trail One -- and the place won't be the same without you. A lot of people are going to miss you as a guide and lecturer, and quite a few are going to miss you as a bridge and dancing partner. Personally, we're going to miss all of those swell nature notes you've given us for Turkey Talk, and we're also going to miss the gentle (if somewhat pained) way you always set us right when we display our abysmal ignorance about the Great Outdoors.

And now you're going to be a professor way daown saouth in Gawgia (see picture at right.) We only hope, Willie, you won't become one of those absent-minded professors -- the kind who returns from a date and tenderly kisses his car goodnight and parks his girl in the garage.

You say you'll be back at Christmas time for a visit -- so we'll be seeing you then. Goodbye and good luck!

The Editor

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WHAT DID THEY DO WITH DORINDA LOU?

Mac and Kathleen Kirtley and Mrs. A.P. Kirtley drove to Chicago Wednesday to attend the ball game.

****

PITY THE POOR DESK CLERK!

Some folks think my job is simple,
All I do is stand and smile,
Sell a room when I am able,
Give a key once in a while.

No one cares if I'm unhappy,
If I work twelve hours a day.
All they know is "I want service,"
And "I want it right away."

Still my plans and consolations
Seem to give me peace of mind,
For when I'm old, retired and crabby,
I'll want service all the time.

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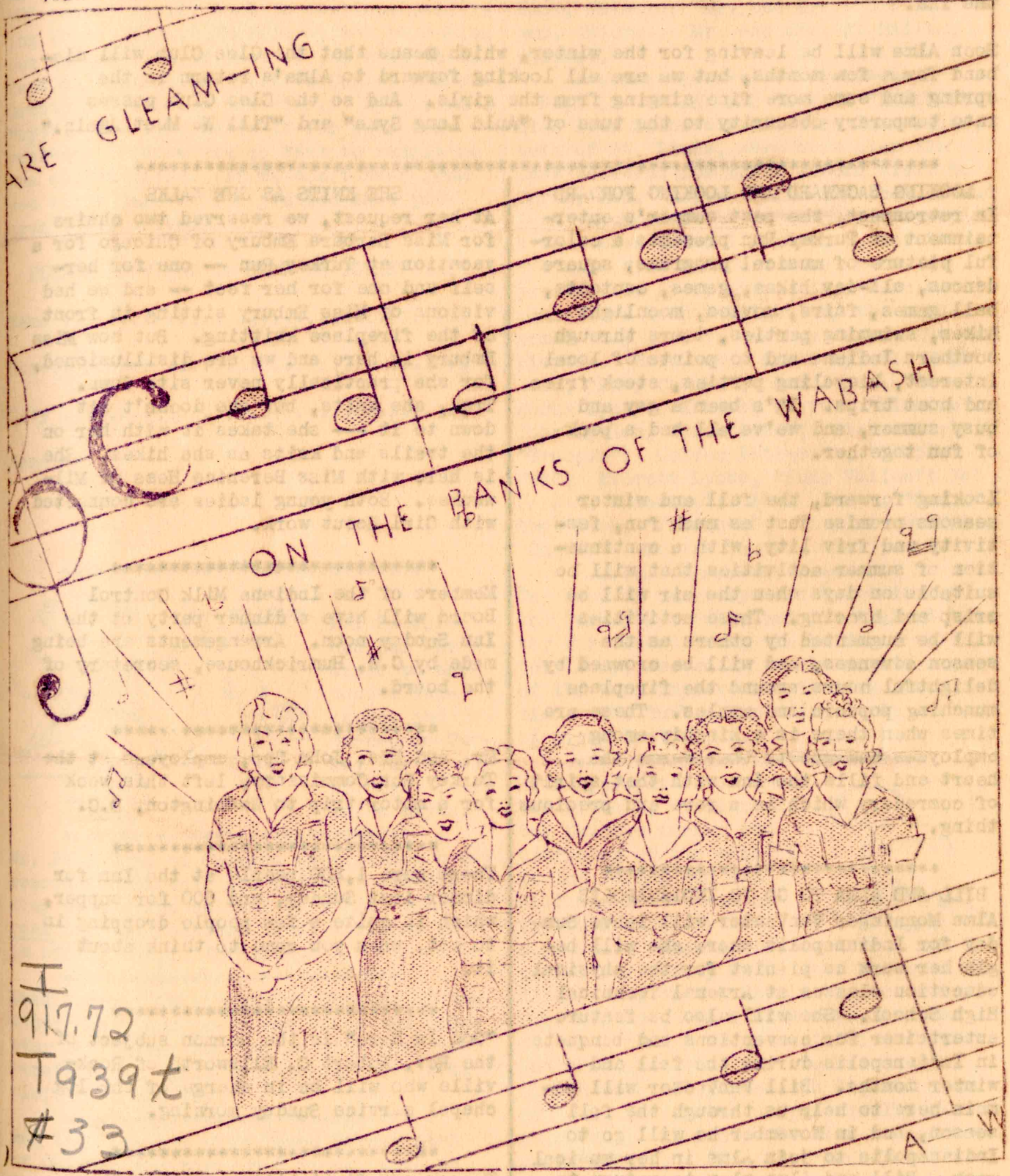
TURKEY TALK

Volume III | September 10, 1938 | Gobble 33

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THE TURKEY RUN GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Turkey Run Girls' Glee Club, composed of waitresses at the Inn, has been well received by our guests during the past summer season. The girls have presented some very attractive numbers in the dining room at the supper hour, in the log chapel at Sunday morning worship services, and in the lobbies at song fests and music memory contests. To Alma Monninger VanVactor goes credit for organizing and directing the Glee Club and playing the accompaniments, and to the girls go credit for cooperation and thanks for a real contribution to the activities at the Inn.

Soon Alma will be leaving for the winter, which means that the Glee Club will disband for a few months, but we are all looking forward to Alma's return in the spring and some more fine singing from the girls. And so the Glee Club passes into temporary obscurity to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne" and "Till We Meet Again."

****

LOOKING BACKWARD AND LOOKING FORWARD

In retrospect, the past summer's entertainment at Turkey Run presents a colorful picture of musical programs, square dances, all-day hikes, games, contests, ball games, fairs, movies, moonlight hikes, swimming parties, tours through southern Indiana and to points of local interest, bicycling parties, steak fries and boat trips. It's been a gay and busy summer, and we've all had a peck of fun together.

Looking forward, the fall and winter seasons promise just as much fun, festivity and frivolity, with a continuation of summer activities that will be suitable on days when the air will be crisp and bracing. These activities will be augmented by others as the season advances, and will be crowned by delightful hours around the fireplace munching popcorn and apples. These are times when there is a kinship among employees and guests that warms the heart and fills the Inn with that spirit of comradery which is a rare and precious thing.

****

BILL AND ALMA TO GO TO INDIANAPOLIS

Alma Monninger VanVactor will leave Sunday for Indianapolis where she will begin her work as pianist for the physical education classes at Arsenal Technical High School. She will also be feature entertainer for conventions and banquets in Indianapolis during the fall and winter months. Bill VanVactor will remain here to help us through the fall season, and in November he will go to Indianapolis to join Alma in her musical work. Bill and Alma plan to return to the Inn next spring

SHE KNITS AS SHE WALKS

At her request, we reserved two chairs for Miss Barbara Embury of Chicago for a vacation at Turkey Run -- one for herself and one for her feet -- and we had visions of Miss Embury sitting in front of the fireplace knitting. But now Miss Embury is here and we are disillusioned, for she practically never sits down. True, she knits, but she doesn't sit down to it --- she takes it with her on the trails and knits as she hikes. She is here with Miss Berenice Hess of Milwaukee. Both young ladies are connected with Girl Scout work.

****

Members of the Indiana Milk Control Board will have a dinner party at the Inn Sunday noon. Arrangements are being made by C.W. Humrickhouse, secretary of the board.

****

Mr. and Mrs. John Upp, employees at the Turkey Run Commissary, left this week for a motor trip to Washington, D.C.

****

There were 1,200 people at the Inn for dinner last Sunday, and 600 for supper, which is quite a few people dropping in to eat, when you come to think about it.

****

"God Is Here" is the sermon subject of the Rev. Robert C. Ellsworth of Rockville who will be in charge of the log chapel service Sunday morning.

****

We saw our first bittersweet of the season this week --- and so as far as we are concerned fall is really here.

DO YOU STILL WANT TURKEY TALK?

The busy summer season just completed brought with it, among many, many other things, the addition of several hundred names to our Turkey Talk mailing list, so that we are now sending out almost 700 copies each week. With the beginning of what promises to be a busy fall season, we are wondering just how many of these 700 people really want to continue receiving Turkey Talk. Therefore, we are making our annual request that if you want to be kept on the mailing list of Turkey Run's Greatest Newspaper you signify by saying "aye". The form below is for your convenience in case you do want to remain on the mailing list. If we don't hear from you we'll take it for granted that you aren't interested.

PLEASE CONTINUE TO SEND ME TURKEY TALK

Name .....

Street Number .....

City .....

Remarks:

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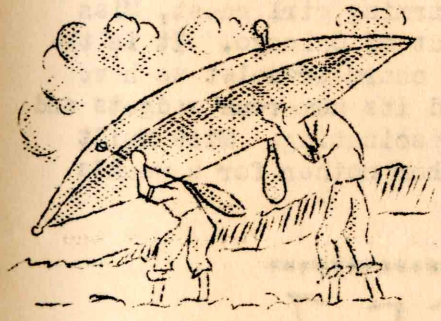

Mr. Guthrie and Bud James drove to the Shades Wednesday and returned to Turkey Run by way of Sugar Creek and a kayak.

****

Mr. Paul Pohl of Chicago established a new record for himself ... during a ten-day stay at the Inn he went on a hike ... a <u>real</u> one ... followed Trail Six! Now he is off of trails for life.

****

Miss Georgia Cunningham of Chicago is another ambitious guest who hikes and rides over the Turkey Run trails with enviable persistence. Miss Georgia is a frequent visitor at the Inn.

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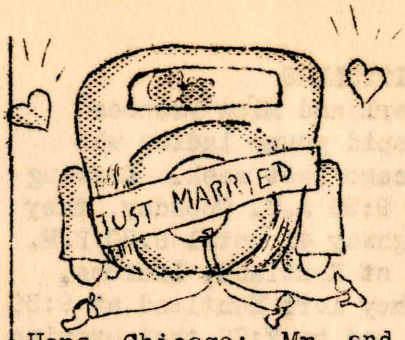
And ther there's Miss Irene Byrnes also of Chicago who hikes and rides, goes to fairs, eats picnic lunches, dances and even contributes to Turkey Talk!



Mr. and Mrs. J. Milet, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Audritch, Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. W.R. Harvey, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C.G. Hans, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Carl W. Jackson, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J. Miller, Chicago.

****

PAUL IS "SUGAR" AND JOHN IS "BEAUTIFUL"

Miss Jean Sennewald and Miss Jean Wilds, both of St. Louis, were here over the last week-end for their second visit to Turkey Run. Anyone following them around (and anyone capable of such a feat would have needed unusual endurance, for these two gals from Missouri were on the go practically every minute they were here) would have been intrigued by the nicknames they gave to various Turkey Run employees. Here are a few samples: Hugh Wood, "Rosy Cheeks"; Bud James, "Gorgeous Eyes"; Kenneth Davies, "Blondie"; John Davies, "Beautiful"; Glenn Shirley, "Trooper"; Golden Patterson, "Gobbler Pat"; Everett Lyons, "Rudy Vallee"; Bob Morgan, "Blackie"; Paul Newnam, "Sugar"; Chet Long, "Precious"; Virginia Waddell, "Quaker"; Maxine Turner, "Hollywood."

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The herd of Guernseys and Holsteins at the Turkey Run dairy had the highest butter fat record among the herds of this territory, according to the August report of the Herd Improvement Testing Association. The Turkey Run dairy is in charge of Clyde Leatherman.

****

With appropriate ceremony Von Nickell, wielder of the pancake turner and professor of the skillet in the Turkey Run Inn kitchen, celebrated his fortieth birthday last Wednesday. When interviewed by a reporter for Turkey Talk, Chef Von said, "I am proud that I have lived to such a ripe old age, and I attribute this to the fact that I always eat fried chicken and fried potatoes for breakfast and always vote the Democratic ticket. I am still in possession of practically all of my senses, and I hope to live a good many years longer." The other members of the staff presented Von with a beautiful cake and wished him many happy returns of the day.

BICYCLERS

Miss Marguerite Carl and Miss Frances Macy are two intrepid young ladies who bicycled from Chicago last week. Leaving the Windy City at 9:30 A.M. Tuesday, they pedalled along Highway 41 until 6:30 P.M. when they stopped at Kentland, Indiana, for the night. They left Kentland at 9:30 Wednesday morning and by 7:00 that evening they rolled in at Swing Inn, our friendly competitor up the road, where things were so nice that they decided to stay, and they never did reach Turkey Run. They reported that the weather was perfect, the highway was smooth and the motorists were courteous. Miss Carl is employed at Spiegel, Inc., and Miss Macy is an instructor of physical education in the Chicago schools.

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THELMA AND RED ARE NOW MR. AND MRS.

For many months the members of the staff have been speculating among themselves as to when Thelma Davis and Willard (Red) Hinshaw would become Mister and Missus. We've all been watching them closely so that they wouldn't put something over on us. And then, to our chagrin, they pulled a fast one right under our eyes! They went to Rockville last Wednesday evening, paid a visit to Marrying Parson Ellsworth, and returned to the Inn without arousing a suspicion amongst us. To top it off, Thelma wore her wedding ring all the next day and part of the next one before anybody noticed it! Which all goes to show that as sleuths our I.Q. is zero. Thelma is a well-known waitress in the dining room and Red is Ora Sample's right-hand man over at the riding stable.

HIS NAME IS ROSS SNYDER

"Who is he?" ask feminine members of the Turkey Run family, pointing to the tall youth with blonde wavy hair who is gracing the lobbies these days. So we hasten to announce that he is Ross Snyder of Veedersburg (the town that Trooper Glenn Shirley put on the map) and he is our new bell hop. Ross is a pianist --- one of those people who can make the piano sit up and do tricks -- and two years ago he played in the 250-piano festival in Indianapolis. We've found out, too, that last spring Ross took the part of Uncle Ezra in the WLS barn show at Covington. Such is fame! You'll probably be hearing much more about him in future columns of Turkey Talk.

****

The Ed Schmidts of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago spent the Labor Day week-end here .... Mrs. S. busy plucking four and five leaf clovers (she really found a handful of them) and Mr. S. trying everything but the tandem bike (this included a rather painful archery session). When the Tegtmeyer party arrived, hilarity reigned supreme ... especially at the dinner table. With these folks it is really "laugh and the world laughs with you."

****

We're charmed with the charm bracelet owned by a charming girl guest, Miss Katherine Huldt of Chicago. It is the most complete charm bracelet we have ever seen, and its numerous gadgets and dangles are fascinating. Miss Huldt is here with her mother for a week's stay.

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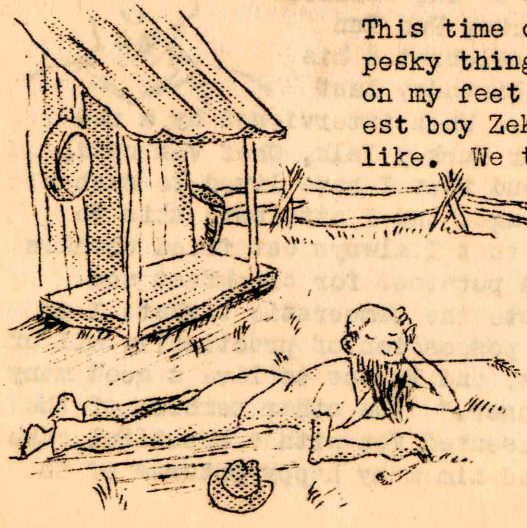
OLD HUTCH SEZ



This time o' year is fair time an' I've allus hated th' pesky things. I jist cudn't stand havin' people steppin' on my feet an' pushin' me around. Then this year my youngest boy Zekal raised sum shoats an' they wuz awful healthy like. We tuk 'em over ter Kingman an' Covington to the fairs to show 'em, an' derned ef they didn't cop off sum prizes!

Course we wuz lookin' forward ter th' Rockville fair last week cuz we wanted ter impress th' home folks. Jeb Hoskins hed sum shoats showin' too, an' by cracky, Zekal's beat 'em! Shore do think it's fine th' young uns kin hev sum incentyve ter grow stock an' learn more 'bout farmin' .... an' I just cain't hardly wait til the fairs comes around next year.

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TURKEY TALK

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OLD HUTCH SEZ.

Last week I wuz a-snoozin' away under th' big haw tree wun afternoon when Bill Guthrie cumed over an' axed me ter go fer a boat ride. I wuzn't so dern cracked 'bout it, but jist had ter go when Bill insinyated I wuz to dern old ter do it ..... We tuk this kyak up ter th' Shades in th' jitney bus an' after a short gittin' ready ceremony we shoved off at jist ten o'clock in th' mornin'..... Frum th' start it wuz jist breath-takin' ..... in more ways than wun. Jist a-paddlin' along under them big cliffs with th' trees high on top shore made ya think 'bout how good God is ter all o' us. Course 'bout th' time ya got settled enjoyin' the buty o' th' scenery we had ter git out an' lift th' boat over a big riffle ..... Guess we were interrupted 'bout fifty times. Th' first few times it wuz fun but then our feet got kinda sore.

Bill kept busy takin' pichures with a movie camery which he sed hed sum kolor pichures in it. He wuz jist bubblin' over with whut he wuz a-shootin'. Then after 'bout five miles he kinda laid it aside an' quit takin' 'em..... We hed gone 'bout five miles when we got kinda thirsty an' remembered we hedn't brung any water along an' thet jist made us thirstyer. Then I started a-gittin' hungry cuz I'd et my breakfest 'bout five o'clock an' we didn't hev no food..... The crick kept on a-windin' and we got tireder an' tireder. We shore wuz glad ter see the kivered bridge up at the Nerrers 'bout four o'clock.

It shore wuz a perty trip but th' wurse part 'bout it wuz when we went neath sum cliffs where there wuz lots o' buzzards jist a-waiting fer us ter drop..... After I rest up I beleeve I'll go agin. Course this time I'll take sum water an' a leetle snack. Six hours is a long time ter wait fer food.

****

THEY LIKE US AND WE LIKE THEM!

A steady procession of Girl Scouts seems to have been filing in and out of the Inn lately. First, there was Irene Byrnes of Chicago who belongs to the select society of "Q's". (The "Q's" visit troops and help leaders.) Then there was Mrs. Jewett, a Brownie Scout leader from Milwaukee, who visited here with her daughter Barbara. She was closely followed by Mrs. Dahlstrom, district committeewoman of Chicago. Miss Eulalie Paul, leader of Chicago, just dropped in to say "hello" on Tuesday, and Mrs. Harry Ault, camp committee member of Chicago, and her daughter, Eleanor, local director of Albany, New York, spent two days with us, at which time Miss Ault proved that she could sing, hike and play ping pong with the best of them. Then, of course, there are Miss Barbara Embury, director of Chicago, and Miss Berenice Hess, local director of Milwaukee, who have been here all week. That Turkey Run has stolen the hearts of the Girl Scouts is again proved by the fact that a council members' training course will be held here in October.

****

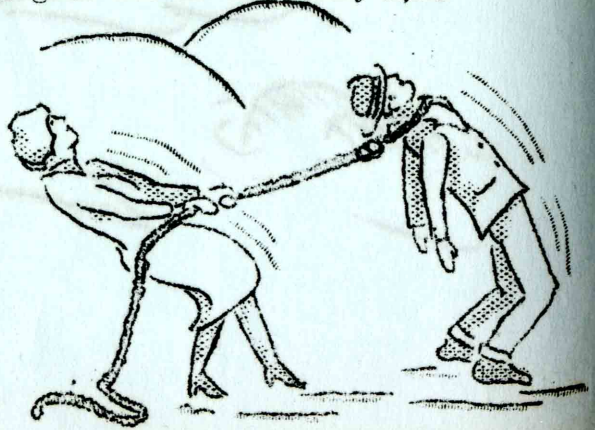
Miss Virginia Dillman of Lemont, Illinois, was the stander-upper in the spell-down Monday night, and won the prize.

Bud James chauffeured the Misses Paula and Elsa Augustine and Dale Mauck and Mr. and Mrs. R.W. Parrish, all of Chicago, to Guthrie Inn at Dupont this week.

****

DOLLY SNARES A MAN

Sad are the hearts of the boys at the Inn with the announcement of Dolly Schields' engagement (from Dolly herself.) Always two jumps ahead of every male, Dolly perhaps can be classed as the most elusive female in Chicago. With bowed heads and broken hearts we can at least say, "Good luck, Dolly!" We won't print the lucky man's name as we haven't been given permission. We hope that just because she is an engaged woman Dolly won't stop coming to see us at Turkey Run.



This week the wedding bells are ringing for Irene Lucas, head waitress, and Bob Delp, assistant at the garage, who were married Monday afternoon at the home of the Rev. R.C. Ellsworth in Rockville. Bob and Irene have moved into their darling little home near Grange Corners, and as they begin their married life they have the best wishes of all the other members of the Turkey Run staff.

****

The other day we saw Miss Berenice Hess, our guest from Milwaukee, sitting in the lobby chewing the end of her pencil and apparently deep in thought. Snooping around, we found that she was writing poetry, and we finally persuaded her to let us put her brain children in Turkey Talk. Following are two poems by Miss Hess.

LAMENT

I love to write in singing verse,
But I've no muse to guide me.
Grimly I the thought rehearse -
"I love to write in singing verse,"
But struggling makes it worse and worse,
I guess I'll go and hide me.

I love to write in singing verse,
But there's no muse to guide me.

ONE THOUGHT

The old tall trees are very tall;
They keep their counsel gravely
With dignity they grow -- and fall.
The old tall trees are very tall,
But they breathe kindness for us all
Who walk beneath them bravely.

The old tall trees are very tall;
They keep their counsel gravely.

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CHAPEL SERVICE

Gerald Alexander, county superintendent of schools, will speak in the log chapel at the worship service Sunday morning at nine. His subject will be "Blossoms Without Fruit." Ross Snyder will be the organist.

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REMINDER

This is just to remind our readers that we are revising our Turkey Talk mailing list preparatory for the fall and winter season. We have already received many replies to our notice last week, so remember to let us know if you want to keep on getting Turkey Talk.

Inspired by an incident connected with the wedding plans of Bob Delp and Irene Lucas, Virginia Waddell wrote the following gem of verse:

Disaster! Disaster!
'Tis the very last word,
A choice bit of scandal,
It's the best that you've heard.

We'd guessed and surmised
For many a day,
When those bells would be ringing,
But neither would say.

Then arrangements were made
With our marrying man,
But the groom's last words were,
"We'll come if we can."

Now what do you reckon
Bob meant by that phrase?
Just a minute and we'll lift you
Right out of your daze!

"Monday at the latest!"
Said Irene and Bob,
"These suits must be cleaned,
Hope they'll do a good job!"

So Monday afternoon,
A long awaited date,
Finally arrived,
But along with it fate!

For alas! and alack!
It's most too sad to say,
Their suits weren't back
For their wedding day!

So of Orin, Bob must borrow,
But what of the poor bride?
We'll let you know later
What she did decide.

So it's now Mr. and Mrs.
As well may be seen,
But to us they'll be always
Just plain Bob and Irene.

But anyway, kids,
We wish you the best,
Even though for your wedding,
In borrowed clothes you were dressed!

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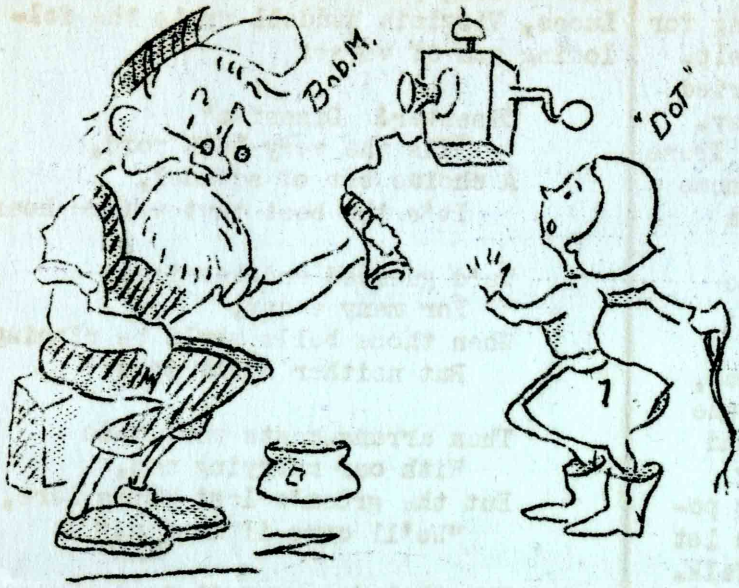
Miss Billy Downs and her brother Tommy of Chicago went touring with Pat Patterson this week, seeing state parks in southern Indiana and visiting Guthrie Inn at Dupont.



COME AND SEE US SOME TIME, MR. LINTON

"Say, Dot, what kind of a dude ranch are you vacationing on?" wrote Mr. Sam Linton of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, last week to one of our prize guests, Miss Dorothy Lausman of Chicago. "Took me a long time getting Turkey Run on the phone when I wanted to talk to you .. and the fellow who answered the phone gave me this impression." The accompanying sketch is the impression that Mr. Sam Linton 'way off in Pittsburgh got of Turkey Run Inn when he tried to get Miss Dorothy Lausman on the 'phone last week. We don't blame Mr. Linton, but we hope he will come and see us sometime and maybe he'll change his mind. (Bob Morgan is really a very nice looking boy, Mr. Linton.)

****

ATTENTION: CHICAGO TURKEY RUNNERS

The morning's mail brought us the following epistle from Irene Byrnes, reporter for the Turkey Run Club of Chicago:

"Wasting away to a shadow 'cause I miss Turkey Run, and then Freddie Bogan has to call and remind me of it! Here's more news for this issue of Turkey Talk, if possible ... even put off my lunch hour so this could get in the 1:30 mail. Here goes:

"CHICAGO TURKEY RUN CLUB DINNER ... this cannot compete with the Turkey Run Inn food, folks, but we've a hunch quite a bunch of those friendly Turkey Run employees will be up for this occasion, so mark this on your calendar: Thursday, September 29, 6:30 P.M. ... 22nd floor of Dental and Medical Arts Building, 185 N. Wabash Avenue ... price about $1.00. (Freddie forgot to make sure about this ... says it won't be more.)

"SEND RESERVATIONS to Fred Bogan, 2825 Prairie Avenue, by September 26. There's a week-end in the offing, too ... possibly that of October 29 and 30, with a real Hallowe'en party to boot. Think of the possibilities that has at Turkey Run!"

****

"When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" is our theme song this week on account of Miss Hannah Cunningham, the colleen from Chicago who originally hails from Erin. She talks with the cutest little brogue in captivity and she has us all trying to copy her. Miss Julia Cosgrove of Chicago will join Hannah here this week-end.

Chester Long, state nature guide, left Thursday for Bloomington, Indiana, where he will continue his studies at Indiana University. We're all sorry to see Chet go, but if time gallops along this fall as it did during the summer, we'll be seeing him again before we know it, because he'll be back at Thanksgiving to act as guide during the holidays.

****

A number of employees and guests attended the Democratic rally Wednesday night at the Shades, where they danced to the sweet strains of the music of the Wabash Collegians.

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Martha Harrison, one of our head waitresses, is at her home in Clinton for several days, owing to the serious illness of her father. During her absence Mildred Denman is very capably taking her place.

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Sure enough, the goldenrod is yellow and the corn is turning brown ... and the air is crispy, and the nights have magic in them, and the purple asters are abloom. September's here and Turkey Run is glorious!

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Another sign of fall is the presence of Miss Benie Wiegand of Indianapolis who is here for her annual visit. September just wouldn't be September without Miss Wiegand's visit.

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The football team of the Emerson High School at Gary stayed at the Inn Thursday night en route for Evansville.

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TURKEY TALK

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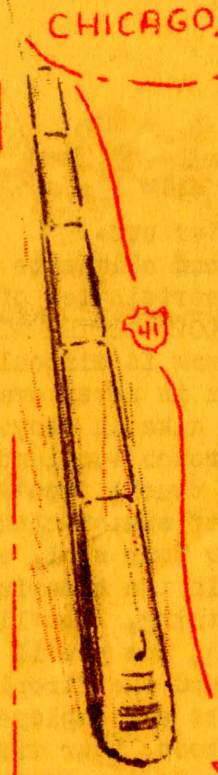
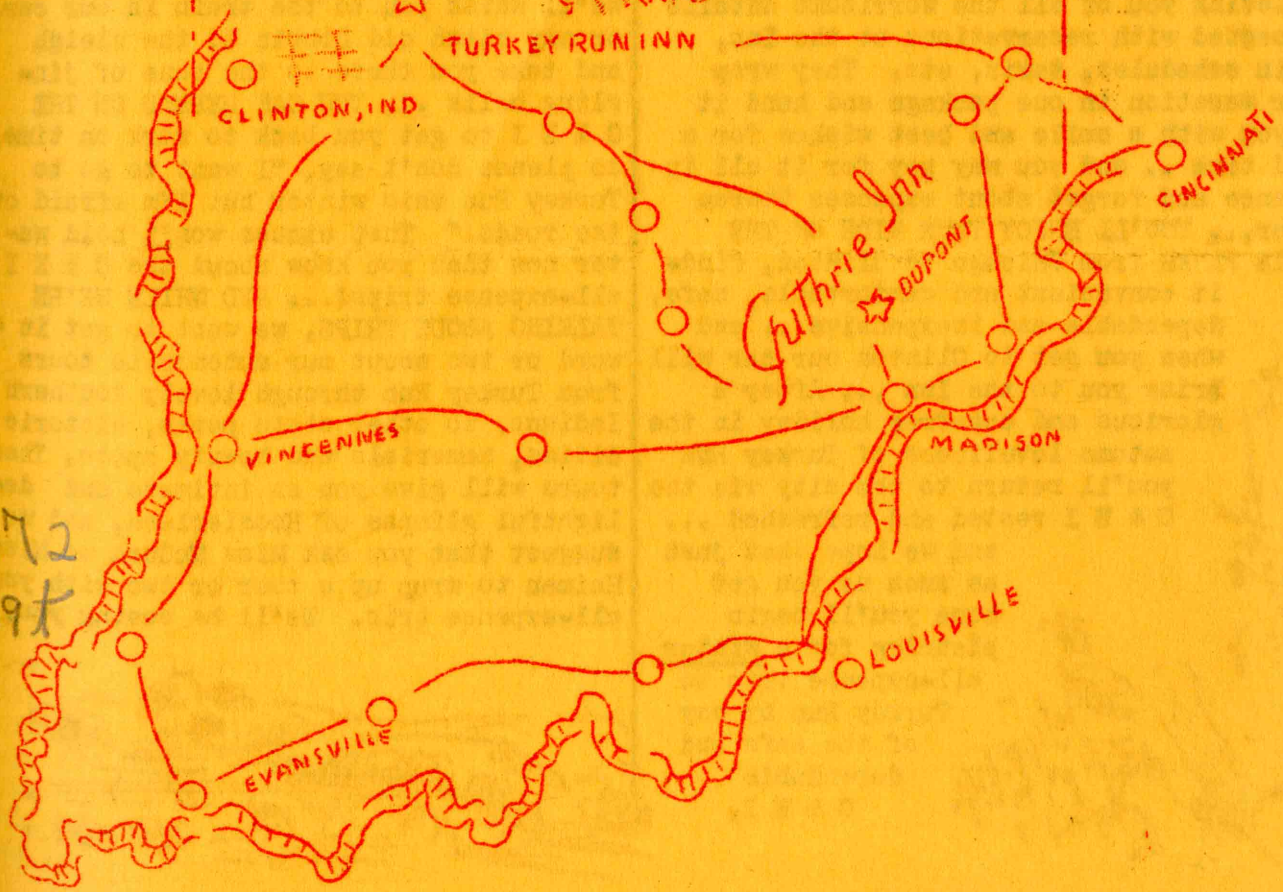


C & E I

DIXIE FLEET

to

TURKEY RUN



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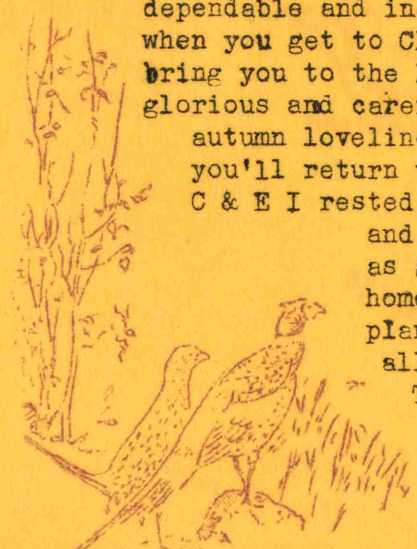
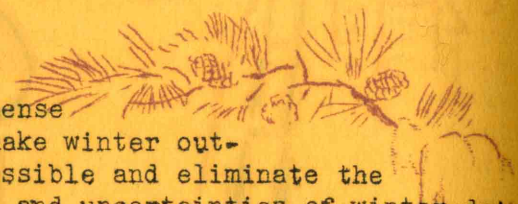
THANKS, SAM

Turkey Run has a real friend up in Chicago ... a friend who has stood by through thick and thin .., a friend who, when Turkey Run was comparatively unknown, believed in it and boosted it and kept it from falling into the pitfalls of inexperience ... a friend who has stuck through depressions and recessions, who has shared with us our failures and our triumphs ... a friend who has sincerely tried to be helpful. This friend is Mr. H.R. Sampson, general passenger agent for the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad .. and to "Sam", with many thanks for all he has done for us, we dedicate this gobble of Turkey Talk.

C&EI TRIPS

HERE'S WELCOME NEWS about the new all expense trips from Chicago to Turkey Run via the C & E I ! Here's an arrangement that will add joy and comfort and convenience to your fall and winter outings ... Suppose you long to see Nature's flamboyant colors this fall, to hike and ride in the crispy autumn air, to rest and relax before buckling down to your winter tasks ... You decide on a mid-week visit to Turkey Run (for you know about the crowded condition of the Inn on fall week ends) and you want to try the C & E I all expense way ... Then you get in touch with Miss Haiman or Miss McGurk at the C & E I office, 135 South LaSalle St. (Webster 4343) and you tell these two friendly young women of your plans ... They do the rest, relieving you of all the worrisome details connected with reservations at the Inn, train schedules, taxis, etc. They wrap your vacation in one package and hand it to you with a smile and best wishes for a good time .. and you may pay for it all in advance and forget about expenses thereafter... YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR RIDE ON THE DIXIE FLYER from Chicago to Clinton, find it convenient and comfortable, safe, dependable and inexpensive .. and when you get to Clinton our car will bring you to the Inn ... After a glorious and carefree holiday in the autumn loveliness of Turkey Run you'll return to the city via the C & E I rested and refreshed ... and we hope that just as soon as you get home you'll begin planning for a <u>winter</u> all-expense trip to Turkey Run by way of the safe and dependable C & E I.





C & E I all-expense trips make winter outings possible and eliminate the hazards and uncertainties of winter driving... YOU'LL LOVE WINTER AT TURKEY RUN; for then the park is miraculously beautiful and the Inn is never overcrowded... You'll like to hike in canyons decked in icicles and through woodlands hushed by winter's magic touch; you'll find the companionship of winter-clad hills and trees a balm to your soul, and the human companionship in the cheerful Inn a warm and thrilling thing. You'll go skating and tobogganing, and you'll join in informal fun around the fireplace with the other guests and employees ... And when, all too soon, your visit is over we'll whisk you to the train in our car, or may hitch old Dobbin to the sleigh and take you there to the tune of jingling bells ... YOU CAN DEPEND ON THE C & E I to get you back to work on time, so please don't say, "I want to go to Turkey Run this winter but I'm afraid of the roads." That excuse won't hold water now that you know about the C & E I all-expense trips!... AND WHILE WE'RE TALKING ABOUT TRIPS, we want to get in a word or two about our automobile tours from Turkey Run through lovely southern Indiana, to other state parks, historic cities, memorials and beauty spots. These tours will give you an intimate and delightful glimpse of Hoosierland, and we suggest that you ask Miss McGurk or Miss Haiman to wrap up a tour or two with your all-expense trip. We'll be seeing you!-

LOVE MARCHES ON

WE CONGRATULATE: our good neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Lindley of Bloomingdale, who celebrated their sixty-sixth wedding anniversary Tuesday with a dinner party at the Inn. Other members of the party were Mrs. Lucille Rusk, Miss Martha Miriam Rusk and Mrs. Fred Rice of Waveland. Mr. Lindley (who is 92 years old and is a Civil War veteran) and Mrs. Lindley (who is 90 years old and is a member of Estabrook Chapter, D.A.R.) have lived in this community all their lives, and the Lindley property adjoining the park is probably the most beautiful tract of land in this county, thanks to the fact that the Lindleys have always guarded their beautiful trees from desecration.

WE CONGRATULATE: Mr. Forest Jackman of Crawfordsville and Miss Martha Gilliland of Waveland who will be married Sunday morning at eight o'clock in the little old log chapel at Turkey Run. The Rev. Million will officiate, and the ceremony will be followed by a wedding breakfast at the Inn.

WE CONGRATULATE: Bob Wilson (cook in the Turkey Run Inn kitchen) and Clover Dark of Kingman who were married Tuesday afternoon at the Wilson home in Waveland. Bob's brother-in-law, the Rev. H. Hugo of Rockfield, performed the ceremony.

WE CONGRATULATE: Ruth Turner and Herbert Reberger who were married in Indianapolis last Saturday. (Ruth is Maxine's younger sister and Ruby's twin sister, and she worked here as waitress two summers ago, and she looks delightfully like Myrna Loy.

WE CONGRATULATE: Irene and Bob Delp, Bob and Eva Morgan, Bill and Irene Carter, Red and Thelma Hinshaw -- brides and grooms in the Turkey Run family who were treated to a royal "shiveree" Saturday night by their fellow staff members. These love birds were escorted through the sleeping countryside and villages to the tune of honking automobile horns and Art Carpenter's cow bell, and after their ride they were graciously permitted to set up the gang (about sixty in all) to eats.

WE CONGRATULATE: The following newlyweds among our guests who are honeymooning at Turkey Run Inn: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sikorski of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Earl L. Merius of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. D.O. Mannering of Decatur, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. Richard G. Ostrom of Davenport, Iowa; Mr. and Mrs. G. Withare of Cincinnati; Mr. and Mrs. W.R. Sundling of Chicago.

WE CONGRATULATE: Miss Jean Jablon of Chicago and some lucky fellow who will be married October 16. Jean is a frequent Turkey Run visitor and is a member of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago.

WE CONGRATULATE: Dubby Peterson and Bernice Sullivan, members of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago, who will be altar-bound September 24, according to news in a recent letter from Dubby.

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WE OPEN OUR MAIL

Miss Pauline Larson of Chicago writes: "On September 15 five Turkey Runners reviewed Turkey Talk in the Costa Rican Coffee House in Chicago. They sighed with regret that they were not at Gobbler's Roost. Before the evening was over it seemed no detail of their recent week at Turkey Run was left uncovered in their discussion. They were Jane Warber, Marguerite Schreyer, Evelyn Hovde, Elsie Konzen and Pauline Larson. They are planning to come back and see Turkey Run in winter."

We're running around with a dustcloth in one hand and a cookbook in the other because Carl Huegelmann of Chicago has written us as follows: "Dust off a nice comfortable chair and prepare some choice morsels because I am tired and am yearning for some good food. I'll be there October 2."

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"There's a policeman in Cincinnati who could be Bud James' twin brother," writes Miss Clara Marzheuser of that city.

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

Whoops! our boy Fritz Berger, erstwhile Romeo of the garage, is now a bell hop at the Inn and is taking a course in washing windows, dusting furniture, cleaning mud from shoes and waxing the gift shop floor.

Two pretty girls from Milwaukee -- the Misses Carol Thompson and Marjorie Hinkle -- are enjoying their first visit here this week.

The Misses Mildred Brown and Amelia Brown of Rockport, Illinois, and Marie Dunworth and Catherine Meehan of Chicago are here for a visit and are renewing old acquaintances at the Inn.

Orin Woodrow, bus boy, tells folks that they have to get married to get their names in Turkey Talk -- but Orin isn't married and here his name is in Turkey Talk. So what?

Last week we told of the quandary that Bob and Irene Delp were in because their suits didn't get back from the cleaner's in time for their wedding. Here's their answer all done up in verse. "'Tis true our clothes were missing, which created quite a fuss, but we were going to get married on Monday afternoon or bust. Now we were very anxious and got in quite a stew, but we showed up for the wedding, we are telling you. We had waited longingly for that certain day and we weren't going to let a suit stand in our way. And now that we are married we'd like for you to call and see our little cottage -- this includes you all."

A LAST CALL FOR DINNER comes from the reporter for the Turkey Run Club of Chicago. She writes: "This Freddie Bogan guy sure is versatile. Called me up to get a woman's opinion on the dinner menu but he doesn't need any help ... did right well. Started off with consomme and ended up with deep dish apple pie, and what comes in between is really luscious. Get your reservations in with Fred, 2825 Prairie Avenue, by September 26. The price has gone up to $1.13, but this includes tax and tip as well as a good time. Dubby Peterson and Bernice Sullivan will be among the missing --- they will be honeymooning somewhere. --- See you all on the 29th -- that's this Thursday -- at 6:30 on the 22nd floor of the Dental and Medical Arts Building, 185 N. Wabash Avenue."

The members of the staff extend their sympathy to their fellow members, Martha Harrison and Seymour Harrison, whose father died Sunday at their home in Clinton. Many employees attended the funeral service Wednesday afternoon.

The Altrusa Club of Lafayette will have a dinner party at the Inn Sunday, for which arrangements are being made by Miss Mildred Smith.

The fall conference of the Indiana League of Women Voters will be held at the Inn Wednesday, with about 100 in attendance.

Miss Elsie Backus and Miss Edith Backus of LaPorte, Indiana, and Miss Augusta Dart of Chicago went to Guthrie Inn at Dupont with Kenny Davies this week.

THINGS GOING ON AT TURKEY RUN

SERVICE OF WORSHIP in old log chapel Sunday morning from 9:00 to 9:45.

NATURE HIKES daily at 9:00 A.M. and 2:00 P.M.

SONG FEST in East Lobby at 8:00 Monday evening.

WEINER ROAST under the auspices of "Uncle Bud" Tuesday evening in the shelter house.

INFORMAL PROGRAM sponsored by Gift Shop Gals Wednesday evening.

MUSIC MEMORY CONTEST Thursday evening in charge of Ross Snyder.

OLD-FASHIONED BARN DANCE at Commissary Friday evening.

COLORED MOVIES of the park Saturday evening.

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TURKEY TALK

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ATTA ADOLPH H ——

The world is beset with wars and rumors of wars, with black shadows of hideous fears and quarrels and hatreds; on all sides is talk of bombs and battleships, poison gases, air raids and ghastly destruction; we read of the imminent collapse of civilization and the threat of world chaos -- but here at Turkey Run the world is wondrously beautiful and peaceful.

Here is all the loveliness of bright Autumn, with leaves turning gold and red, with shimmering streams and beckoning forest paths, with unbelievably blue skies flecked by fleecy white clouds floating over a landscape bathed in warm sunshine. Here the busy squirrels are storing away their winter supply of nuts and the wild ducks cry overhead in their southward flight; here the brilliant bittersweet is draped among the trees and over canyon ledges, and the woods are filled with luscious purple grapes; here the sun sets in a burst of glorious colors that are reflected in the peaceful waters of Sugar Creek, and the nights are quiet and serenely beautiful.

Here at Turkey Run is a delightful world full of God's most majestic handiwork --- a world far removed from the horrors and uncertainties and strife caused by man's greed and selfishness. Here, indeed, is an Eden filled with an abundance of gracious gifts from a loving Father; and here we try to keep alive that feeling of peace on earth, good will toward men which is what the world so sorely needs.

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GOBBLER'S KNOB

The Inn and its cabins will be pretty well filled on week-ends during October, but we still have accommodations available in our new cabins at Gobbler's Knob, two miles from here. The cabins are heated and are as snug and comfortable as anyone could desire on a crisp fall night. If you want to see Turkey Run at the height of its autumn coloring, come during the week if at all possible to avoid the crowds, but should that be impossible make reservations at once for accommodations in the new cabins at Gobbler's Knob. We know you'll like them!

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BICYCLE TOURS

Bicycle tours are the newest wrinkle this week at Turkey Run. Tours are being conducted by Orin Woodrow down inviting country lanes and over smooth high ways. It's great fun and we suggest you try it.

PRESCRIPTION

Are you suffering from the jitters? Do you have frequent attacks of the heeby jeebies? Do you find yourself longing to bang your head against the wall, to jump up and down and yell, to throw things? If so, you need one of our tours. You need to sit back in our smooth-riding DeSoto and breathe deep of our crisp autumn air which is guaranteed to be free from all impurities. You need to feast your eyes on our gorgeous autumn woodlands that are guaranteed to be free from all artificial coloring; you need to relax under the spell of Kenny Davies' voice as he recites thrilling stories concerning historical places that you pass. You need to see old mills and covered bridges, forsaken cities and hidden beauty spots. For further details of this prescription see Kenny Davies, D.T. (Director of Tours) and he will arrange for a trip that will cure you of all your ailments.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

"We must learn to forgive people for what they are, as well as for what they do; because what they do grows out of what they are. We cannot make people over and if we could we might make them worse than they are. Our business is to make ourselves better and others happy, and that is enough to keep us busy."

Joseph Fort Newton
In The Readers Digest

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BANKERS TO MEET

The Fifth District of the Indiana Bankers' Association will have a luncheon and meeting at the Inn Wednesday, October 5, with about 100 in attendance. Will Stump of Crawfordsville is president of the Association.

****

These are the nights when the weiner roasts down at the shelter house in charge of "Uncle Bud" are very popular. The fire feels good and it's fun to be one of the gang.

K-K-K-KATY

"K-K-K-Katy" is what we've been singing around here this week due to the fact that four Catherines have been among our midst, and where one Catherine was, there the other three Catherines were. Their names are Catherine Meehan, Catherine O'Connor and Catherine Flood of Chicago, and Catherine Freund of Oak Park. As a nice finishing touch to our story, let us add that Mary Catherine Pohling has been their waitress in the diningroom.

****

Lorena Seybold, in charge of the employees' dining room at the Inn, was elected vice president of the Turkey Run Federal Credit Union at a meeting of the board of directors Sunday night, to fill the vacancy left by the resignation of Sally Carpenter. There are now seventy-two members of this Credit Union.

CHERCHEZ LA FEMME!

Question of the week: Why did John Davies, immediately after his return from a visit to Chicago last week, announce that he will not be going back to college this fall?

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Those from the Inn who attended the Turkey Run Club of Chicago meeting Thursday night were: Bud James, Orin Woodrow, Ross Snyder, Mildred Denman, Treva Myers, Wilma Robinson and Lydia Mae Smith. Since we must go to press too soon to get the details of the meeting, we will have to report on that next week.

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We're sorry to see Mr. and Mrs. J.O. Ferris and their guest Mrs. Dorothy Hartzell of Muncie, Indiana, leave after a week's stay with us.

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Many guests and employees enjoyed the dance at the CCC camp Tuesday evening.

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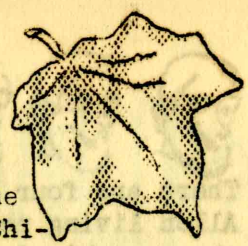
Some weeks ago we published a little rhyme written by Velma Wilhite of the Inn's pantry department -- but we published it without Velma's knowledge or permission, and for a long time thereafter we quaked every time we saw Velma for we had a hunch she wasn't any too pleased with us. This week's contribution from her pen fills us with relief. Here it is.

BURYING THE HATCHET

Please, dear editor, now don't feel bad
You knew very well it would make me mad
To publish my plight .. and it wasn't right;
But as I think back of the season that's passed
And consider that my work hasn't been outclassed,
I can smile and forgive ... and continue to live
Knowing deep in my heart I'm playing a part
In this great organization I've seen from the start.
So when you suggested I write another ditty
I just says to myself "It would be quite a pity
To hold my talent in such reserve
When by writing a line I'd continue to serve" --
So from now on -- come out in the open!
And consider this poem a kindly token
That the rolling pins are all laid down
And on my comely head you may find a crown.
From now on I'll be so angelic
Of the old Wilhite there'll be only a relic.
So say no more "Is she mad?" and "How'd she take it?"
My good resolution -- I may have to break it.



This week Miss Pauline Luptak of Chicago is practically your editor's favorite child, and after you read the following written by Miss Luptak you'll not wonder at it.

LINES TO THE EDITOR
By Pauline Luptak

Do I want the TURKEY TALK?
I should say I DO!
Cause that's the way that I
Can keep in touch with you.

I love to read its pages
Of gossip, trails and poems
And little bits of humor
It brings into our homes.

It brings me fondest memries
Of days I spent with you,
Of hiking, skeet and riding,
Hoosier friendship, too.

So if you have a copy
That you can spare each time
I wish that you would send it
(I can't make this one rhyme!)

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It was nice to have our friends Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Hall of Chicago here last week-end. They were accompanied by their daughter Miss Isabelle Hall and Miss Helen Walters, who remained for a few days after Mr. and Mrs. Hall left.

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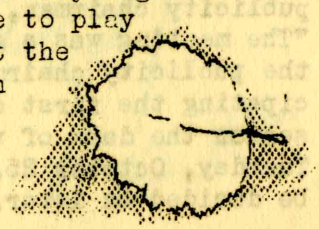
The boys of the football team of the East Chicago high school were here Friday night enroute to play against the Clinton team.



Our own "Believe It or Not"

There are four brothers named Allen living near Turkey Run whose combined ages add up to 338 years. Josiah is 90, Cornelius is 85, David is 83 and Thomas is 80.

One of our waitresses, Lois Day, looks surprisingly like one of our favorite guests, Miss Doris Edberg of Chicago.

Maxine Turner, assistant head waitress, and Fritz Berger, bell hop, are twins --- they celebrated their birthdays Friday.

When Mr. Guthrie was a freshman at Wabash College and undergoing the tortures of Hell Week, his fraternity brothers sent him to the cemetery at midnight with a flashlight and instructions to bring back a report on the biggest tombstone there. He searched all over that dark cemetery until he finally found a huge tombstone looming above the rest, and when he flashed his light on it he found that it was inscribed with his own name, "William Guthrie." Thinking the brothers had played a fine joke on him, he reported back, only to find that the joke was unintentional because he had gone to the wrong cemetery and the brothers knew nothing about the William Guthrie tombstone!

There is a cow on the Armstrong farm four miles from Turkey Run that has a full-sized body and legs only a foot high --- a regular bovine Dachshund.

Just one hundred and ten years ago this fall the last known bear was killed in Bear Hollow at Turkey Run.

Bert Holland, of our art department, cleaned up his workshop the other day -- you may have to stretch your credulity to believe this one.

The logs in the old log cabin on Sunset Point all came from one huge tulip tree.

It is unlawful to drive over 65 miles an hour in Indiana (a state that has no speed limit.) For proof see Claude Presslor.

Eighteen members of the staff of Turkey Run Inn have been married since the first of the year.

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CINCINNATI CLUB HAS BUSINESS SESSION

The Turkey Run Club of Greater Cincinnati met for a business meeting last week and elected the following officers: president, Chester George; vice-president, Rosemary Glassmeyer; secretary, Clara Marzheuser; treasurer, Russell Hill; publicity chairman, Georgia Glassmeyer. "The meeting was a grand success," writes the publicity chairman, "And we are anticipating the first dinner meeting of this season the date of which has been set for Tuesday, October 25. Time and place to be decided on later."

DR. JOHNSON TO SPEAK

The worship service Sunday will be in charge of our good friend, Dr. Obed Johnson, chaplain at Wabash College. The service will be held in the log chapel from nine to nine forty-five, and all are invited to attend.

Mrs. E.C. Cavey of Washington, Indiana, entertained a party of twelve for lunch at the Inn Monday.

Governor Henry Horner of Illinois was a dinner guest Saturday night.

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TURKEY TALK

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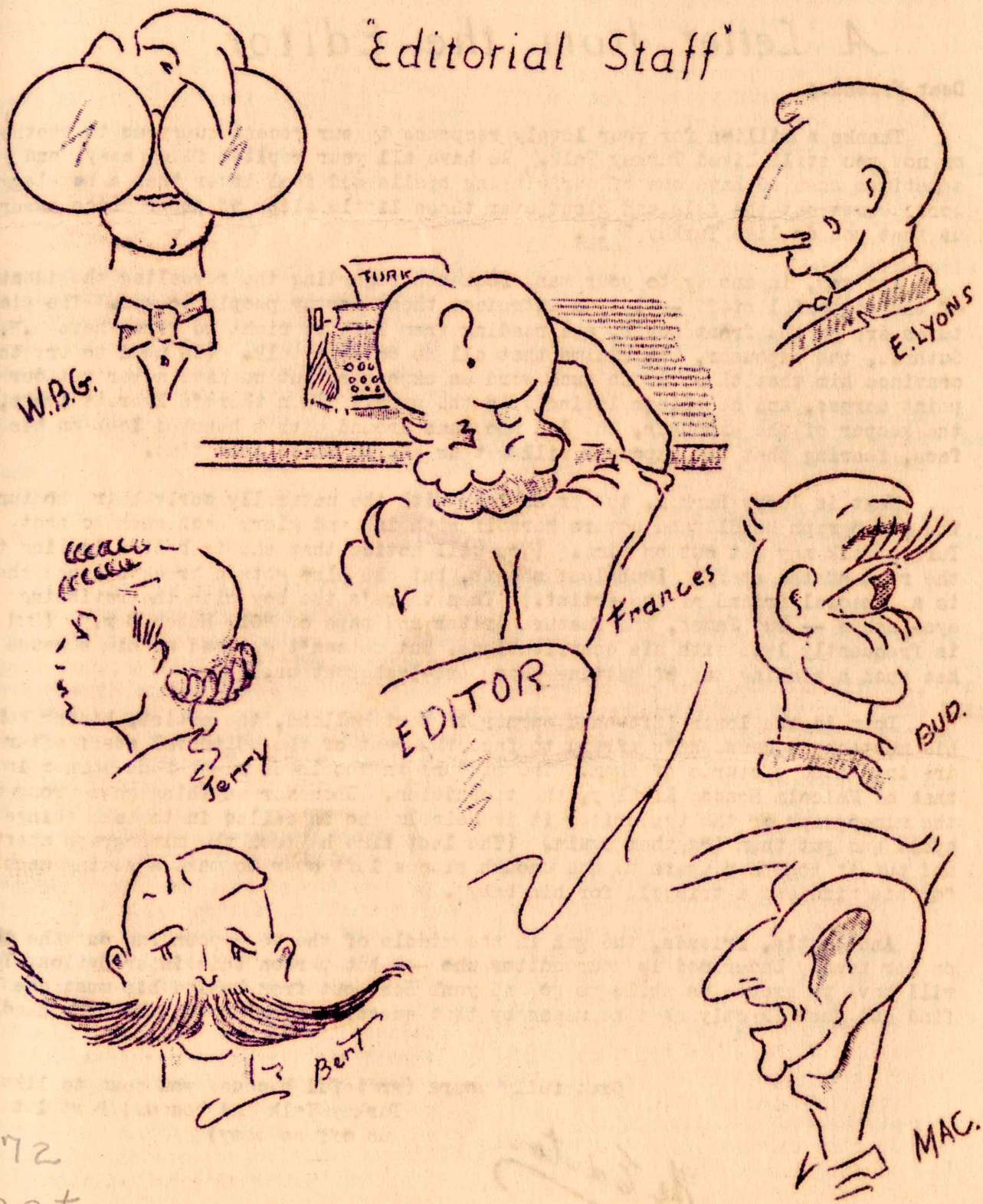

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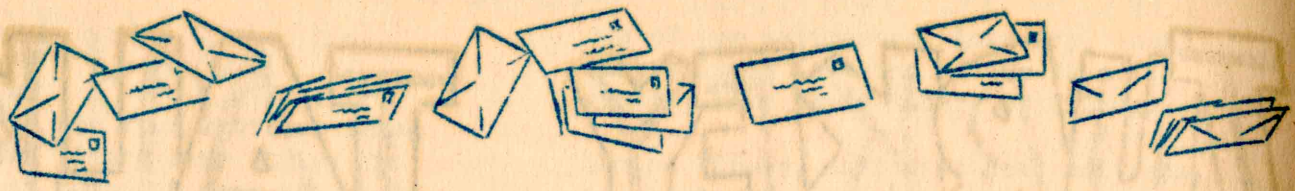


A Letter from the Editor.

Dear Friends:

Thanks a million for your lovely response to our recent query as to whether or not you still liked Turkey Talk. We have all your replies filed away, and sometimes when we have one of our sinking spells and feel lower than a bow-legged worm we get out the file and gloat over those little slips of paper which assure us that you do like Turkey Talk.

And now, in answer to your many requests regarding the revealing the identity of the editorial staff -- let us introduce these worthy people to you. The pictures are on the front cover, and reading from left to right we first have W.B. Guthrie, the expouser, who claims that all he does is talk. (We used to try to convince him that there is no such word as expouser, but we have never put our point across, and he clings lovingly to the word.) Then there's Everett Lyons, the keeper of the expouser, the lad who runs around with a haunted look on his face, fearing that the expouser will get us all in Dutch some time.

Next is Jerry Barker, the press lady with the naturally curly hair who turns the mimeograph handle and covers herself with ink and glory each week so that Turkey Talk may get out on time. (You will notice that she is better looking than the rest of the staff. Doubtless she is, but she also gets a break because she is a special friend of the artist.) Then there's the boy with the ravishing eye-lashes -- Bud James, the feature writer and papa of "Old Hutch Sez." (Bud is frequently late with his contributions, but we can't get mad at him because he has such a winning way of batting those eye-lashes at us.)

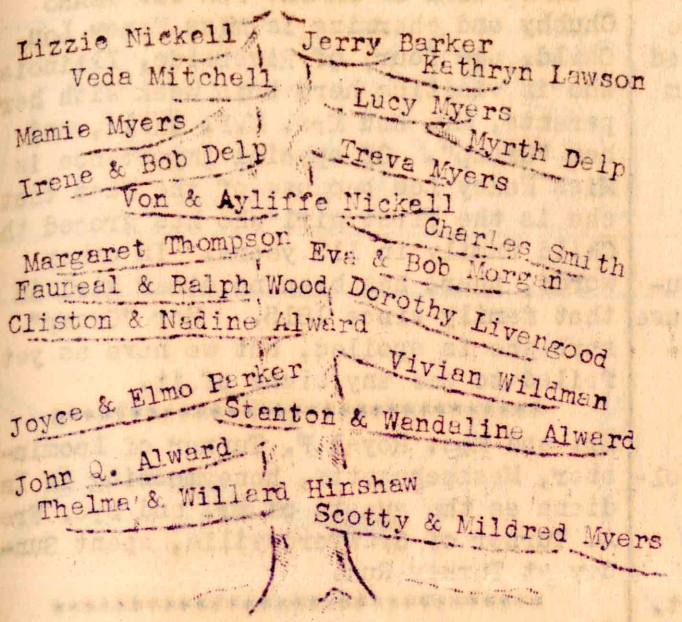
Down in the lower left-hand corner is Bert Holland, the artist, hiding behind his mustache because he's afraid to face the rest of the editorial staff after drawing these pictures of them. The picture in the lower right-hand corner is that of Malcolm Roscoe Kirtley, the technician. Whenever anything goes wrong with the mimeograph or the typewriter it is Malcolm who is called in to take things apart and put them together again. (The last time he took the mimeograph apart and put it together again he had enough pieces left over to make a sewing machine for his wife and a tricycle for his baby).

And lastly, friends, the gal in the middle of the page pounding out the copy on her trusty Underwood is your editor who --- but pardon this interruption. You will have to excuse us while we go and yank Bert out from behind his mustache and find out just exactly what he means by that question mark on the editor's head!

Gratefully yours (grateful because you seem to like Turkey Talk and because Bert let us off so easy)

The Editor

Our own 'Believe It or Not'



Blanche Burkhart, head of the bake shop at the Inn, who has been an employee here for fifteen years, has a family tree that reads like something out of Genesis -- and thirty-one of her relatives by blood or marriage are members of the Turkey Run Inn staff!

On Monday of this week Maxine Turner, assistant head waitress, discovered the following repetition in names among the guests registered at the Inn -- and none are related to the others: there were three parties by the name of Fisher (Mr. and Mrs. Albert Fisher of Chicago, Miss Dorothy Fisher of Chicago, Mr. and Mrs. L.F. Fisher of Chicago); there were two parties by the name of Robinson (Mr. and Mrs. Don L. Robinson of Hobart, Indiana, and Mr. and Mrs. R.W. Robinson of East Chicago); there were three parties by the name of Nelson (Mr. and Mrs. S. Nelson of Berwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Nelson, Jr., of Chicago, Miss Betty Nelson of Chicago); there were two parties by the name of Anderson (Mr. and Mrs. George Anderson and family of Evanston and Miss Judie Anderson of Chicago); there were two parties by the name of Jones (Miss Gladys R. Jones of Chicago and Miss Vera Jones of Evanston).

Some of the trees located in the park are budding again

Violets are in bloom on the north lawn of the Inn.

A number of the boys on the staff are betting on the Cubs to win the world series.

Everett Lyons lost a bet with Woody Morgan and had to buy him a new hat.

****

WE HAVE THE LAST WORD

This week the Chicago Tribune, our newspaper rival, stated that "Indiana is covered with copper these days." We're going to go the Trib one better and state that in these here parts Indiana is also covered with gold and set with rubies and amethysts, with a few topazes, sapphires and emeralds thrown in for good measure.

****

"LIFT UP YOUR EYES"

With the world about us in a blaze of Autumn glory, it won't be difficult Sunday to heed the advice of Dr. Edward R. Bartlett of DePauw University, whose sermon subject in the log chapel service will be "Lift Up Your Eyes." The service will begin at nine and all are invited.

****

Our personal nomination for the week's loveliest sight is the huge maple tree outside the north porch of the Inn, whose turning leaves are miraculously beautiful. Don't miss seeing this tree!

ATTEND RESTAURANT SHOW

Employees attending the Restaurant Show at the Merchandise Mart in Chicago Monday were Mac and Kathleen Kirtley, Von and Ayliffe Nickell, Bob and Irene Delp, Bennie Pearson, Virgil Harper and Ed Presslor.

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TWO BY TWO

NEWLYWEDS: Mr. and Mrs. S. Nelson, Berwyn; Mr. and Mrs. R.M. Nelson, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. George Janda, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. L.F. Lischer, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Prucha, Riverside, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. Albert Todoroff, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. M.F. Peyton, Olney, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. John R. Hall, Janesville, Wisconsin; Mr. and Mrs. H.H. Klockenbrink, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. Don Robinson, Hobart, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. Todtlebom, Chicago.

****

"Trees of Turkey Run" is an interesting piece in the new Outdoor Indiana magazine.

VON WRITES US A LETTER

Von Nickell, pleasingly plump cook at the Inn, has had a strange feeling in his head lately, and the following letter from him is the result.

"Dear Editor: I spoke to you the other day about having a headache and I said I believed an idea was growing in my head, and you said nothing could grow in a vacuum. Well, I guess you were correct because after a few hot applications and some aspirins I haven't had a thought since.

"But nevertheless you must understand that I am a man of wisdom. and although not a rival of John D. Rockefeller for collecting dimes, I am rich in wisdom. I also believe I have helped to stretch as many belts as the average, and this belt stretching is what I am writing you about.

"I find fried chicken is one of the best known belt stretchers. Who can resist one more piece of tender, juicy chicken? Or a steak, or a fine catfish rolled in corn meal and fried to a lovely brown, or meat balls with tomato gravy? No wonder the employees are fat -- and believe me the guests had better watch their step!

"It is the custom of our good manager, Mr. Guthrie, to select skinny employees, because a very short time after they begin working here they start to wobble when they walk. Take us cooks and bakers for example. We have put on so much flesh that we have to use a step-ladder so we can turn around between stove and steam table. At present the pantry problem has not been solved. As you know, they have more beef there than the kitchen and bake shop combined. I would suggest they attend the square dance at the Commissary, a remedy which works very nicely. I speak from experience, and if you doubt my truth and veracity come to the kitchen for proof.

"For bigger waistlines and wider chairs, I remain

Yours respectfully,
Von Nickell"

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To the right is a picture of what happened at the Inn Tuesday evening when Rev. R.C. Ellsworth, our marrying parson, dropped in to say hello. Fearing that he was out to drum up a little business, John Davies pretends he doesn't see the parson, but Kenny Davies, with less finesse, loses no time in diving for safety. Fritz Berger and Ross Snyder, other eligible bachelors, haven't been here long enough to know any better, so they step right up and shake hands with the reverend gentleman.

ONLY GIRL IN FAMILY FOR 119 YEARS

Chubby and charming is Miss Nancy Lou Child, age four, of Riverside, Illinois, who is visiting here this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M.F. Child, and her "Gramp". Of special importance is Miss Nancy Lou because of the fact that she is the first girl who has graced the Child family in 119 years. In other words, there has been no other girl in that family since 1815. Her "Gramp" says she is spoiled, but we have as yet failed to see any signs of it.

****

Mr. and Mrs. Royal F. Turner of Leominster, Massachusetts, honeymooning in Indiana as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Turner of Crawfordsville, spent Sunday at Turkey Run.

****

Of interest is the new scrap book which Doris Phipps, waitress, has begun this week. The book is to contain all the data, pictures and facts pertaining to Turkey Run which Doris can collect.

****

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Davisson of Clinton will entertain their bridge club at the Inn October 13.

****

Russell Thompson of Crawfordsville is making arrangements for the Montgomery County Credit Bureau Convention which will be held at the Inn October 10 - 11.

****

Thirty-five students and two instructors will take part in a Girl Scout Training Course which will be given at the Inn October 16 - 22. Miss Margaret Murray and Miss Sally Stickney will be the instructors.

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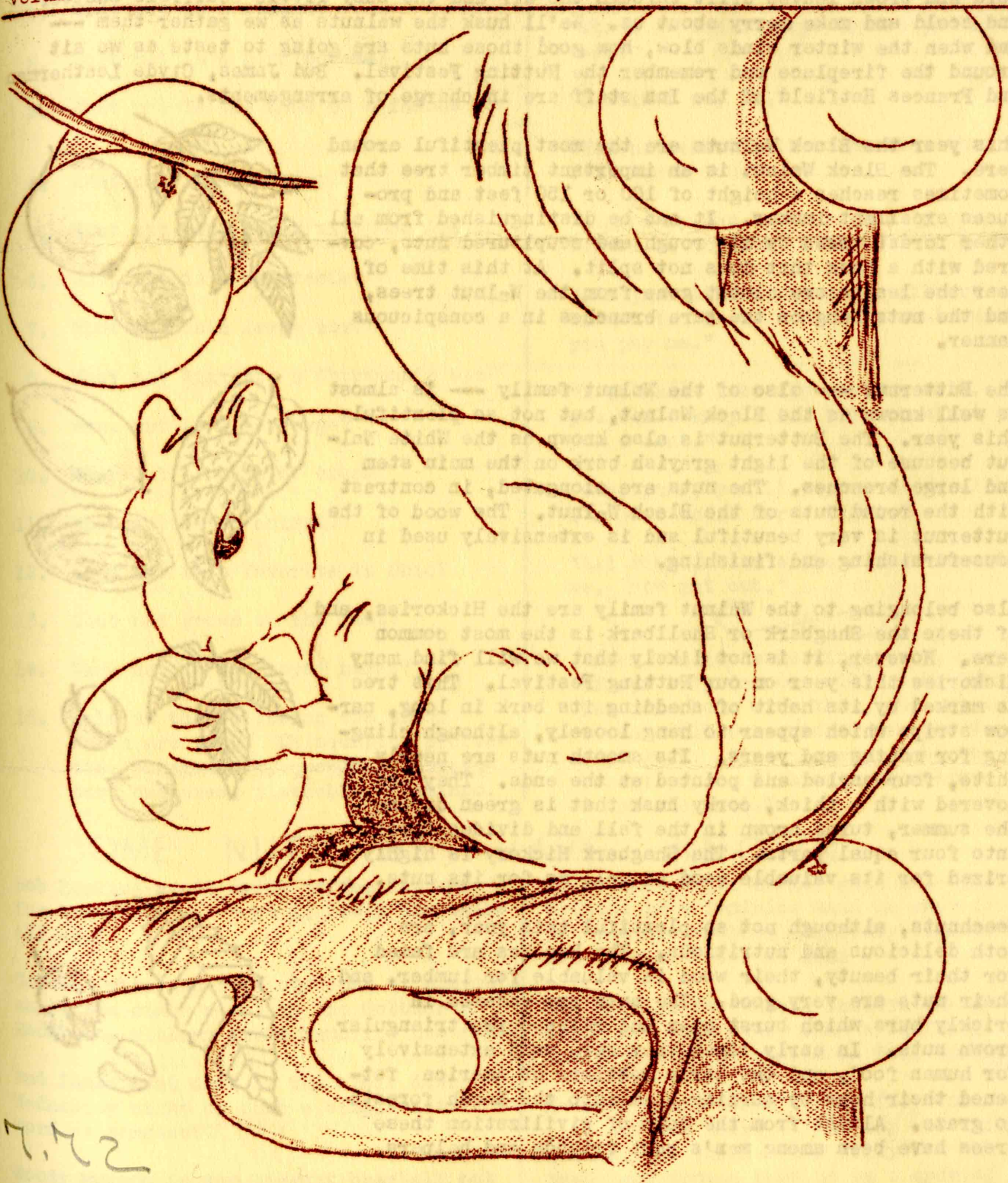
TURKEY TALK

Volume III October 15, 1938 Gobble 38



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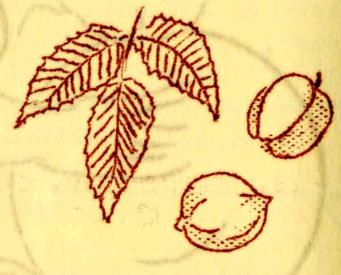
NUTTING FESTIVAL.

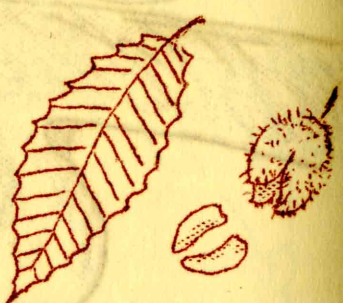
The first annual Turkey Run Nutting Festival will be held Tuesday, October 18, when guests and employees will set forth with their gunny sacks and their heavy gloves to spend the day in the woods gathering nuts for their winter needs. What an occasion it will be! We'll leave the Inn at 9:30 Tuesday morning, piling into autos and trucks --- but leaving plenty of room for the box lunches that will accompany us, and for the all-important corn sheller which will help hull the walnuts. We'll find some likely looking woods and we'll all fall to --- while the red and gold and brown leaves drift through the air and the busy little squirrels chatter and scold and make merry about us. We'll husk the walnuts as we gather them --- and when the winter winds blow, how good those nuts are going to taste as we sit around the fireplace and remember the Nutting Festival. Bud James, Clyde Leatherman and Frances Hatfield of the Inn staff are in charge of arrangements.

This year the Black Walnuts are the most plentiful around here. The Black Walnut is an important timber tree that sometimes reaches a height of 100 or 150 feet and produces excellent lumber. It can be distinguished from all other forest trees by its rough and scupltured nuts, covered with a husk that does not split. At this time of year the leaves are almost gone from the Walnut trees, and the nuts hang on the bare branches in a conspicuous manner.

The Butternut --- also of the Walnut family --- is almost as well known as the Black Walnut, but not so plentiful this year. The Butternut is also known as the White Walnut because of the light grayish bark on the main stem and large branches. The nuts are elongated, in contrast with the round nuts of the Black Walnut. The wood of the Butternut is very beautiful and is extensively used in housefurnishing and finishing.



Also belonging to the Walnut family are the Hickories, and of these the Shagbark or Shellbark is the most common here. However, it is not likely that we will find many Hickories this year on our Nutting Festival. This tree is marked by its habit of shedding its bark in long, narrow strips which appear to hang loosely, although clinging for months and years. Its smooth nuts are nearly white, four-angled and pointed at the ends. They are covered with a thick, corky husk that is green during the summer, turns brown in the fall and divides freely into four equal parts. The Shagbark Hickory is highly prized for its valuable wood as well as for its nuts.



Beechnuts, although not so plentiful this year, are both delicious and nutritious. The Beeches are famed for their beauty, their wood is valuable for lumber, and their nuts are very good. The nuts are encased in prickly burs which burst open and release two triangular brown nuts. In early times they were used extensively for human food, and the early settlers of America fattened their hogs by turning them into the Beech forests to graze. Almost from the dawn of civilization these trees have been among man's best friends and helpers.

WATCH BULLETIN BOARD FOR DETAILS OF NUTTING FESTIVAL

SPEAKING OF NUTS

NUTS TO CRACK

1. What nut is a strand?
2. What nut is a girl's name?
3. What nut is the name of a famous street?
4. What nut is a country?
5. What nut made a hit with the A.E.F.
6. What nut is a vegetable?
7. What nut is a large box?
8. What nut suggests a Chinaman's eye?
9. What nut is a beverage?
10. What nut is made of cream?
11. What nut is an animal?
12. What nut is a favorite in Ohio?
13. What nut grows on the feet?
14. What nut is two boys' names?
15. Half of the following are nuts. Which are they? Chinquapin, proboscis, pomegranate, quandong, orangutan, castanea, pistachio, flamingo.

"O fair days of Autumn,
Our childhood recalling,
When wood-grapes are purpling,
And brown nuts are falling!"

THE NUTTIEST STORY OF THE WEEK

"Where is the buckeye loaned you last week?"

"I walnut pay it."

"You butternut talk to me like that or I'll beech you."

"Almond my own business and if you bother me any more I'll call in Bert."

"I'd just like a chance to filbert with buckshot. He is a hickory would make you pay me."

"I doughnut like the way you talk. If you don't keep still I'll chestnut pay you a cent."

"Say, punk, you'll pay me -- or else. I'm just acorn for a fight."

"All right, here's the cashew loaned me. Now get out."

After Tuesday's nutting party, many of our city friends will take Turkey Run nuts home with them, and next winter will be reminded of the verse that goes: "And close at hand the basket stood, with nuts from brown October's wood."

SOME NUTS WE HAVE KNOWN.

Bob Hopkins won't drink coffee any more for breakfast --- says it keeps him awake all day!

Golden Patterson took off John Q. Alward's shirt the other night in the Gobbler's Roost --- without first removing his coat.

Bud James went down in the spell down Wednesday night on such a simple little word as sergeant!

Woody Morgan is the biggest baseball nut in captivity.

Every time Fritz Berger gets a letter written in a feminine hand he says it is from his mother. Thursday five of his mothers wrote to him!

Mac Kirtley is staying indoors these days --- says every time a squirrel looks at him he begins to feel uneasy.

Everett Lyons doesn't care for stories like our nut story at the top of this column. He thinks it's silly --- and that just proves that he is a special kind of a nut himself.

A GOBBLE HERE, A GOBBLE THERE

THE TURKEY RUN CLUB OF CHICAGO

All reservations for the Hallowe'en frolic of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago which will be held at the Inn October 29 - 30 must be received at the Inn by October 21. Because of the crowded week-end condition of the Inn, it is necessary that we know by October 21 just how many of this group will be here, so don't fail to let us know in time --- or you may find yourself hanging on a limb of a tree the night of the 29th.

THE TURKEY RUN CLUB OF CINCINNATI

The Turkey Run Club of Greater Cincinnati will hold the first dinner meeting of the year at Roselawn Tavern, Cincinnati, Tuesday, October 25, at seven o'clock P.M. The charge will be $.85 a person, including tax and tip. This meeting promises to hit a new high in feasting and fun. All reservations are to be sent to Miss Clara Marzheuser, 3634 Mozart Avenue, Cincinnati. The telephone number is Mo. 0724 R.

SERVICE IN OLD LOG CHAPEL

Dr. O.F. Hall of Purdue University will speak in the log chapel Sunday morning. His sermon subject will be "The Master Key." The service will begin at nine and will close at nine forty-five. All are invited.

LEGION MEETING AT INN

Members of Fellenzer Post, American Legion, and the Rockville Legion Auxiliary will be hosts and hostesses for a district meeting to be held at the Inn Sunday. There will be a business meeting, a dinner and an entertainment.

LINES TO LILLIAN ZEKAS, A GUEST AT THE INN

You write for your room well in advance;
You don't say, "I'll go and just take a chance
On getting a room because I'm their pet."
You take what we have, and like what you get.
You read and you visit, you dance and you hike,
You play pingpong and pool, and you ride on a bike;
You seem to like all of us Turkey Run folks,
You give ear to our stories and laugh at our jokes;
We've never heard you complain of the food,
You gobble up everything and say it is good;
You have never made even the smallest request --
Lillian, old gal, you're a wonderful guest'.

NEW BOOKS FOR LIBRARY

Fifteen new books have been ordered for the rental library at the Inn, and will be here within the next few days. They will be kept in the gift shop and will be loaned to those asking for them. These are the days when a good book and a fireplace make a wonderful combination.

BRIDAL SHOWER

Mrs. Orvis Delp, assisted by Mrs. Henry Delp, entertained with a shower at her home in Grange Corner Tuesday afternoon honoring Irene Lucas Delp, head waitress at the Inn and a recent bride. Many of the girls of the Inn staff attended the shower and enjoyed seeing all the lovely gifts that Irene received.

A BIT OF PHILOSOPHY

Jessie Gray, the member of the bedroom department who is famous for her sweet smile and infectious giggle, contributes the following: "Many people are wondering if they will live to reach the age of 65 and so profit from what they are now paying into the Social Security fund. To these people we pass along a bit of philosophy from the Turkey Run Inn bedroom department. Last week two of the bedroom women were casually discussing the old age benefits, and one of them remarked that she would not live to be 65; whereupon, Aunt Myrtle Keller, our efficient head of the bedroom department, said, 'Don't worry about that. A squeaky old door will hang on its hinges for a long time!"

"In nine cases out of ten the thing we are afraid of does not happen, and if it does, other things will happen too which will change the setting and modify the result, making a different picture from the one fear paints now."

Joseph Fort Newton In The Readers Digest

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TURKEY TALK

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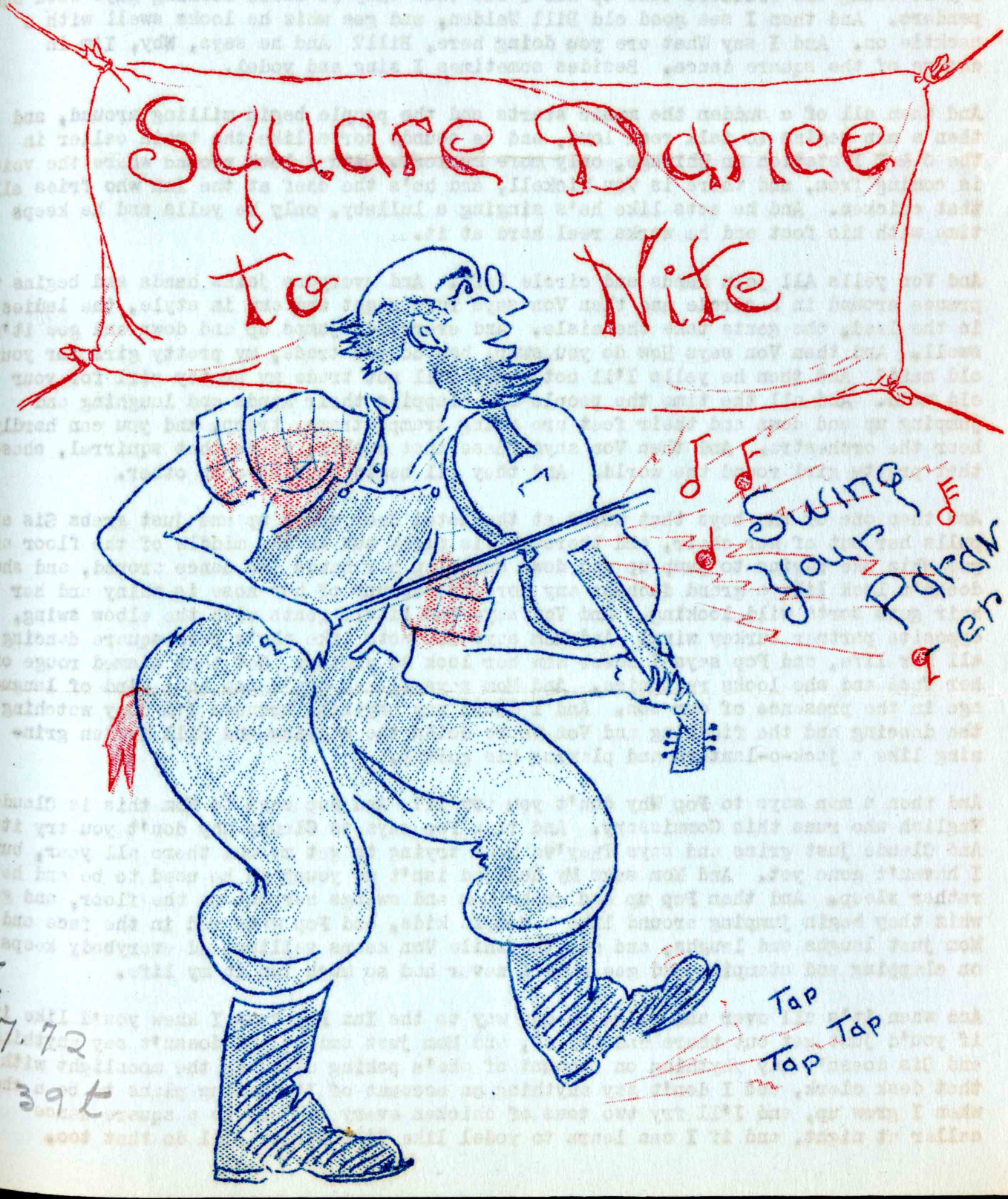

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BUD BROWN'S DIARY

We just get settled at Turkey Run for our fall visit when Mom says Let's go to the square dance at the Commissary tonight, and Pop says I'd rather go to bed, and Sis turns up her nose and says Who wants to go to a square dance of all things? And I says Gee whiz, a sissy old dance! And Mom looks hurt and says Very well, if my own family is too selfish to put themselves out the least little bit to do something I would like to do, then we won't go to the square dance.

So we go to the square dance, and we sit right next to the orchestra and Mom says This is going to be fun, and Pop says Maybe I can catch up on my sleep here, and Sis puts on her grand duchess air and just sniffs, and I don't say anything on account of I'm watching the fiddlers tune up and I see that they're swell looking guys with suspenders. And then I see good old Bill Walden, and gee whiz he looks swell with a necktie on. And I say What are you doing here, Bill? And he says, Why, I'm in charge of the square dance. Besides sometimes I sing and yodel.

And then all of a sudden the music starts and the people begin milling around, and then a man begins to talk real loud, and he sounds sorta like the train caller in the C & E I station in Chicago, only more musical. And I look around where the voice is coming from, and there is Von Nickell, and he's the chef at the Inn who fries all that chicken. And he acts like he's singing a lullaby, only he yells and he keeps time with his foot and he works real hard at it.

And Von yells All join hands and circle left. And everyone joins hands and begins to prance around in a circle and then Von says Turn right and end in style, the ladies in the lead, the gents take the aisle. And everybody jumps up and down and gee it's swell. And then Von says How do you swap, how do you trade, my pretty girl for your old maid? And then he yells I'll not swap, I'll not trade my pretty girl for your old maid. And all the time the people are clapping their hands and laughing and jumping up and down and their feet are going tramp, tramp, tramp, and you can hardly hear the orchestra. And then Von says Chase that rabbit, chase that squirrel, chase that pretty girl round the world. And they all begin chasing each other.

And then one of the boys that works at the hotel desk comes up and just grabs Sis and pulls her out of her chair, and there she is right out in the middle of the floor and gee whiz she begins to jump up and down and clap her hands and dance around, and she doesn't look like a grand duchess any more on account of her nose is shiny and her hair gets sorta wild looking. And Von says Two little gents with the elbow swing, opposite partner turkey wing. And Mom says Sis acts like she's been square dancing all her life, and Pop says I never saw her look so pretty. Get that blamed rouge off her face and she looks real nice. And Mom says Please don't use that kind of language in the presence of our son. And I don't say anything because I'm busy watching the dancing and the fiddling and Von there doing the calling and Bill Walden grinning like a jack-o-lantern and playing his guitar.

And then a man says to Pop Why don't you try it? And Pop says to Mom this is Claude English who runs this Commissary. And then Pop says to Claude Why don't you try it? And Claude just grins and says They've been trying to get me out there all year, but I haven't gone yet. And Mom says My husband isn't so young as he used to be and he'd rather sleep. And then Pop up and grabs Mom and swings her out on the floor, and gee whiz they begin jumping around like a coupla kids, and Pop gets red in the face and Mom just laughs and laughs, and all the while Von keeps yelling and everybody keeps on clapping and stamping and gee whiz I never had so much fun in my life.

And when it's all over and we're on our way to the Inn Pop says I knew you'd like it if you'd just get out there and try it, and Mom just smiles and doesn't say anything, and Sis doesn't say anything on account of she's poking along in the moonlight with that desk clerk, and I don't say anything on account of I'm making plans to be a chef when I grow up, and I'll fry two tons of chicken every day and be a square dance caller at night, and if I can learn to yodel like Bill Walden I'll do that too.

HERE A GOBBLE - THERE A GOBBLE.

HONEYMOONERS: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stitt, Mr. and Mrs. W.G. Meis, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Benson, Mr. and Mrs. S.C. Wigg, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Voss, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Schenker, all of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. C.J. McGuire of Union City, Missouri; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Boder of Milwaukee; Mr. and Mrs. C.W. Nichols of Evanston.

****

WORLD TRAVELER HERE

An interesting guest this week was Miss Karen Bruun Andersen of Copenhagen, Denmark, who is making a trip around the world. Since leaving Denmark, Miss Andersen has spent some time in New Zealand, Ceylon, Australia, France, the Island of Bali and the Fiji Islands. She came to Turkey Run as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. E.J. Allman of Maywood, Illinois.

****

CAN ANYONE BEAT THIS RECORD?

Mrs. A.N. Everard and her daughters Miss Alma and Miss Faye of Chicago were at the Inn last week-end for their fifth overnight stay this year. We are wondering if they hold the record, or if others can top it.

****

.NUTTING FESTIVAL

Sixty guests and employees enjoyed the first annual nutting festival at Turkey Run last Tuesday. Riding in a hayrack and a truck, they went to the woods where they shook the trees, gathered the nuts and ran them through the corn sheller. The eight bushels of hulled walnuts which they gathered will be sent to them as soon as they are dried. This week the smart color for fingers at Turkey Run Inn is a deep dark shade of walnut brown.

****

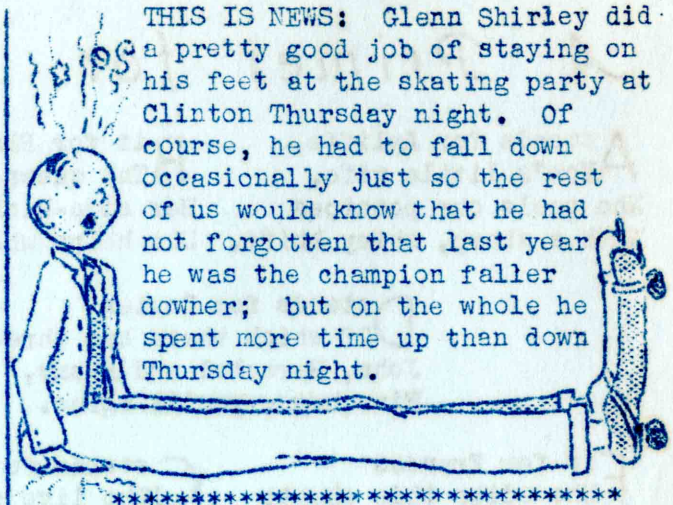
THEY'VE GOT US GUESSING

We've spent the week trying to distinguish between those engaging twins, Jean and Jane Goth, guests from Chicago. We can't even tell which is which when we see them together, and when we see them separated, the best we can do is to say, "Hello, Jean-Jane", knowing that we then have a fifty percent chance of being right.

****

VISIT SOUTHERN INDIANA

Mrs. Selma Bartholdt and her daughter Miss Frances of Chicago and Miss Mary Carroll of Chicago made the tour to Guthrie Inn at DuPont this week with Kenny Davies as their guide and chauffeur. They say that southern Indiana is very beautiful right now and is ideal for touring.



THIS IS NEWS: Glenn Shirley did a pretty good job of staying on his feet at the skating party at Clinton Thursday night. Of course, he had to fall down occasionally just so the rest of us would know that he had not forgotten that last year he was the champion faller downer; but on the whole he spent more time up than down Thursday night.

****

CLUB PLANS PARTY

On October 29, when the spooks and owls and witches are gettin' ready to spook and owl and witch, the members of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago will have a regular old-fashioned Hallowe'en party according to the committee in charge.

****

CINCINNATI CLUB MEETING

Plans are complete for the dinner meeting of the Turkey Run Club of Greater Cincinnati which will be held Tuesday, October 25, at Roselawn Tavern, Cincinnati. A number of staff members plan to drive over for this meeting.

****

FAREWELL TO DOROTHY MITCHELL

The members of the Inn's bedroom department gave a farewell handkerchief shower Sunday evening honoring Miss Dorothy Mitchell, one of their number who left to take a course in beauty culture at Lafayette. Dorothy, who has been a member of the staff for several months, will be missed by all of us.

****

OLD GUESTS RETURN

Mr. Elof Peterson of Chicago and Colonel Randolph of Pekin, Illinois, guests this week, have been coming to Turkey Run several times a season for the last eight or ten years.

****

SONG SERVICE AT CHAPEL

Virginia Waddell will be in charge of a song service at the log chapel Sunday morning at nine, and Ross Snyder will play the organ. Come prepared to sing your favorite old hymns.

****

Mr. and Mrs. George Rose of Cincinnati were recent honeymooners at Turkey Run. We hope they'll come again soon.

A Primer for the Employees

A stands for Ayliffe,
Von's little wife,
Who peels our potatoes
With a sharp, shiny knife.

B is for Blanchie
The queen of good cakes,
Her side-kick is Eddie
Who helps when she bakes.

C stands for Chicken
That's fed by Clif Bain;
If each day were Sunday,
You surely would gain.

D stands for Davies
Of which there are three,
John, Herschel and Kenny,
Fine boys, you'll agree.

E is for Everett,
Our bright shining light,
And when things go haywire
He makes them right.

F is for Frances
Who edits this sheet;
She has a young daughter
Who is pretty and sweet.

G stands for the Guthries
Who live on the hill,
There's Laura and Jessie,
George and, of course, Bill.

H stands for Hotel
Of which we're a part,
And after you've been here
It stays in your heart.

I is for Irene
Who's married to Bob,
And now that she's wedded
She has more than one job.

J stands for Josephine,
An automobile,
It takes many journeys
As far as Rockville.

K is for Katy
Who goes with our Ed.
(We reckon that some day
Those two will be wed.)

L is for Lillian,
A girl light in weight,
She serves all the people
Who come early and late.

M is for Malcolm,
Better known as just Mac;
For getting things done,
That guy has a knack.

N is for Nona,
The gal who can dance;
She always looks dandy
In her hiking pants.

O is for Orin
Who is Woodrow to some;
When it comes to the ladies,
He isn't so dumb.

P is for Presslor,
Claudie and Bert,
When they are together
They look classy and pert.

Q stands for the Questions
That all of you ask;
We like to answer them --
It's part of our task.

R is for the Roost
Where we dance and play,
'Tis a wonderful place
To be happy and gay.

S is for Sundays
And that's when we work,
(But sometimes on Mondays
It's easy to shirk.)

T stands for Turner
So jolly and sweet;
When it comes to good looks
Maxine's hard to beat.

U is for Uncle,
Dear Uncle Bud James,
A man who is handy
With all of the dames.

V is for Velma,
A gal who is bright,
She works in the pantry
And writes verses at night.

W is for Waddell,
To her friends it is Gin,
She makes life a pleasure
For us at the Inn.

X like in Exercise
You get at the Run;
In winter or summer
You have lots of fun.

Y is for Youth
Which with Health is akin;
We're all young in spirit
At Turkey Run Inn.

Z is for Zero
That makes the days cold;
Tobogganing and skating
For the young and the old.

Contributed by Wilma Price, a waitress at Turkey Run Inn

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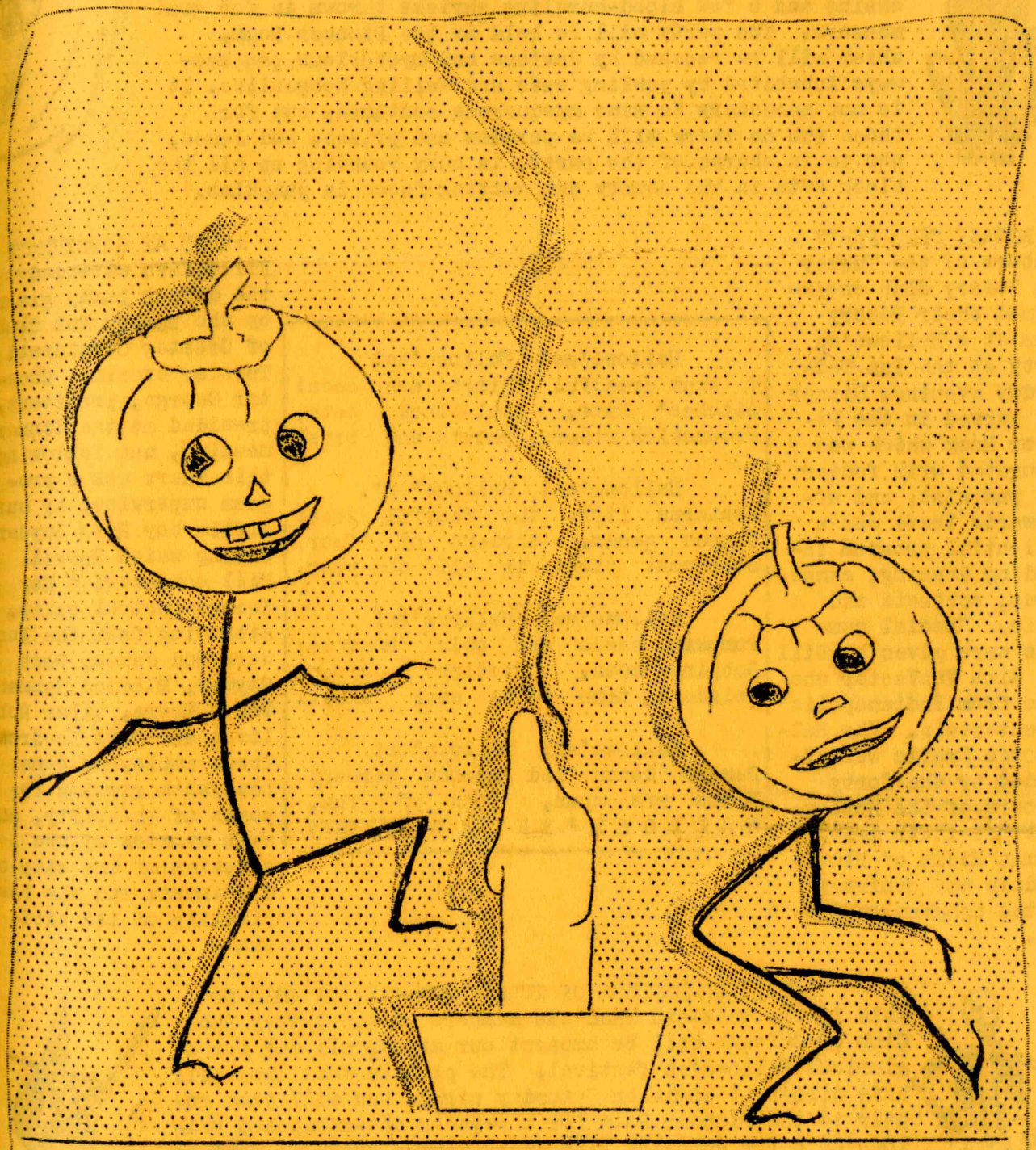
TURKEY TALK

Volume III October 29, 1938 Gobble 4



HALLOWEEN

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HALLOWE'EN AT TURKEY RUN

The goblins and spooks and witches will be out in full force at the Inn Monday night, when guests and employees will get together for the annual Hallowe'en party. The air will be filled with weird sounds like the flapping of bats' wings and the moaning of disembodied souls. The owls will go "Ooooo" and there will be the clanking of chains and a few blood-curdling shrieks thrown in for good measure. The party will be held in the Pioneer Room, which will be reached by devious and mysterious passage-ways inhabited by yowling cats and wailing hobgoblins. It is not necessary to wear masquerade costumes, but for those who do there will be parades and prizes. Bud James, who is in charge of the party, is busy rounding up all the black cats in the county and cutting faces in pumpkins.

ROTARY CLUB PARTY

Members of the Turkey Run Rotary Club entertained their Rotary Anns at a Hallowe'en party at the Inn Wednesday evening. Dinner was served in the Pioneer Room which was decoreted with fodder and pumpkins, and afterwards there was a delightful program including dancing, games, cards, contests and music. Special numbers were given by Bill and Alma VanVactor who came from Indianapolis to entertain. The Hallowe'en frolic was attended by the forty members of the Rotary Club and their ladies. Herman Hicks of Bloomingdale was chairman of the program committee.

Hallowe'en! Hallowe'en!
O what dreadful things are seen!
Witches' hats, coal-black cats,
Broomstick riders, ghosts and bats!

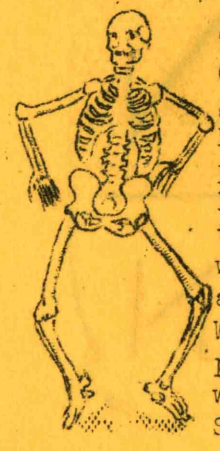
Hallowe'en! Hallowe'en'.
Lanterns light the fearful scene!
Dances queer, shrieks of fear,
Strangest night in all the year.

Hallowe'en! Hallowe'en!
Pumpkin heads and owls convene;
Goblins moan, victims groan;
Weirdest time we've ever known.

Hallowe'en! Hallowe'en!
Demons dance and spooks careen;
Yarns are spun, lots of fun,
H A L L O W E ' E N AT TURKEY RUN!

PARTY AT CINCINNATI

Fifty-five attended the dinner party given by the Turkey Run Club of Greater Cincinnati Tuesday evening. Chester George, president, presided at the dinner meeting, and following this there was a program supervised by our little boy Ross Snyder, during which Russell Hill conducted a Kay Kaiser musical class. Attending from the Inn were Bud James, Ross Snyder, Mildred Denman, Treva Myers, Wilma Robinson and Orin Woodrow. These employees came back with glowing reports of the party, and with stories of the beauties of the city of Cincinnati and the hospitality of its citizens.



PARTY FOR MEMBERS OF TURKEY RUN CLUB OF CHICAGO

This is the week-end when the members of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago will be amongst our midst, all set for a glorious Hallowe'en festival. The plan is that they will have dinner at eight on Saturday night, and will then repair to the Pioneer Room for a regular old-fashioned Hallowe'en party complete with every device known to produce thrills and goose-pimples. Knowing these folks as well as we do, we predict that their inventive minds will have created some real hair-raisers to spring on the unsuspecting. When the gang gets to bed after the party, their sleep will probably be haunted by ghoulish nightmares. On Sunday they will hike and ride, eat and sleep --- and after they leave Sunday night things are going to be awfully still here.

IMITATION IS THE SINCEREST FLATTERY

Probably a number of Turkey Runners are familiar with Gunflint Lodge, an enticing place way up at Grand Marais, Minnesota, on the Canadian border. This week we had a letter from the manager of the Lodge telling us that one of our guests had taken a copy of Turkey Talk up there and that he liked the idea of it so much that he wanted his Lodge to have a similar paper. Result: Gunflint Gossip, a mimeographed sheet which they get out every two weeks.

We quote from an item in the Gunflint Gossip: "Somewhere in Indiana is an Inn by the name of Turkey Run. We have never been there, but have heard many fine things of it. Each week the management of Turkey Run Inn issues a news sheet called Turkey Talk. We deliberately stole the idea of Gunflint Gossip from their publication. After nine months experience with our news sheet we have definitely decided it is worth while from every angle. Our hats are off to Turkey Run; our apologies to them for stealing their idea; our best wishes for their continued success in helping guests enjoy their brief breathing spells of vacationing."

The staff of Turkey Talk doffs its hat to the manager of Gunflint Lodge for recognizing a good thing when he sees it --- and my, oh my, how we would love to have a chance to visit that Lodge way up there in the north woods!

****

WANTED: SOME BASKET BALL GAMES

With the coming of cooler weather, the Turkey Run boys have begun once more to consider their basket ball careers. They wish to announce that they have an open schedule, and are interested in getting games with other amateur teams. If any of our guests are members of amateur teams in the same position, the boys will be glad to hear from them with the idea of arranging games if possible.

****

WE POINT WITH PRIDE

Turkey Run points with pride this week to Mrs. Everett Lyons, wife of our resident manager and former stenographer at the Inn, who took her driver's license test and passed her examinations with a perfect score. In fact, she is the only one of the 497 applicants examined in this county for driving licenses who has had a perfect score.

BOBBY TO JOIN BALL AND CHAIN CLUB

Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Warren of Rockville announced this week the engagement of their daughter Opal to Robert Hopkins, a member of our staff. Opal is employed in the county agent's office at Rockville and Bobby is our bookkeeper. Your reporter has tried to find out the date of the wedding, but the happy couple won't talk.

****

COLLEGE OUTING

About one hundred students and faculty members of Earlham College at Richmond, Indiana will have their annual fall outing at Turkey Run Sunday and Monday, October 30 - 31. M.R. Garner, chairman of the program committee, has arranged for entertainment including dancing, hiking, games, bicycling and a banquet.

****

TITLE IS DISPUTED

It seems we started something when we stated last week that Mrs. A.N. Everard and her daughters held high honors for over-night stays at Turkey Run this year. First we heard from Mrs. Marguerite Shroka of Chicago who has been here seven times, and then from Miss Virginia Green also of Chicago who has been here nine times this year. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Turner of Chicago wrote and reminded us that for many years they came practically every other week-end, but since they did not come that often this year they are not eligible for the title. Therefore it seems that to date Virginia Green has the high score.

****

PARTY FOR THELMA HINSHAW

Mrs. Irene Ephlin Carter, a member of the staff, will entertain at her home in Kingman Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Thelma Davis Hinshaw, a waitress at the Inn who was recently married. All the other girls of the staff have been invited.

****

EMPLOYEES TO HAVE VACATIONS

We notice on the bulletin board in the employees' dining room that the names of fifty-three employees are listed as entitled to vacations this year. The vacation period is to begin November 1 and will continue until March 15, and the employees may choose the time that they wish to be gone between these two dates.

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WATCH THE BULLETIN BOARD IN FRONT LOBBY FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS OF ACTIVITIES

? QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS ?

What is the difference between hamburger, limburger and Fritz Berger? Answer: the terms are practically synonymous.

Why has Bobby Hopkins' girl suddenly become left-handed? Answer: All that glitters is not gold -- sometimes it's diamonds.

Why did the indifferent Miss Mary Lois Ball buy some fine new clothes this week end and get her hair all prettied up? Answer: Maybe her indifference is just a pose.

Does anyone know where Maxine Turner goes when she boards that four o'clock train out of Marshall? Answer: We understand she's taking a course in date-ology at Decatur, Illinois.

John Davies wants to know if two can live as cheaply as one. Answer: Not the way you eat, John.

Did that car really break down coming back from the meeting of the Turkey Run Club of Cincinnati Wednesday, or did the gang just want to prolong their outing? Answer: Whether it did or it didn't, they got away with it, so why go into that now?

****

GOODY! THAT GAL'S COMING BACK!

Sylvia Karasick of Chicago, the gal who was here for weeks and weeks and weeks two winters ago, writes that she will be here December 10. "Maybe I ought to refresh your memory," she writes, "I'm the dizzy blonde who was so fond of all the Turkey Run trails, especially the one leading to the dining room. Remember the brat who fell in the creek at least once a day? That's me!" We've put a red circle around December 10 on our calendar, on account of it will be a big occasion when Sylvia comes again.

****

The folks who attended the Cincinnati Club dinner learned that Miss Mary Sue Driemyer, a member of the club and a frequent visitor here, is now engaged to be married. She and her lucky young man will be here for the New Year's Eve celebration, together with her folks and a number of her friends.

HERE A GOBBLE - THERE A GOBBLE

A live wire among our guests this week is Miss Aline Hummel of Cincinnati, who is here with Miss Lucile Koch, also of Cincinnati.

Quite the photographer is Miss Ruth Kathleen Parker of Chicago, a guest who has apparently acquired a complete pictorial story of her stay here.

Amateur photography has reached a new high at Turkey Run this season -- what with all the new papas rushing out to buy expensive equipment, and dashing around to get "human interest" pictures of their offspring. They have their pockets bulging with pictures of their infants -- and it doesn't take much coaxing to get them to show them, either.

Saturday's birthday girl is blue-eyed and blonde -- Miss Irene Byrnes of Chicago, who will be here on her birthday to attend the meeting of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago. Happy birthday, Irene!

There were 125 in attendance at the Indiana Farm Bureau Cooperative Association meeting which was held at the Inn Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Work has been started on the new cow barn at the Turkey Run dairy just west of the park. The new barn will accommodate 25 cows.

By popular request, another nutting party was staged Tuesday, and the hayrack and Belgian mares were mustered into service again to take the party to the woods. A beautiful day, a congenial crowd and lots of walnuts combined to make the party a glorious occasion.

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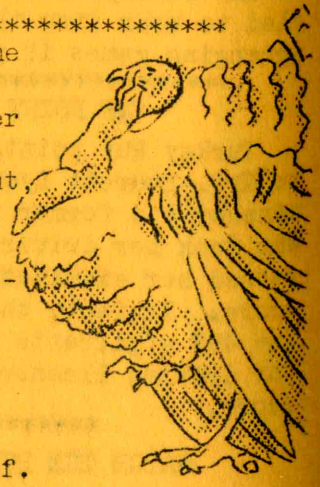

The turkeys over at the Turkey Run poultry farm are getting fatter and sassier every day. They go strutting about blissfully unaware of the fact that the day of reckoning is steadily drawing nearer and nearer. A side trip to the farm is recommended for guests who like to see Thanksgiving dinners on the hoof.

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TURKEY TALK

Volume III November 5, 1938 Gobble 41

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WORDS OF WISDOM ABOUT THE HUNTING SEASON

The Mama Bunny on the front cover is looking a trifle worried and is instructing all the cunning Baby Bunnies to keep close to the bushes after November 10, for on that day the ban on rabbit and quail hunting is lifted in Indiana, and rabbit pies will come into vogue for a while. Personally, we hope the Baby Bunnies -- bless their little hearts! -- will mind their Mama and will keep their fur and whiskers, their ears and tails well hidden until the danger is over.

With the opening of the hunting season, we interviewed three of Turkey Run's most notable hunters for words of wisdom, and this is what they said:

EVERETT LYONS: The rabbits are very plentiful this year, but after I've been out hunting just once there's going to be an awful scarcity of them.

BOB HOPKINS: I'm a little uneasy about hunting this year on account of the ladies' hats. You see, I might take a pot shot at something that looked like a rabbit or a quail and that turned out to be the headgear of a lady taking a stroll in the woods. It would be a very embarrassing situation, to say the least.

BERT HOLLAND: I find that the best way to catch a rabbit is to hide behind a bush and make a noise like a cabbage. When the rabbit comes up to get a nibble I reach out and grab him by the ears.

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THE DIARY OF SUGAR CREEK SUE

SUNDAY: Today the Inn was crowded, with people standing in line for their dinner. I remember not so many years ago when the season at Turkey Run closed on Labor Day, and the next morning the help packed their bags and went home and the Inn was plumb deserted until spring. Now the Inn is crowded every week-end until December, and about fifty of the help stay on all winter.

MONDAY: It's funny how people's gestures give them away even when they're completely disguised. F'r instance, one of the masqueraders at the Hallowe'en party tonight had me fooled for a long time until it threw up its hands about something, and then I knew right away it was Maxine Turner -- and sure enough it was!

TUESDAY: Today Von Nickell told me a tall handsome man wanted to see me, so I powdered my nose and put on some more lipstick and followed Von out to the kitchen, hoping for the best. And when I got there the man (he wasn't tall or handsome, but probably he looked that way to Von because he was a Democrat) grabbed me by the hand and gave me one of his cards and asked me to vote for him for dog-catcher or something. It made me real sore, especially when he wouldn't believe me when I said I wasn't old enough to vote.

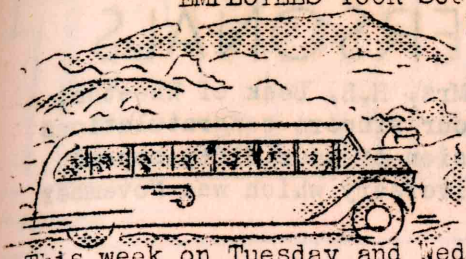
WEDNESDAY: Ross Snyder is a nice boy and shows good home training. Tonight he got real aggravated about something, and the very worst thing he could think of to say was "Oh horrors!" I hope the other boys around the desk won't teach him the words they say when they're aggravated.

THURSDAY: Today in the help's dining room I heard Mac Kirtley telling Bobby Hopkins how to finance matrimony -- and I had to smile because after all his talking and gesturing Mac only got over the idea that two can live as cheaply as two, and Bobby knew that all the time!

FRIDAY: The gift shop gals have that haunted look, due to the fact that it's inventory time again. If you've ever taken inventory in a gift shop you'll sympathize with them.

SATURDAY: Claude and Alberta Presslor have moved into their little love nest over at Spring Hollow, and from all reports it's as snug and cozy as can be. Today Alberta said to me: "Come on over and see us some evening. We'll have a popcorn party -- that is if you'll bring a little salt, and maybe a little butter. And bring your corn popper -- and, Oh yes, don't forget the popcorn."

EMPLOYEES TOUR SOUTHERN INDIANA



Now that the work at the Inn is slacking up a little after a busy season, the employees are taking that southern Indiana tour which they have been promising themselves for a long time.

This week on Tuesday and Wednesday Kenny Davies conducted an employees' trip which included Bob and Eva Morgan, Woody Morgan, LeRoy Gentry, Wanda Porter, Helen Hosford and Lois Day. Enroute to Guthrie Inn at Dupont they visited McCormick's Creek State Park, Cataract Falls, Brown County State Park and Spring Mill State Park. They returned via Columbus and Indianapolis. While at Guthrie Inn Tuesday night they celebrated Woody Morgan's birthday with a big party and then they all went to the show at Madison.

Another group including Pete and Marie Mendenhall, Lorena Seybold, Inez Rivers, Wilma Price and Frances Deverter left Thursday and returned Friday evening. Plans are being made for still another group to be gone Monday and Tuesday of next week.

****

VACATION PLANS

Now that vacation plans are in the air, employees are anxiously studying their budgets, wondering whether or not they will stand the strain of gallavanting around to parts unknown. Jim Hoover, night man, is on his vacation this week, and Ed Presslor, Doc Harper and Paul Allen will leave for Florida next week --- "That is," says Doc, "If we can dig up the cash." On Wednesday Glethel Shraeder, waitress, will leave for a three week's vacation trip to Florida.

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NEWLYWEDS: Rev. and Mrs. Edward Archer Day of Rochester, Minnesota. The Rev. Mr. Day has been a frequent visitor here with the Unitarian-Universalist groups, and his bride is the manager of the Hotel Martin at Rochester.

MORE NEWLYWEDS: Mr. and Mrs. N. Stiglitz of East Chicago, Indiana.

JANE IS GRAND CHAMPION

"Don't I rate at all any more around here?" wailed Miss Jane MacLaren of Berwyn in our ear while she was here last week-end. "You write up all about other people who have come a lot to Turkey Run this season, and you don't even mention me. And I know I've been here more often than anybody else." We take this opportunity to apologize to Jane for our seeming neglect, but we must add that she is here so often that we just sort of consider her as one of the help, and we honestly never once thought of including her name when we listed frequent visitors among the guests. With this we go on record officially as stating that, although we have never counted up the number of Jane's visits, we know she holds all honors as the most frequent overnight guest at Turkey Run. Of course, as all suspect by this time, there's a reason, and the next time you see her you might ask her about it. She'll be here this week-end.

SHOWER FOR THELMA

Forty guests attended the shower that was given Tuesday evening in honor of Mrs. Thelma Davis Hinshaw, a Turkey Run waitress who recently married "Red" Hinshaw, of the Turkey Run riding stable. The party was given by Mrs. Irene Ephlin Carter at her home in Kingman, and assistant hostesses were Mary Catherine Poling, Mildred Denman, Treva Myers and Dorothy Smith.

****

CRUSHED STONE FOR DRIVE

The new crushed stone top that has been laid this week on the drive in front of the hotel will prove a boon next summer. (We're expecting it to lay the dust so effectively that we will not have to dust the gadgets in the gift shop throughout the entire season!)

****

BABIES DEDICATED

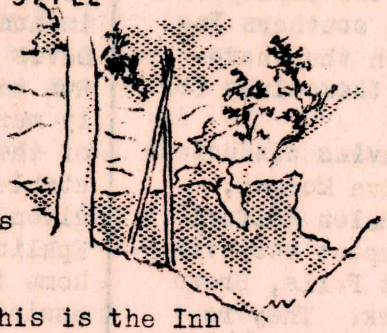
Two children of Turkey Run employees, Miss Dorinda Lou Kirtley, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Kirtley, and young Master Darwin Mitchell, son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mitchell, were dedicated at the meeting of the Marshall chapter of Eastern Star Tuesday.

****

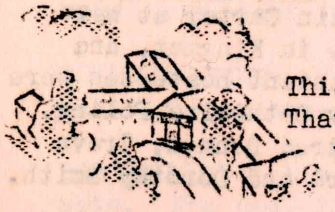
NEW RESERVATION CLERK

John Davies is now the Inn's reservation clerk, taking the place of Claude Presslor who has been spirited away to Bobby Hopkins' office to help with the bookkeeping. This arrangement will be hard on the stenographic department because the gals can't read John's writing,-and the way that boy spells!

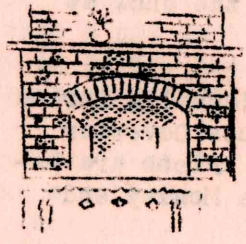
Mother Goose
TURKEY RUN STYLE



This is
the park
that
the State owns



This is the Inn
That stands in the park
that the State owns

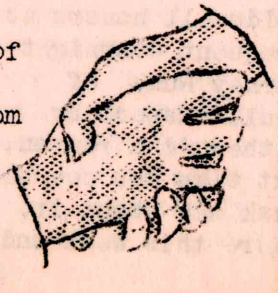


This is the hearth
That's built in the Inn
That stands in the park
that the State owns

This is the fire
That burns in the hearth
That's built in the Inn
That stands in the park
that the State owns

This is the guest from
the city's noise
That sits by the fire
That burns in the hearth
That's built in the Inn
That stands in the park
that the State owns

This is the staff of
girls and boys
That cheers the guest from
the city's noise
That sits by the fire
That burns in the hearth
That's built in the Inn
That stands in the park
that the State owns



This is the symbol of
friendship's joys
That inspires the staff of
girls and boys
That cheers the guest from
the city's noise
That sits by the fire
That burns in the hearth
That's built in the Inn
That stands in the park
that the State owns

PERSONALS

To Mr. and Mrs. H.B. Beck of Wheaton, Illinois - our sincere congratulations on the occasion of your fifty-second wedding anniversary which was November fourth.

To Miss Bette Ann Kohl of Louisville, Kentucky - How are you these days, Bette, and how is your dog Ming? Come and see us again some time.

To Miss Alice Petersen of Chicago - We're sorry, too, that you'll have to miss eating that turkey drumstick at Turkey Run this Thanksgiving. Better luck next year.

To Mrs. Elmer Barta of Chicago - No, there aren't any mushrooms here this fall -- but we have some extra special walnuts in our woods.

To Miss Nina Baker of the Chicago Motor Club - It was grand to see you the other day. Come again and stay longer.

To Miss Carrie Pashelles and your friends Miss Edith Schwarting and Miss Essie Brooks of Milwaukee - Greetings! We're glad to see you again.

To Miss Aline Hummel of Cincinnati - Did you ever get the walnut stain off of your hands?

To Mr. Herman Lammers of Chicago - When are you coming to Turkey Run to get those fall photographs you planned on?

To Mr. and Mrs. M. Glenn Miller of Chicago - We missed you last week-end when the Turkey Run Club of Chicago was here.

To Bill Roberts and your family of Chicago - We missed you, too.

To Mrs. Albert Savidge of Indianapolis - We enjoyed your short visit Tuesday.

To Bob Delp, Bob Hopkins and Claude Presslor of the staff of Turkey Run Inn - How time changes things! We see by Turkey Talk of a year ago that you were three gay young bachelors leaving for a trailer vacation trip to Florida -- and now, just one year later, two of you have jumped into the sea of matrimony and the other one is standing on the brink ready to take the plunge.

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TURKEY TALK

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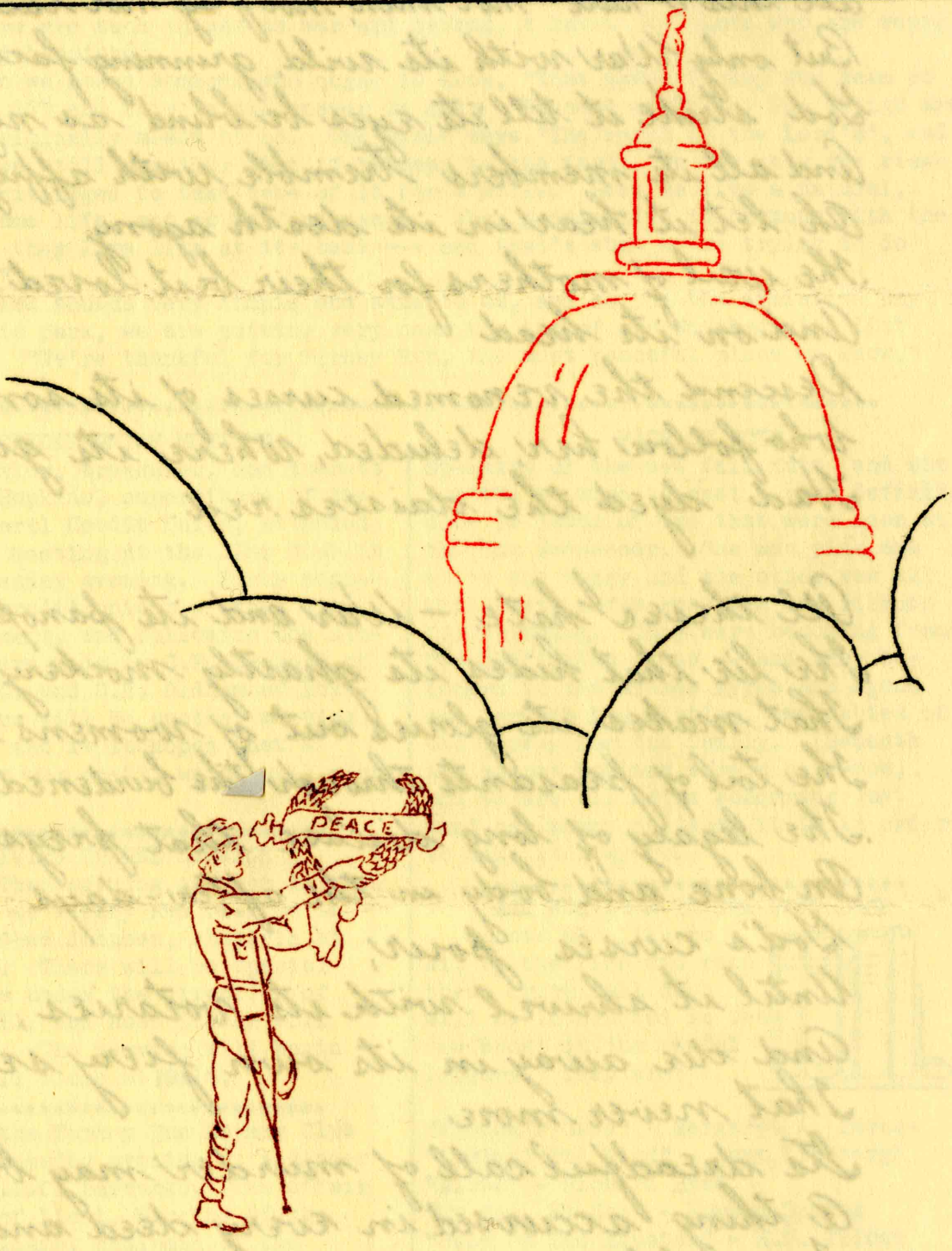

ARMISTICE DAY

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A Thought For Armistice Day

All this I hate - not men, nor flag nor race
But only War with its wild, grinning face.
God strike it till its eyes be blind as night
And all its members tremble with affright!
Oh, let it hear in its death agony
The wail of mothers for their best-loved ones.
And on its head
Descend the venomed curses of its sons
Who follow her, deluded, where its guns
Had dyed the daisies red.

All these I hate, — War and its panoply,
The lie that hides its ghastly mockery,
That makes its glories out of women's tears.
The toil of peasants through the burdened years,
The legacy of long disease that preys
On bone and body in the after-days
God's curses pour,
Until it shrivel with its votaries,
And die away in its own fiery seas,
That never more
Its dreadful call of murder may be heard,
A thing accursed in every deed and word
From blood-drenched shore to shore!

-Joseph Dana Miller

TURKEY RUN HAS BIRTHDAY ON ARMISTICE DAY

The eleventh of November is a significant date at Turkey Run, for on that date twenty-two years ago this tract of land became a state park. To us it seems fitting that Turkey Run's birthday falls on the day that is identified in our minds with peace.

For almost a quarter of a century this has been a retreat almost unbelievably removed from the conflict and turmoil of the rest of the world. Here is a little corner of the earth that knows only peace, a place where folks may forget for a while that there are such things as war and hatred, a haven for those who are weary of violence and bloodshed.

Not long ago we asked someone who ought to know, "What makes Turkey Run seem so utterly peaceful?" and this is the answer we got: "Because at Turkey Run things are as they were originally meant to be. The Bible says 'The earth is the Lord's', and at Turkey Run we still consider that it belongs to the Lord. We are only the stewards who are privileged to take care of it for a while. Here we live a natural, simple, wholesome life, and so we find peace. When people live in harmony with the laws of nature they live life at its best --- and that's what we're trying to do at Turkey Run."

All of which sounds very simple and sane to us, and so, on the Armistice Day birthday of this park, we are putting very near the top of our Thanksgiving list this notation: "We're thankful for Turkey Run, the most peaceful place we know."

****

ATTEND CREDIT UNION MEETING

Claude Presslor, treasurer, and Everett Lyons and Bob Hopkins, supervisors of the Turkey Run Federal Credit Union, attended a Credit Union meeting at the Elks Club in Terre Haute Tuesday evening. Forty representatives of credit unions of this district were present, and following the dinner speeches were made by C.R. Orchard of Washington, D.C. and C.E. Oldham of Indianapolis. There will be another meeting on December 6, and it is hoped that a delegation from our credit union will plan to attend.

****

THANKSGIVING CHAPEL SERVICE

The annual Thanksgiving service in the old log chapel at Turkey Run will be in charge of Dr. Obed Johnson, chaplain at Wabash College. There will be special musical numbers under the direction of Virginia Waddell, and Ross Snyder will play the organ. The service will begin at 9:30 and will close at 10:15.

****

Members of the Turkey Run Rotary Club were guests Wednesday evening at a dinner given at the C.C.C. barracks. The affair was in charge of Lieut. Higgins of the Camp and Jack Iiams, chairman of the club's program committee.

****

The Inn's office force extends a vote of thanks to Mrs. Henry Berger of Fowler, Indiana, for the dee-licious, dee-lightful and dee-lectable cake she sent Wednesday.

FASHION NOTE

Speaking of the new fall hats (and who isn't?) we wish to cast a very definite vote in favor of two that were seen at the Inn Wednesday. One was pink and white and fuzzy and the other was all white with a few rosebuds and ribbons for trimming. They were becoming frames for bewitching faces -- and they belonged to the Misses Myrna Ann Lyons and Dorinda Lou Kirtley, two babies of the Turkey Run Inn family. (Beneath her bonnet Dorinda wore a hair-bow, and we are all of us wondering just what her mommy fastened it to in order to make it stay on.)

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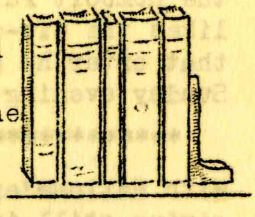
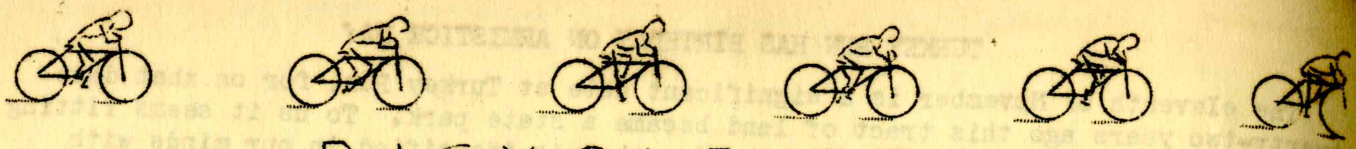
ASK FOR THEM IN THE GIFT SHOP



Guests who like to sit by the fire and read these crisp fall days will be interested in the new books in the rental library. They are:

"Wisdom's Gate" - Margaret A. Barnes
"Listen! The Wind" - Anne Lindbergh
"Alone" - Richard Byrd
"My Son, My Son" - Howard Spring
"Snow On The Equator" - H.W. Tilman
"Three Worlds" - Carl Van Doren
"Rebecca" - Daphne du Maurier
"Crippled Splendor" - Evan John
"Horse And Buggy Doctor" - A. Heitzer
"Four Of Hearts" - Ellery Queen
"Young Doctor Galahad" - E. Seifert



BICYCLE TOUR

Saturday, November 5, saw the first of a series of bicycle tours from Chicago to Turkey Run sponsored by the C & E I Railroad. The cyclists and their bicycles went by train to Danville, Illinois, where they were met by Everett Lyons, Bud James, Orin Woodrow and Herschel Davies who had driven over from the Inn bringing their bikes with them. After a lunch at the station they all hopped on their bikes and pedaled merrily toward the Inn. (All but Everett -- he had to drive the car, but he persuaded one of the boys to relieve him for ten miles so he could get a little bicycling done.) The group was given a police escort out of Danville and was met at the state line by Indiana state police who accompanied them to the Inn. The forty mile trip from Danville took four and a half hours. After a day and a night at the Inn, the return trip was made by bicycle to Cayuga on Sunday, where the cyclists boarded the C & E I train for Chicago. (Everett, Herschel and Orin were conspicuous by their absence on the trip to Cayuga. They said their legs weren't tired, but they felt as if they just couldn't be spared from the Inn.) Plans are now being made for another trip early in the spring.

****

Star of the bicycle tour was Lee Hansen, nine-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. C.A. Hansen of Park Ridge, Illinois, who was the first to arrive at the Inn after the forty mile trip from Danville. He has been riding a two-wheeled bike since he was four years old, and he makes his older brother, age 11, step to keep up with him. Practically every Sunday there are three generations of the Hansen family riding bicycles together -- grandfather, father and the boys, and Lee never misses a bicycle tour leaving Chicago. Lee rides a special foreign light-weight bicycle that was brought over by Letourner, former world champion bicyclist. He says that today such a bicycle would cost $100.00. He enjoys the amateur races at the Humbolt Park track, and he also likes the six-day bicycle races so much that after he got back to Chicago last Sunday evening he attended them.

****

With Hallowe'en scarcely over and Thanksgiving still in the offing, the staff of Turkey Run Inn is beginning to plan for the big Christmas party which will be a get-together for Inn guests, Inn employees and their families, and former employees. Irene Delp, head waitress, is working on a lengthy list of former employees who are to be invited, and she will be mighty thankful for suggestions from those who can remember names of employees who were here 'way back when the Inn was in its infancy. We don't want to omit anybody from the list.

OLD HUTCH

Th' leckshuns air over an' th' smoke is 'bout all cleared away. There air a few smolderin' fires still a-burnin' but most o' th' noise is gone. Just afore leckshuns yuh git so derned popular an' yuh gits 'proached and 'proached 'bout how yuh air goin' ter vote. Derned if I ever ben able ter make up my mind if I air a Republican or a Democrat. Seems that ter be one or t'other yuh must vote fer th' party platform. I never seed it ter fail that 'bout leckshun time th' platform is shiny an' new an' 'bout th' end o' th' first year it hez worn so bad yuh kin hardly see it. Then in two years it's all gone an' th' planks hez disappeared. Cain't figger out how they drags th' same wun out next leckshun time an' it's all shiny an' new agin without a trace o' wear. As fer me, I jist vote fer th' person I thinks is best. By gum I even vote fer a woman too if I think she is smarter'n some men. A feller kummed over wun day an' wanted me ter sell my vote fer ten dollars. Made me so dorn mad thet I popped him in the beezer with my fist an' broke it. Cost me ten dollars ter git it fixed up. Costs yuh ter be honest.

****

Miss Carol Anne Koko is a young lady guest who has captivated all the boys at the reservation desk and who has them turning handsprings to win a smile. Carol Anne, who is two years old, is here with her father and mother and grandmother from Chicago.

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TURKEY TALK

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FOR ALL THAT WE HAVE,
LET US GIVE THANKS.

THANKSGIVING at TURKEY RUN

THE LOG CHAPEL SERVICE

9:30 A.M.

Speaker - Dr. Obed S. Johnson, Chaplain, Wabash College
Organist - Ross Snyder
Director of the Music - Virginia Waddell
Members of the Chorus - Eva Morgan, Helen Mayes, Ruby Wilson, Virginia Waddell, Bud James, Bob Wilson, Mac Kirtley, Foch Mayes

ORDER OF SERVICE

Organ Prelude
Call To Worship by the Chorus
Responsive Reading - From Psalm 103
Congregational Hymn - "From All That Dwell Below The Skies"
Pastoral Prayer Closing With Lord's Prayer
Prayer Response - "Father, We Thank Thee" - Duet
Thanksgiving Hymn By the Chorus - "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come"
Congregational Hymn - "America The Beautiful"
Thanksgiving Meditation - "A Spirit Of Gratitude Filled Their Hearts"
Congregational Hymn - "My Country, 'Tis Of Thee"
Benediction
Doxology
Organ Postlude

THE DINNER

Cream of Mushroom Soup — Fruit Juice

Salted Nuts
Sweet Dill Rings

ROAST TURKEY WITH OYSTER DRESSING AND GIBLET GRAVY

Fried Chicken

Mashed Potatoes — Sweet Potatoes — Green Beans

Cranberry Salad
Sherbet

Hot Rolls — Banana Bread

Pumpkin Pie With Whipped Cream — Ice Cream with Cake

Coffee — Tea — Milk

OTHER EVENTS

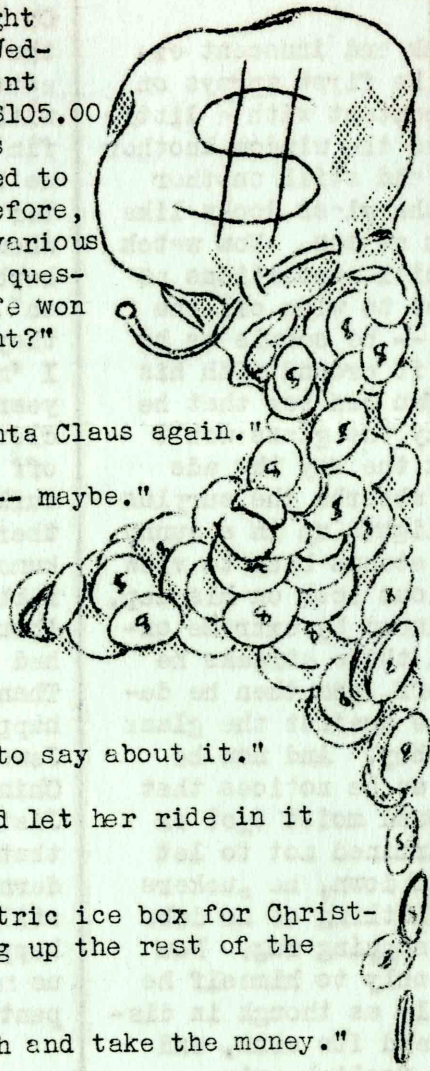
Nature Hikes conducted by Bud James at 10:30 A.M. and 2:00 P.M.

Horseback riding, bicycling, visiting, singing, reading and just plain loafing in front of the fireplace.

Special dinner parties given by Mrs. Gerald Gallivan of Urbana, Illinois; C.W. Carlson of Chicago; Rev. A.L. Duncan of Indianapolis; Mrs. Ethyl Paulmeier of Chicago, and others

Pennies from Heaven

The glittering, sparkling beams of the limelight are thrown this week on one of our staff members, Mrs. Eva Morgan, waitress, who won $105.00 in the bank night drawing at Rockville's Ritz Theater Wednesday. We tried to get some statement from Eva as to how it feels to have $105.00 dumped into one's lap, but as late as Friday morning she was still too dazed to make a coherent statement. We, therefore, took it upon ourselves to interview various men around the Inn, asking them this question: "What would you do if your wife won $105.00 at the Ritz Theater Bank night?" Following are the answers:



Charles Slusser: "I'd believe in Santa Claus again."

Red Mayes: "I'd take a vacation ----- maybe."

Pete Mendenhall: "One never knows."

Malcolm Kirtley: "I'd retire."

Paul Newnam: "I'd let her keep it."

John Davies: "I'd not have a thing to say about it."

Bob Delp: "I'd get me a new auto and let her ride in it once in a while."

Everett Lyons: "I'd buy her an electric ice box for Christmas with it -- that is if I could dig up the rest of the money."

Fritz Berger: "I'd beat her to death and take the money."

Ralph Wood: "I'd faint."

Glenn Shirley: "I'd let her have $5.00 of it for a new dress."

Bob Hopkins: "I'd spend the rest of my life in bed."

Cecil Cox: "It makes me weak just to think about it."

Pat Patterson: "I think it would be a fine time for a trip to Florida."

Clyde Leatherman: "I'd let her buy me a cow."

Kenny Davies: "I think it would pay to get awfully friendly with her."

Claude Presslor: "I'd make her put it in the Credit Union."

As for Bobby Morgan, husband of the fair Eva, he hasn't a great deal to say. He just goes around looking like the cat that has eaten the canary (you can fairly see the yellow feathers caught in his teeth) and every once in a while he starts to sing, "Lucky, lucky me!"

HERE AND THERE

You've probably all heard of the three R's -- well, we have them in our midst this week. They are the Misses Ruth Bell, Ruby Johnson and Rita Dewyer, all of Chicago. They're the gals who had us all in a twitter on Wednesday evening when they didn't come in from a hike as soon as we thought they should. Armed with flashlights, bloodhounds and police sirens the boys went out to look for them like so many Sir Galahads in search of the Holy Grail --- and all the time the Three R's were out on the playground having fun with the slides and teeters! What an anti-climax!

****

Mr. E.A. Davisson of Clinton was host Thursday to referees in bankruptcy of the state of Indiana, and their wives.

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NEWLYWEDS: Mr. and Mrs. S.B. Hill of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Silvester of Berwyn; Mr. and Mrs. John McCollom of Chicago.

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Members of the Kiwanis Club of Crawfordsville and their ladies had a dinner party at the Inn on Tuesday evening. Afterwards they danced in the lobby to music by the Wabash Collegians. There were eighty in the party.

****

PORTRAIT OF ROSS SNYDER WASHING A WINDOW
as seen from the Inn's lobby - he's outside, we're inside.

With a completely blank and innocent expression on his face, he first sprays on some Windex, and not content with a little he gives the window another squirt and still another until the glass looks like a storm at sea. Now watch his facial contortions as he tries to wipe off the Windex -- he scowls as he smears it around with his rag. You can see that he does not understand why the glass won't get dry with one whisk the way the ads say. At last the rag absorbs the surplus goo, and so his face lights up in a sunny smile of triumph. He stands back to view his work with a judicious look on his map, which is suddenly replaced by extreme annoyance as he sees all those streaks he left. He wipes them off, and then he decides to press his nose against the glass to see who's in the lobby. And now he portrays mental agony as he notices that his nose has left a round moist spot on his masterpiece. Determined not to let this misfortune get him down, he puckers his lips and begins whistling as he dabs at the glass with his sopping rag. Now for some reason known only to himself he shakes his head doefully as though in disapproval of the world and its sins, and then a wide and rather foolish grin spreads over his pan as he squirts some more Windex in an effort to do a thorough job. But look! Is he in pain? No, he has just discovered that the resident manager is sitting in the lobby watching him. So now he squares his shoulders and assumes the business-like look of a young man who has the interests of the company at heart. So for half an hour we continue to have a free show while Ross washes the lobby windows. That boy should be in the movies!

****

Two Standard Oil parties were given at the Inn this week -- one on Wednesday and one on Thursday -- for salesmen from Crawfordsville and Terre Haute. Following dinner each group was shown moving pictures taken of themselves called "Parade of Stars", with photography by A. L. Shotwell of New Castle, who hails originally from the famous town of Sunbright, Tennessee. H.H. Akers and G.S. Heath of the Standard Oil

OLD HUTCH SEZ

On Thanksgivin' all we thinks about is the goodies an turkey an' sech which we eats, an' the enjoyment of settlin' down with th' family. We air too busy stuffin' ourselves ter be thankful fer what we is eatin! We don't give a thought ter how happy th' Pilgrims wuz in 1631 when th' Irish ship kum a-sailin' in th' harbor with food which they wuz needin' an' which they wuz so grateful fer that they set aside a special day of thanks. I 'member when I wuz a leetle feller wun year we hed all our crops fail, our clothes wuz wearin' out an' ter top it off some varmints stole our chickens an' turkeys. We kids wuz kinda cryin' cuz there wuzn't much ter eat when our pappy kumed in from huntin' with a bunch o' rabbits an' quails an' after he told us 'bout the first Thanksgivin' the Pilgrims hed we wuz happy agin. So folkses this Thanksgivin' when you air laffin' an' happy, jist stop an' think about th' Jews in Germany an' th' pore Chinese in China an' all those people in Spain. Jist 'magin how much they air enjoyin' that day. It'll make your food taste dern good -- which it is. Of course I still thinks th' thing I is about th' happiest 'bout on Thanksgivin' is that us men don't hev ter wear them dern knee pants th' Pilgrims did.

****

WHO IS IT?

Some of the young ladies who visit us really get around. However, we think the record was set by a sweet young thing who on Wednesday night went for a walk with Russell Catterson, took Fritz (at the garage) a piece of candy, went to the Avalon with Bud and John, and then came back and helped Herschel clean 30 rabbits. 'Tis said there is safety in numbers!

****

SWEET ESSENCE OF HAMBERGERS AND ONION!

The food on the all-day hikes is always fine, but this Thursday, to our way of thinking, it was tops, because it consisted of our favorite food -- hambergers! Rich, succulent, juicy hambergers, topped off with catsup and a big slice of Bermuda onion and cooked over an open fire, and all washed down with steaming coffee! Salve of the typewriter that we are -- we have to miss these little

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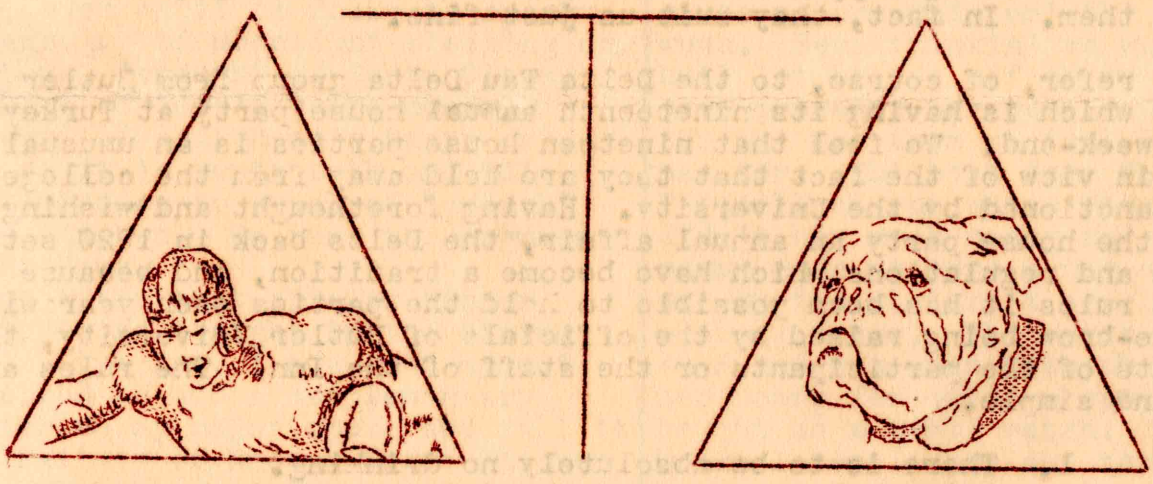

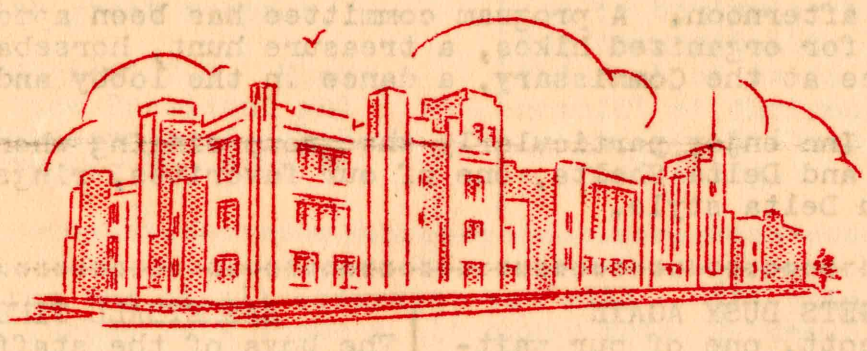

BUTLER UNIVERSITY
HOUSE PARTY

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WELCOME DELTS

Probably the impression that the majority of people have regarding house parties for college students is that they are only means of letting off steam for the boys and girls -- affairs where the chaperones are chosen in a careful manner and chosen only because of their ability to see little and disappear early; where in dark corners shadows of the participants can be seen imbibing of the fiery liquid that is contained in brown bottles; where the boys select their partners with an eye to their lack of discretion and not with intentions of relinquishing their fraternity pins; where organized activities are discarded and individuals seek their own entertainment in secluded nooks.

However, we at Turkey Run rush to the defense of college house parties, because for a number of years we have had the pleasure of being hosts to such a group, and we have yet to see anything questionable about them. In fact, they suit us just fine.

We refer, of course, to the Delta Tau Delta group from Butler University, which is having its nineteenth annual house party at Turkey Run this week-end. We feel that nineteen house parties is an unusual record in view of the fact that they are held away from the college and are sanctioned by the University. Having forethought and wishing to make the house party an annual affair, the Delts back in 1920 set up rules and regulations which have become a tradition, and because of these rules it has been possible to hold the parties each year without an eye-brow being raised by the officials of Butler University, the parents of the participants or the staff of the Inn. The rules are few and simple.

1. There is to be absolutely no drinking.
2. Automobiles are not to be driven out of the park.
3. Dates are broken at midnight and the girls retire to their rooms.
4. Boys may remain up later if they wish.

The Delts and their ladies arrived Friday afternoon and will remain until Sunday afternoon. A program committee has been appointed and has arranged for organized hikes, a treasure hunt, horseback riding, a square dance at the Commissary, a dance in the lobby and a banquet.

We at the Inn enjoy particularly the group singing when the boys get together and Delta Shelta, one of our favorites, rings out in true old Delta Tau Delta style.

****

CUPID GETS BUSY AGAIN

When Betty Scott, one of our waitresses, came to work Wednesday she was wearing a shining new wedding ring, and it did not take us long to find out that she was married last Sunday night to Bill Church who helped in the garage during the summer and fall. The marriage took place in Rockville with the Rev. R.C. Ellsworth, who ties most of our knots, officiating. We're all wishing you a lot of happiness and good luck, Betty and Bill.

BASKETBALL TIME AGAIN

The boys of the staff are getting their red satin rompers out of the mothballs and are talking about basketball again. Those who will try out are Red Mayes, Bud James, Bob Morgan, Mac Kirtley, Walter VanVactor, Paul Allen, Charles Smith, Don Poling, Bert Holland, Orin Woodrow, Commodore Taylor and Gerald Glascock.

A LETTER FROM OUR ADMIRING PUBLIC

To The Editor of Turkey Talk

Distinguished Scholar:

All my life I have been maintaining the thesis - with great vigor and volubility - that there can be no such thing as "enough" fried chicken for anybody, anywhere, at any time.

Indeed, you may recall that I am the author of that monumental and, it may be said, definitive work in two massive volumes, entitled "Arguments Refuting The Fallacy Of The Possibility Of Enough Fried Chicken." The burden of this great opus is that, even as it is folly to speak of "enough" of moonlight sleeping on the bank, "enough" of Santa Claus, "enough" of love's young dream, "enough" of childhood's happy day, even so it is empty talk and idle fiddle faddle to speak of "enough" fried chicken. So runs the argument of the book.

But after that chicken dinner served to me tonight in the dining room of the Inn, I now find myself compelled to add a supplementary chapter to my major opus, and call it "The Fallacy of Enough Fried Chicken, Except For Dinners Served At Turkey Run Inn."

A set of the great work - so revised and amended - will be sent you promptly upon receipt of your check (certified) for $12.50.

With great respect,

(Signed) E.G. Moody,
Vice President and
Treasurer of Oak Park
Turkey Run Club #6.

OLD HUTCH SEZ

Here tiz Thanksgivin' an' with th' purty snow coverin' th' ground it looks like Chrismus. Won't be long til then. Speakin' o' Chrismus, it makes me feel kinda bad ter go ter th' towns 'round here right now cuz th' fellers whut runs th' stores hez got their decerashums up already an' they're sittin' 'round wantin' yuh ter buy. Dern hit, ter me hit 'pears like we is kinda changin' th' spirit sum an' kinda basin' our friendships on who gives us presents an' th' best wuns. Been thinkin' we wud be a hull lot better off ef we wud give presents ter peeple we wants ter an' not them we feel like we has ter. Th' best dern Chrismus I recollect wuz wunce when pappy didn't hev much money an' my mommy made us boys a new shirt an' my two sisters a new linsey woolsey dress. Th' worst wun I ever hed wuz when Lizbeth saved her money fer quite a spell an' bought me a swell watch. Two hours later I went out ter th' barn an' wuz walkin' along admirin' hit when I tripped an' fell down an' broke th' watch ter smithereens. Whut I started out ter say at the first of this wuz that I think them storekeepers iz beginning too dern early ter commercialize on Chrismus, an' th' rest o' us is losin' th' real meanin' o' Chrismus givin'. Wish we cud get it back, cuz it's a grand thing.

****

NOTICE: If you are at all observing you will realize that Turkey Talk looks a bit queer this week, that it has a slightly washed-out and moth-eaten appearance. The reason is that our trusty Underwood suddenly went temperamental on us, and we had to accept a substitute. The substitute, as you will note, is not trained to cut stencils and do other tricks. When we complained bitterly about the substitute to the resident manager (who knows a great deal about resident managing but nothing at all about typewriters) he said, "Bear down on it." Well, folks, we did bear down on it until our fingers were calloused, and this is the result. Hope you can read it.

If things pan out as planned, there will be a real Turkey Run band before long, with Red Mayes drummer, Pat Patterson strumming his electric guitar, Leroy Gentry at the trumpet, Eddie Church saxophonist and Uncle Bud as master of ceremonies and crooner. A bass fiddle will be added in time.

CLUB PLANS CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Turkey Run Club of Greater Cincinnati is planning on a Christmas party to be held Thursday evening, December 15, in the recreation room of the First Universalist Church in Cincinnati. This is the church of which our friend Rev. Carl Olson is pastor, and from the things we hear of the plans for the party, it is going to be a big affair. Each person attending is requested to bring a ten-cent gift of the silly sort. The charge for the meal will be forty cents a person, and reservations are to be made with Miss Clara Marzheuser, 3634 Mozart Avenue, Cincinnati.

****

JUNE TAKES THE FATEFUL JUMP

June James, who for two years was Olive Wilson's right hand helper in the Inn's pantry, was married Wednesday, November 24, to Lawrence Bannon of Brook, Indiana. June's spouse is instructor in commercial subjects in the high school there. After a few days' honeymoon through the south, they will be at home in Brook. As we go to press, details of the wedding are unknown because Uncle Bud(brother of the bride) has not returned from the affair, and he was reluctant to discuss the wedding before he left. However, we say without hesitation that since Uncle Bud was there to oversee things, the affair was doubtless a success.

****

IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED

You've got to hand it to John Davies for perseverance. He's determined to become a sylph-like gazelle so on his day off Monday instead of sleeping as ordinary mortals do, he went over to the new dairy barn and donated his services. For many long weary hours John helped put in the concrete floor, and if he didn't lose six or eight pounds it wasn't his fault. Personally, we can't detect any change in his appearance.

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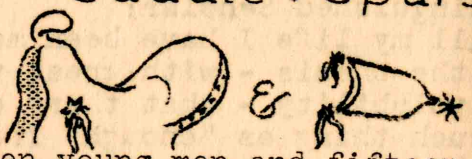
Mrs. Carrie Leatherman of Judson was the guest this week at the Inn of her son Clyde Leatherman.

Saddle & Spurs



Fifteen young men and fifteen young women of the Schurz Saddle and Spurs Club of Chicago were here last week-end to celebrate the club's first anniversary. This is a riding club with fifty members who ride each Sunday in Lincoln Park. The retiring president is Arlene Madson, Fred Dudek is the incoming president and Muriel Netterstrom is secretary. We hope this group likes Turkey Run well enough to visit us again before long.

****

IF WINTER COMES -----

The thrill that comes but once a year is here -- the first snow fall. What fun it was to wake up Wednesday morning and see the park decked out like a frosted cake! The more pessimistic staff members predicted that the snow would be gone by night, but they were wrong, for it lasted over Thanksgiving and is still going strong. The big sleds have been brought up from the storeroom, and it looks as if winter has set in in earnest.

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Colonel and Mrs. Richard Lieber of Indianapolis were guests Tuesday and Wednesday of this week. Col. Lieber was the first director of the Indiana Conservation Department, and is now president of the National Association of State Parks. He is recognized as one of America's greatest authorities on conservation.

****

While the current snow has its glories, it also has its dark side, as Malcolm Kirtley will attest. You see, Mac had to call for help Wednesday morning because he could not get his car started. He drives a Plymouth, and he says it is a fine car, and the only thing wrong with it was that it wouldn't go.

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The Kingman Booster Club will have a Christmas party here December 12.

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A TOAST TO WINTER

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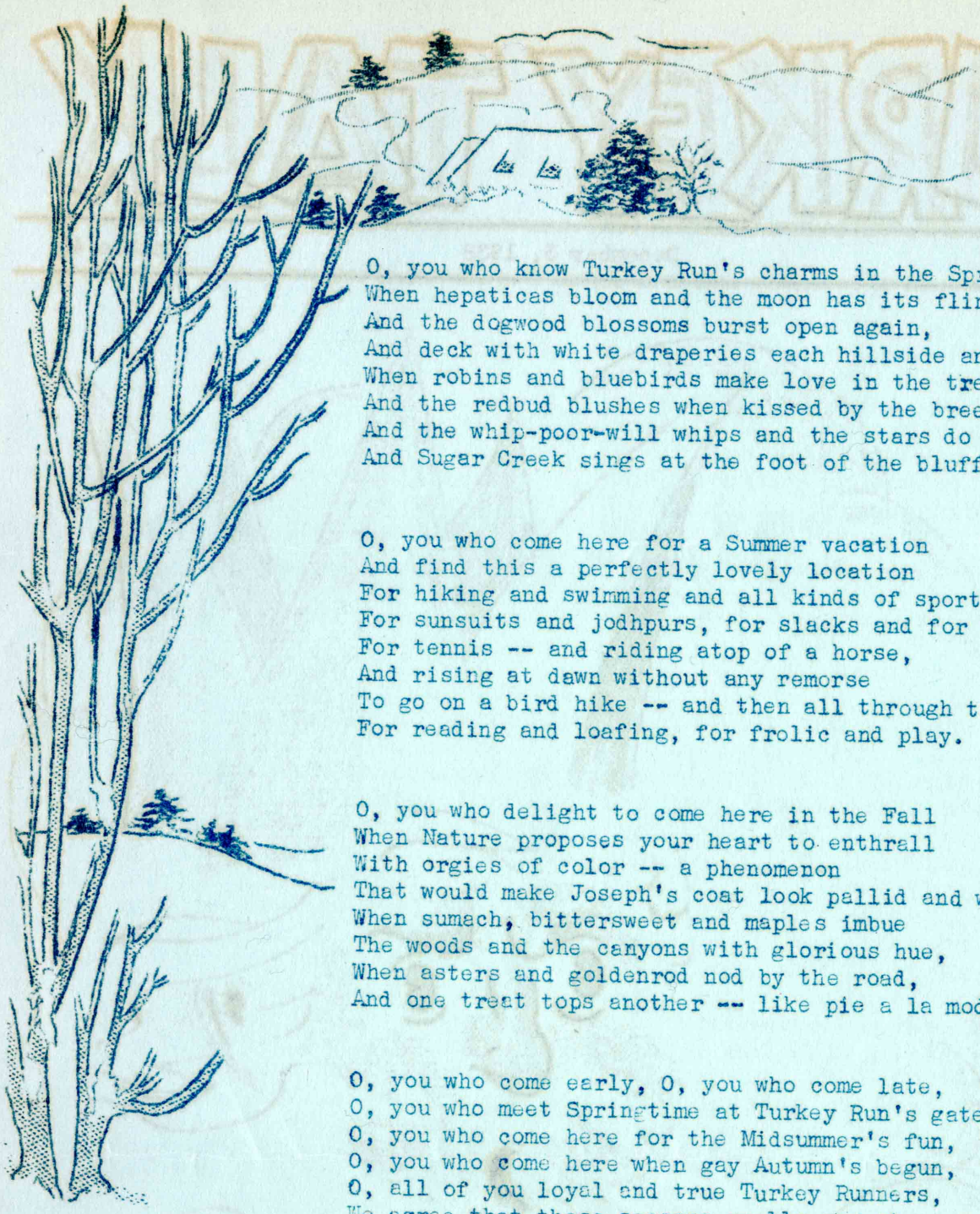

O, you who know Turkey Run's charms in the Spring
When hepaticas bloom and the moon has its fling,
And the dogwood blossoms burst open again,
And deck with white draperies each hillside and glen;
When robins and bluebirds make love in the trees,
And the redbud blushes when kissed by the breeze,
And the whip-poor-will whips and the stars do their stuff,
And Sugar Creek sings at the foot of the bluff;

O, you who come here for a Summer vacation
And find this a perfectly lovely location
For hiking and swimming and all kinds of sports,
For sunsuits and jodhpurs, for slacks and for shorts,
For tennis -- and riding atop of a horse,
And rising at dawn without any remorse
To go on a bird hike -- and then all through the day
For reading and loafing, for frolic and play.

O, you who delight to come here in the Fall
When Nature proposes your heart to enthrall
With orgies of color -- a phenomenon
That would make Joseph's coat look pallid and wan,
When sumach, bittersweet and maples imbue
The woods and the canyons with glorious hue,
When asters and goldenrod nod by the road,
And one treat tops another -- like pie a la mode;

O, you who come early, O, you who come late,
O, you who meet Springtime at Turkey Run's gate,
O, you who come here for the Midsummer's fun,
O, you who come here when gay Autumn's begun,
O, all of you loyal and true Turkey Runners,
We agree that these seasons really are stunners,
That Spring, Summer and Fall are worth being pleased at,
BUT TURKEY RUN WINTERS ARE NOT TO BE SNEEZED AT!

So a toast to old Winter, our nomination
As the time of the year for an ideal vacation,
A toast to the season when icy winds blow,
To the glorious season when bright fires glow,
When noses turn crimson and blood is a-tingle,
When the crisp air is filled with sleigh-bells a-jingle,
With maybe a blizzard sufficient to route one --
But name us a Winter that's perfect without one.

THEY'RE BOTH BOYS!

After blessing various families of Turkey Run Inn employees with four baby girls and one baby boy last Spring, Old Man Stork had a nice long rest until Wednesday of this week, when he flapped his wings once more and deposited two more packages on our doorstep.

The first baby to arrive on November 30 was none other than young William Bowman Guthrie, Jr., son of our manager and his wife. He weighed in at eight pounds, one ounce, and if other details are lacking it is because none of us at the Inn has seen hide nor hair of William Bowman Guthrie, Sr., since the big event, and all that we can gather is the good news that Mrs. Guthrie and the baby are doing fine and that Jessie Joe and George, the two older children, are tickled to death.

After finishing this job in his customary efficient manner, Old Man Stork flapped his wings again and flew over to the home of Paul Newnam, our garage manager, and there he left another boy, Robert Wayne, weighing nine pounds. Mrs. Newnam, who used to be employed in the Turkey Run Inn pantry, is also doing fine, and Pauline and Dale, the other two Newnam children, are reported to be tickled to death.

We congratulate the proud parents of both of these babies, and we also want to congratulate Old Man Stork for hie efficiency in making one trip do for two jobs.

****

PARTY FOR EASTERN STAR NOTABLES

Von and Ayliffe Nickell, Inn employees, entertained at a dinner at the Inn Wednesday night honoring Miss Ruth L. Miers of Greensberg, worthy grand matron of Indiana Order of Eastern Star. Other guests were Congressman-elect and Mrs. Noble J. Johnson of Terre Haute, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bartlett of Attica and Senator and Mrs. Ura Seager of West Lebanon. Mr. Johnson is grand sentinal of the Eastern Star, Mr. Seager is past worthy grand patron, Mrs. Bartlett is deputy of the 16th district, Ayliffe is worthy matron and Von is worthy patron of the Wallace Chapter. Following the dinner they all attended joint inspection at Kingman of the Yeddo, Kingman and Wallace Chapters.

WE BEG YOUR PARDON!

Our Cincinnati correspondent, Miss Georgia Glassmeyer, writes us that in last week's issue we gave the wrong impression about the Christmas party of the Turkey Run Club of Greater Cincinnati. We said it would be a dinner, but according to Georgia there will be no dinner -- just refreshments. The party will be December 15, and reservations should be made with Miss Clara Marzheuser, 3634 Mozart Avenue, Cincinnati.

****

TURKEY RUN BAND TO MAKE DEBUT

Those bleatings and rumblings and moanings being emitted daily from the Commissary are being made by the new Turkey Run band which is being whipped into shape to make its debut Saturday night in the Pioneer Room. We think it's going to be a dandy little band, but we're not going to do any bragging until after Saturday night.

****

WEEK-END TRIP

Maxine Turner and Virginia Waddell left Thursday afternoon to spend the week-end with friends in Decatur, Illinois.

****

LEAVE FOR THE EAST

Everett Lyons, resident manager, and Louise his wife began their vacation Thursday. They plan to drive to New York where they will visit the Roycroft Inn at East Aurora made famous by Elbert Hubbard.

****

TWO MORE WEDDINGS

Word from Hazel Kessler, the red head from St. Louis who used to brighten our Inn at frequent intervals, informs us by mail that she was recently married.

And Maurice Cazel, a member of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago, is also married, having taken the vows with Miss Marjorie Jayne Branch at Thanksgiving time.

****

AMATEUR ENTERTAINERS WILL BROADCAST

The Turkey Run entertainers, including Virginia Waddell, Ruby Wilson, Eva Morgan, Bud James and Ross Snyder, will broadcast some time the middle of this month over Station WJBL at Decatur. We'll let you know just when so that you'll be able to tune in and hear them. They have appeared recently in informal entertainments here at the Inn and have proved very popular.

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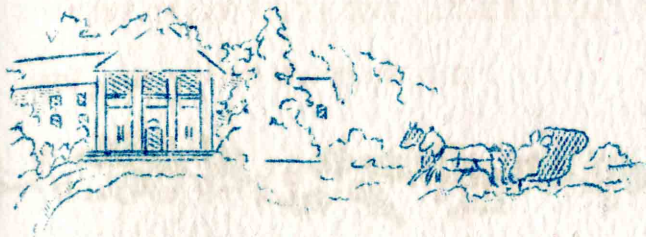

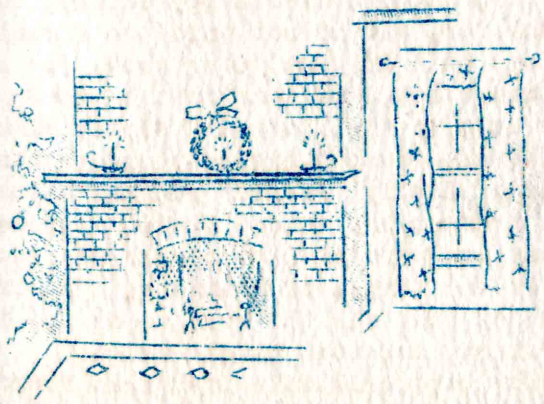

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Christmas Greetings

Dear Friends: Christmas time is here again, and once more we send you greetings and good wishes for a happy holiday season. We have tried hard to compose something that would fittingly and appropriately express our thoughts -- but since we are very inadequate human beings without the gift of saying beautiful things, we send you as our Christmas message this year the supremely beautiful words of the angels on that first Christmas Day: "GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN"

The Staff of Turkey Run Inn

CHRISTMAS PARTY

Great are the preparations for the annual Christmas party to be held at the Inn on December 22. This year it will be a festivity not only for guests and employees and their families, but also for all former employees and their families. Six hundred invitations have been sent to former employees who are scattered to the four corners of the world, and it is expected that many of them will manage to get here for the party.

Guest of honor will of course be Old Santa himself, complete with white whiskers, red suit and fat tummy, who will distribute the gifts piled high beneath the glittering tree. The remainder of the evening will be given over to an informal program, the singing of Christmas carols and the renewing of old friendships.

ON THE AIR

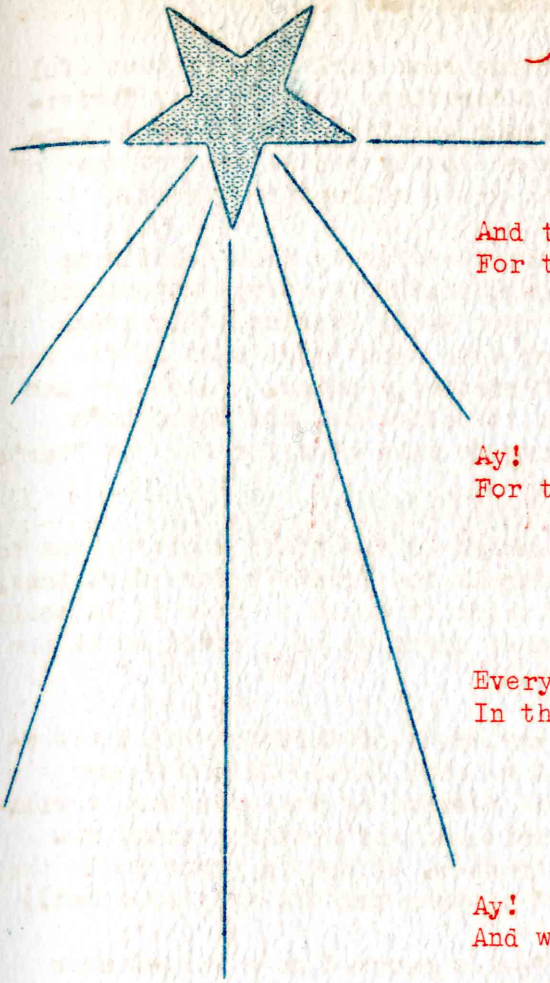
On Friday, December 16, at one o'clock P.M., the Turkey Run entertainers went on the air over Station WJBL at Decatur, Illinois, with fifteen minutes of musical numbers interspersed by descriptions of our fried chicken dinners and recipes from our kitchen. Bud James (dear old Uncle Bud in person) was announcer and master of ceremonies, and his cohorts were Ross Snyder who played the piano, Eva Morgan and Ruby Wilson and Virginia Waddell who sang together, and Red Mayes who favored with his famous interpretation of Popeye the spinach-loving Sailor Man. The group plans to broadcast again in January.

OUR NEW BAND

The jitterbugs are all a-jitter over the new Turkey Run swing band composed of employees. The swingsters and alligators praise the band, saying the cats are blip and there isn't an ickey in the outfit. Of course during rehearsals the cats frequently jive and have jam sessions, but when they play in public, they are far from corny.

Ross Snyder plays the piano, and during the process he jumps around like a popcorn kernel on a hot griddle; he waves his arms in the air and has moments when he practically lies down on the keys. Then there's Golden Patterson, the boy with the angelic face who strums the guitar and banjo. He strongly resembles a celestial being, needing only a pair of wings to complete the picture. The saxophonist is Eddie Church, that learned and eloquent young man famous around here for his pithy sayings and his trips to Indianapolis. He plays in a dignified and scholarly manner, quite unlike LeRoy Gentry, the trumpeter, who is not quite so formal. LeRoy, when he gets going good, jiggles around a lot, and sometimes he goes way down to the floor and slowly rises while his trumpet produces unforgettable tones. Lastly we give you Red Mayes, the drummer boy swhose facial expressions are wonderful to behold when he is in the throes of drumming. The critics say that all the band needs now is a canary and some boogie-woogie.

The band will make its first formal appearance at the Inn's dance on New Year's Eve.



A Christmas Hymn

There's a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth!
Ay! The star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King!

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impearled;
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world;
Every hearth is aflame and the beautiful sing
In the homes of the nations that Jesus is King!

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That comes down through the night
From the heavenly throng!
Ay! We shout to the lovely evangel they bring,
And we greet in his cradle our Saviour and King!

OUR CHRISTMAS GUESTS

Reservations for Christmas Day have been made as follows: Miss Annabel Kelley, St. Louis; Mr. and Mrs. Gardner P. Stickney and party, Milwaukee; J.B. Haynes and mother, Chicago; Miss Mabel Heavilon, Frankfort, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. M.J. Hatowski and party, Chicago; Bertha Korey, Chicago; Ethel Langert and party, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. E.V. Mahlin, Lafayette; Mr. and Mrs. J. Marks, Detroit; Miss Sylvia Pritikin and party, Chicago; Dr. C.M. Reed, Chicago; Miss Belle Shear, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. L.J. Solomon and party, Chicago; Bernice Bergstrom, Chicago; Estella Caditz, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. M.K. Coleman and party, Chicago; Mrs. Marshall Duban and party, Chicago; Helen Ecker, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. I.H. Flamm and party, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. H.J. Grosvenor, Fort Wayne; Natalie R. Gould, Chicago; Francis Edgecombe, Chicago; Miss R. Paskind, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Leslie L. Liedner and family, Goshen; Mr. and Mrs. C.H. Burlingame, Chicago; Miss Mary Glenn Austin, Chicago.

In addition to the above, many are planning to come to the Inn for Christmas dinner, and many more will be in for the following week and for the New Year's Eve celebration and week-end.

It is of interest to note that for the past several years Mr. J.B. Haynes and his mother of Chicago have made it a point to be at Turkey Run Inn the night of the annual Christmas party to join with other guests and employees in the festivities, and we are glad to welcome them again this year.

TURKEY RUN PARENTS BELIEVE IN SANTA

At Christmas time each year, Mr. Henry Delp, postmaster at Marshall, sends us a message for Turkey Talk. This year he writes to tell how glad he and Mrs. Delp are that they are "Turkey Run parents." "We parents who have sons and daughters working at Turkey Run think that Mr. Guthrie has a fine bunch of boys and girls helping him at the Inn," writes Mr. Delp. And he goes on to say:

"Then, too, we particularly like to be parents along about Christmas time because Mr. Guthrie includes the whole family in his big Christmas party --- and that is an event we wouldn't miss for the world.

"The spirit of Christmas has been hovering over the Inn for several weeks, like a huge flower bud ready to burst into bloom. The Yule log has been dragged in, the Christmas tree is decorated and the pantry shelves are groaning. At last the evening of the party arrives.

"When we get to the Inn the boys are at the door to greet us, and the place is filled with our neighbors and friends with whom we love to share this bright occasion. The tree is standing in the cozy lobby, covered with colored lights, with strings of popcorn and glittering ornaments, and a lovely star is on its topmost branch. Around the gaily burning fireplace we seat ourselves and chat and play games with our neighbors. Then we hear the jingle of bells, and amid much merriment Santa appears in a sleigh drawn by horses right up to the door. In he comes, followed by the children and the grown-ups too, with his big bursting pack from which he distributes gifts to everyone. We have been eating candy and popcorn and nuts all evening, but nevertheless at the end of the evening we are taken to the dining room and are fed some more.

"When we return home, we just wonder how a hotel can be made so homey, and we say to ourselves that the guiding hand at the Inn is directed by a thoughtful mind and a tender heart to make Christmas so delightful in this community. And do we believe in Santa Claus? Of course we do, so long as faith, hope and love abide."

Thank you, Mr. Delp, for your contribution. While you are handing out the orchids we'll take this opportunity to hand out some and say that we think the "Turkey Run parents" are grand people.

THIS WEEK WE SAW:

The dining room girls making beautiful table decorations for the many Christmas dinner parties. (Their prize numbers were lovely candle holders made of red and green cellophane straws.)

The editor of Turkey Talk holding up this issue until the very last minute in hopes that Bobby Hopkins would crash through with front page news in the form of a Christmas wedding. (Alas, he has failed to oblige us, but maybe he's planning to make news for the New Year's issue.)

The members of the staff making plans to sing carols the Friday before Christmas. (They think it would be fine if it would snow that night so they could go in the sleigh.)

The excitement of Christmas taking second place with Jessie Jo and George Guthrie because of the even more thrilling excitement of having a brand new baby brother. (They say that Bo is the best Christmas present they ever had.)

John Davies perched on a step-ladder decorating the tree in the lobby. (Irene Delp and Mildred Denman were doing the ground work, and the rest of the staff members were standing around giving advice.)

Bob Delp becoming the man of the hour every morning at nine-thirty as he brings in the mail. (We all fairly mob him to see if Santa has sent us anything.)

The Purdue University choir presenting some lovely music in the dining room Wednesday night at the Rotary Club meeting. (It was ladies' night, and the Rotary Anns were also present.)

Maxine Turner all dressed up to go to a Christmas dinner party at the Beta house at Wabash College. (We're terribly informal here, but we do get a thrill out of the occasional sight of a glamorous evening gown.)

All of the members of the staff sprouting wings and wearing halos. (Just 'fore Christmas we're as good as we can be!)

TURKEY TALK

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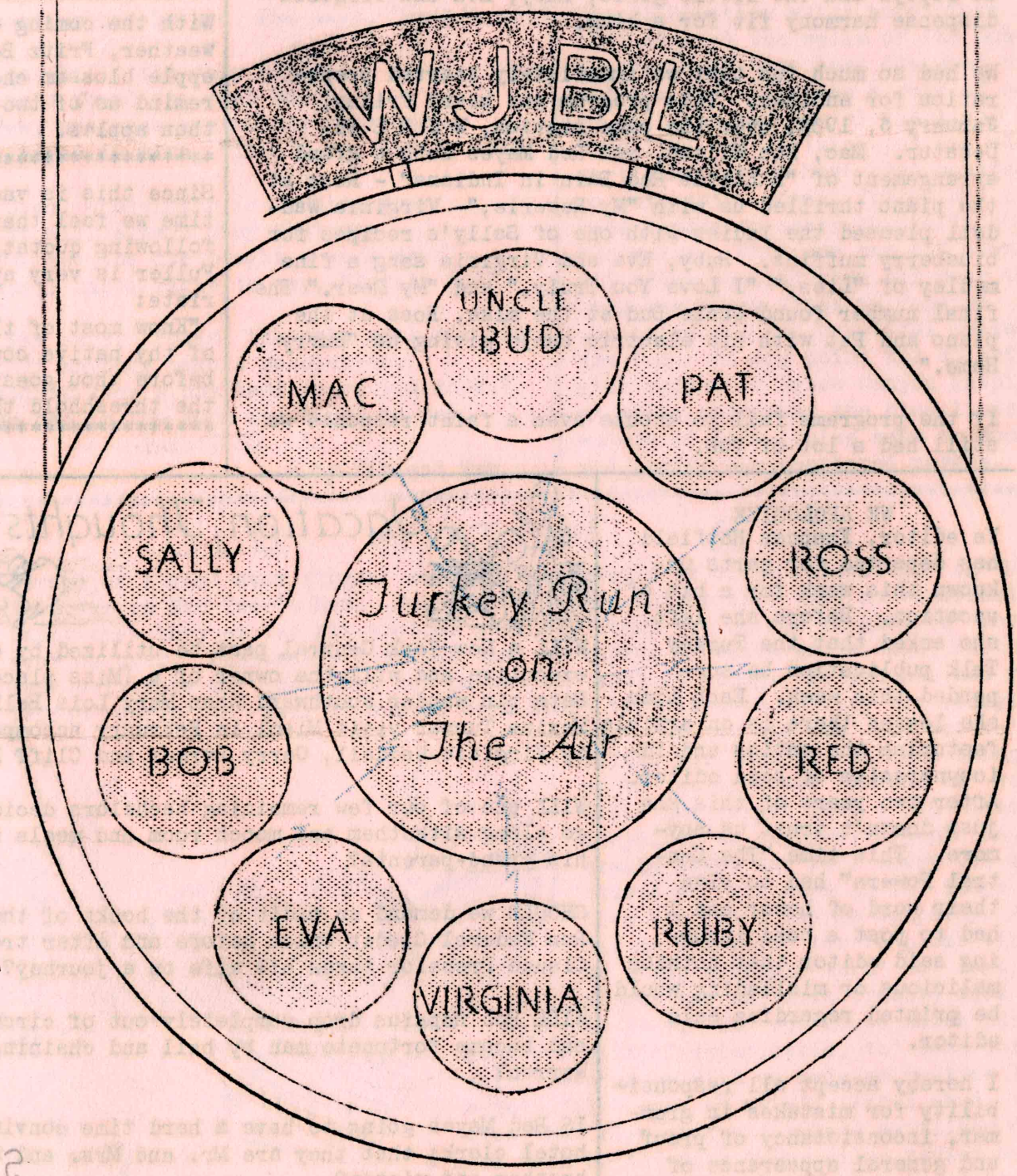

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TURKEY RUN ON THE AIR

For several years we have thought seriously of a program for Turkey Run. The cost seemed prohibitive because of air time, talent, announcer etc. Until a few weeks ago the mere idea seemed far in the future; but then Bill Larrabee, fresh out of Wabash showed us how we could use our own employees and present a program very reasonably. Uncle Bud got busy, whipped up a script, gathered the children around and departed for Decatur. The reaction was marvelous.(among the employees) Guests were forgotten as the employees gathered around a radio in the bakery to listen to Ross at the piano and as Uncle Ezra; Red as Popeye and the little girls, Ruby, Eva and Virginia dispense harmony fit for a king.

We had so much fun that we immediately started preparation for another. This program was heard Friday, January 6, 1939, over the same station, W J B L in Decatur. Mac, Bob Wilson, and Red Mayes sang a grand arrangement of "A Little Red Barn in Indiana" - Ross at the piano thrilled us with "My Reverie,"- Virginia Waddell pleased the ladies with one of Sally's recipes for blueberry muffins. Ruby, Eva and Virginia sang a fine medley of "Lies," "I Love You Truly," and "My Dear." The final number found Uncle Bud at the mike, Ross at the piano and Pat with his electric banjo giving us "Hurry Home."

If the programs fail to arouse even a faint response we still had a lot of fun.

Uncle Art Joseph of Chicago, accompanied by his nephew, Bud, were our guests over New Year's. Uncle Art informed us it was quite a task to look after a young fellow. However, we think Bud had more trouble keeping Uncle Art in line.

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With the coming of cold weather, Fritz Berger's apple blossom cheeks remind us of two Jonathan apples.

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Since this is vacation time we feel that the following quotation by Fuller is very appropriate:

"Know most of the rooms of thy native country before thou goest over the threshhold thereof."

****

WE APOLOGIZE

Ye editor, Frances Hatfield has departed for parts unknown this week for a bit of vacation. Before she left she asked that the Turkey Talk publication be suspended this week. Each time she leaves there is an article featuring the antics and idiosyncrasies of said editor. After two years of this she just doesn't trust us anymore. This time "The Central Powers" had to give their word of honor and I had to post a bond insuring said editor that nothing malicious or misleading would be printed regarding said editor.

I hereby accept all responsibility for mistakes in grammar, inconsistancy of proof and general appearance of this week's Turkey Talk.

- - Uncle Bud

Vacation Thoughts

WILL a New York Central pass be utilized by a N.Y.C. executive and will the owner of a (Miss placed) Beta pin wander southward when Mary Lois Ball and Maxine Turner visit Miami in February accompanied by Virginia Waddell, Gerry Barker and Cliff Bain?

WILL one of our few remaining bachelors decide to go along with them and mooch room and meals from his grand-parents?

SHOULD we demand an audit of the books of the Turkey Run Federal Credit Union before and after treasurer Claude Presslor takes his wife on a journey?

WILL Bob Hopkins drop completely out of circulation and become fortunate man by ball and chaining Opal Warren?

IS Red Mayes going to have a hard time convincing hotel clerks that they are Mr. and Mrs. and not brother and sister?

WHY is John Davies splitting his vacation?

TAIN'T SO TAIN'T SO

Grandpap vowed he'd never chew,
His resolutions -- they were few.
But Paw, he says, "Tain't so, tain't so,
For hain't he chewed since years ago?"

Now Maw comes in with her new list;
She vows this year she will resist
From telling all she'll surely know
From neighbors -- But Paw says, "Tain't so!"

Then Sis, from college, home to stay,
Declares she'll surely find a way
To keep the boy friends all in tow.
But knowing her nature, Paw says, "Tain't so!"

And then Bill, the only boy,
Vows he's found the real McCoy,
But Paw, who knew her mother years ago,
Still pipes in with, "Tain't so, tain't so!"

Then Gram, whose hair is turning grey
Vows it will always stay that way.
But Paw saw the dye bought a week ago
And still has a right to say, "Tain't so!"

Then Paw says, "Folks, the only real solution,
Is don't anybody make a resolution,
You didn't keep a one last year, you know."
And no one in the room was heard to say,
TAIN'T SO

-- by Tit and Tat

BAND SWINGS OUT

The TURKEY RUN SWING BAND is really going to town. On Friday night before New Year's Eve they played for a semi-formal dance sponsored by Jack Iiams and George Schwin. On New Year's Eve they played here. Monday night they played for the Tri Kappas', their husbands and beaux and this Friday night will find them at Charlie Banta's 'Club Avalon' in Rockville.

****

ROOST GETS FACE LIFTED

The Silhouettes which heretofore have adorned the walls of the Gobbler's Roost have been disposed of and now the walls are a roit of color with the new travel displays. Beautiful and striking posters advertising travel have been mounted on attractive wooden frames and have been placed on every square inch of the walls. Here one can sit down and after looking them all over take many imaginary trips to foreign countries and the beautiful spots in the U.S. At one point the colorful pink spires of Brice Canyon inspire us while adjoining the blue limped waters of Lake Louise seem to soothe and pacify our shattered nerves.

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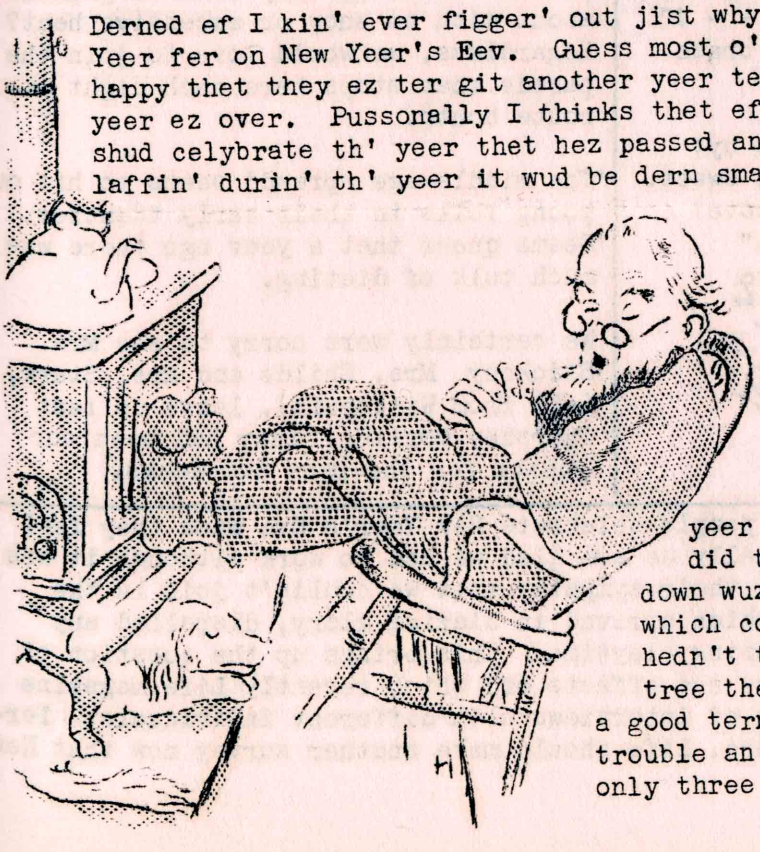
OLD HUTCH SEZ



Derned ef I kin' ever figger' out jist why peeple ez allus celebratin' th' New Yeer fer on New Yeer's Eev. Guess most o' 'em thinks thet they ez so derned happy thet they ez ter git another yeer ter start out on and ez glad th' last yeer ez over. Pussonally I thinks thet ef anywun ez alive and kickin' thet they shud celybrate th' yeer thet hez passed an' whut it brung. Ef yuh hez hed fun laffin' durin' th' yeer it wud be dern smart ter sit down an' try ter reckylect whut fun yer did hav' an' not th' sad things yer 'member. Th' sad things ez th' easiest ter 'member an' we're lible ter fergit lots o' th' leetle incydints we enjoyed. Peeple nacherally likes ter feel sorry fer thimselves an' git down in th' dumps so they kin git a leetle sympathy. As fer me I'm goin' ter be plumb tickld ef I kin struggle thru' th' next yeer an' not hav any more trouble then I did this yeer. Th' cob house which burned down wuz gittin' dylapidatid, th' case o'flue which cotched up with me made me realyze I hedn't takin care o' myself like I shud, th' tree thet blew over an' ruined my fliver did a good tern az th' dern thing allus cauzed me trouble an' best o' all Jeb Hoskins an' I hed only three good fights this yeer.

REHEARSAL
by Pat

The Commissary's closed these days
From cold weather and drifting snow.
But that just suits the orchestra
It's a place for them to go.

'Tis here the most unearthly sounds
Disturb the peaceful air;
The Gobblier's are in the groove
Riding the "Old Gray Mare."

But on a very chilly morning
We often find cause for gloom;
The stove won't heat worth a cent
And blue smoke fills the room.

The piano's cooled off in the night
It's like a Frigidare.
The strings are drawn high as a kite,
And poor Ross tears his hair.

Gentry tries a trumpet blast
But he can't turn on the heat;
He finally gives up in disgust
And says. "Aw, let's go eat."

The electric banjo will not work,
(The lights are on the blink)
Church finds a sax reed split in half
He throws it at the sink.

Ross finds two sheets of music gone
He says, "Now don't that beat - - - !"
Red's cymbal falls off with a crash
And he groans "Let's go eat."

Two hours or more of this pass by:
Finally the music grows soft and sweet.
We end with Dinah, (in the groove)
Then we all yell, "Let's go eat."

IDLE MUSINGS

Why do mustaches arrive in epidemics with wholesale attempts at raising them? Reminds us of "On again, Off again, Home again, Flannigan." How many eyebrow pencils are used in their upkeep?

Thanks for the revival of ear-muffs. Many of us are blessed with ears which resemble 'the spreading chestnut tree.'

Why do they charge different prices for cigars when they all smell just the same?

Why weren't big window panes used in the lobby instead of little ones - - - they're much easier to wash.

The new gilt paint on the radiators in the main lobby practically blinds us.

What would Turkey Run employees do without the Credit Union?

Wonder if John Davies is going to Hot Springs to try to regain that girlish figure that we all faintly remember?

Wonder if Floridans and Californians tire of the same weather the year around? What do they find to grumble about with no snow or excessive heat? Regardless, we would love to join the parade that stops here each night enroute south.

'The middle-age spread' seems to hit our young folks in their early twenties. Seems queer that a year ago there was much talk of dieting.

We certainly were sorry to see Mrs. Stickney, Mrs. Childs and Mrs. Stark, (all from Wisconsin), leave us last Thursday morning. They had been our guests for the past two weeks.

Sometimes we wonder why so many people celebrate New Year's Eve when they feel so unhappy the next day. Personally we are glad we had to work although it was distressing when so many offered their sympathy that we couldn't join in the festivities. The coming morn, which arrived in blazing glory, dispelled any misgivings about honest labor during playtime. This brings up the question of New Year's resolutions (the cause and effects of) which recently Life magazine brought to our attention in form of interviews with different individuals. Perhaps to really give a true picture, Life should make another survey now that New Year's is over.

TURKEY TALK

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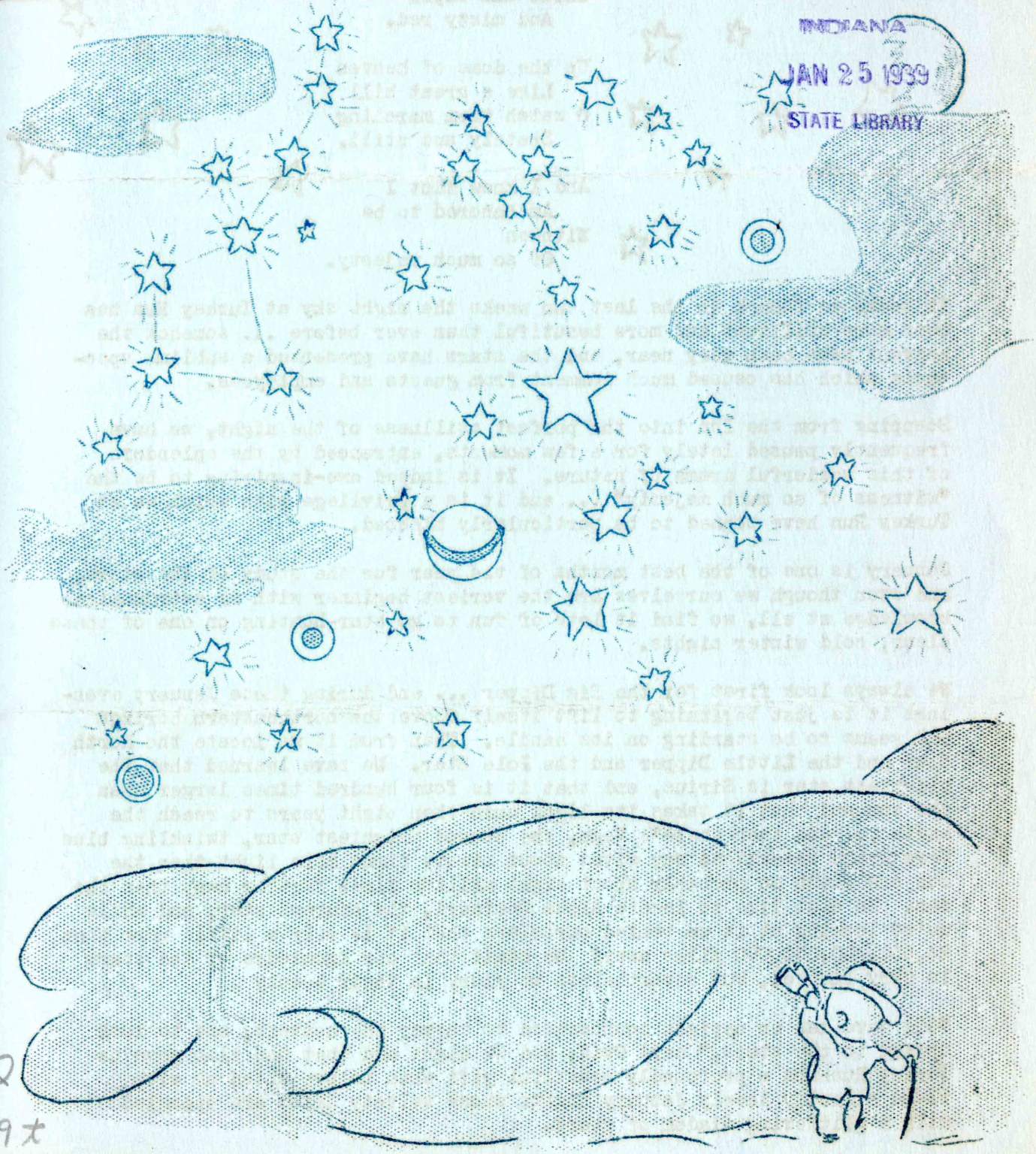

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STAR GAZING

Alone in the night,
On a dark hill
With pines around me
Spicy and still,

And a heaven full of stars
Over my head
White and topaz
And misty red.

Up the dome of heaven
Like a great hill
O watch them marching
Stately and still.

And I know that I
Am honored to be
Witness
Of so much majesty.

It seems as though in the last two weeks the night sky at Turkey Run has been more brilliant and more beautiful than ever before ... somehow the heavens have been very near, and the stars have presented a sublime spectacle which has caused much comment from guests and employees.

Stepping from the Inn into the perfect stillness of the night, we have frequently paused lately for a few moments, entranced by the splendors of this wonderful drama of nature. It is indeed awe-inspiring to be the "witness of so much majesty" ... and it is a privilege with which we at Turkey Run have seemed to be particularly blessed.

January is one of the best months of the year for the study of the stars, and even though we ourselves are the veriest beginner with no astronomical knowledge at all, we find it lots of fun to go star-hunting on one of these clear, cold winter nights.

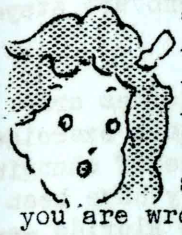
We always look first for the Big Dipper ... and during these January evenings it is just beginning to lift itself above the northeastern horizon and seems to be standing on its handle. Then from it we locate the North Star and the Little Dipper and the Pole Star. We have learned that the brightest star is Sirius, and that it is four hundred times larger than the sun and that it takes its light more than eight years to reach the earth ... and then there's Vega, the second brightest star, twinkling blue Vega which scientists say gives about ninety times more light than the sun and which is probably about eight million times farther away than the sun. We also like to locate Alpha Centauri, the nearest star, and while we're looking at it we remind ourselves that it is only a little more than 24,000,000,000,000 miles away! We admit that our knowledge of the stars is very limited, but nevertheless we glory in their beauty .

"God gave man an upright countenance to survey the heavens, and to look upward to the stars," said Ovid, and we might add that God also gave us Turkey Runners a profoundly beautiful gift when he presented us with these silently lovely January nights whose velvety skies are spangled with a glittering diadem of stars.

Advice to the Lovelorn

The air at the Inn fairly reeks with romance these days --- and no wonder, for three of our very best bachelor boys are about to set out on the long, long trail that leads to household budgets and go-carts. As an institution matrimony is all right, but we're just wondering if these young folks of ours know what it's all about. In an effort to do our daily good turn, we are herewith giving them, free of charge, a bit of advice. We hope we're not too late with it.

WHAT EVERY YOUNG GIRL SHOULD KNOW



These men are a problem, there's no doubt about 'em -- they're so conceited they think you can't live without 'em. They hunt up excuses to stay out at night, and prove you are wrong when you know you are right. They take things apart on the living room floor, and simply forget what an ash-tray is for. They'll shy from the dishes with perfect success, and always are broke when you want a new dress! And the tales that they'll tell, you just can't believe 'em -----
SO OUR ADVICE TO YOU, GALS, IS TO LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM!

WHAT EVERY YOUNG BOY SHOULD KNOW

These women are a problem, too, you simply can't mistake 'em. They scatter knick-knacks 'round the house and expect you not to break 'em. They worry and they stew and fret about how bad you're looking, and then they raise an awful fuss if you don't eat their cooking! They always have to have their way -- their hose cost lots of money -- and when you tell your favorite joke they don't even think it's funny. They have "intuition" --- you just can't deceive 'em -----
SO OUR ADVICE TO YOU, BOYS, IS TO LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM!

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FROM THE SECRETARY OF THE CHICAGO CLUB TO ALL THE MEMBERS

"CHICAGO TURKEY RUNNERS --- Here we are again! First, a lot of news about folks we all know! For instance, the president of our club, Freddie Bogan, who has been transferred to Green Bay, Wisconsin, by his company. (He started work there on January 10, and has everyone of us wishing him luck.)... Then there's Evelyn Krause who broke her arm during the holidays. (Broke it in the shoulder, and didn't know it until later when she tried to bowl.) ... Then there's the fact that we might be able to wheedle the Tylers out in public again some time in March. (Anyway, they'll be on the receiving end of a heap of congratulations somewhere around the end of February.

"With Freddie in Wisconsin, Ed Schmidt has taken over the reins of the club, and relays the following information: Next dinner meeting, January 26. New location for a trial: The Grace Cafe, 3757 North Cicero Avenue. Use entrance to private side room on Cicero Avenue. Price: 85¢ including tip, and it is to be a grand meal. Reservations: send them to Ed Schmidt, 4924 W. Berenice (Avenue 2040) not later than January 23. Bring your best singing voice, and your very best humor. We'll be seeing you."

MORE OR LESS PERSONAL

The editor of Turkey Talk has returned from a short vacation much refreshed --- and incidentally much relieved to find that during her absence the other members of the editorial staff kept their promise and didn't publish any gems of wit and humor about her. Thanks, Bud and Bert and the rest of you, for your kindness in this matter.

Four-year-old Billy VanVactor and his mother visited us Sunday afternoon, and the wheels of industry at the Inn practically stopped while Billy made the rounds and said "hi" to the employees.

Bobby Hopkins and Bud James are about to dissolve partnership in the ownership of their car Josephine -- which is just another angle on this marriage business. There seems to be some discussion as to which one is to be the future owner -- all of which reminds us of the story of Solomon and the baby that was claimed by two mothers.

"Uncle Bill" Walden and Herschel Davies have returned from a visit in Chicago, and are full of enthusiasm about the big city. Of particular interest, says Bill, was their visit to the WLS broadcasting studio.

HERE A GOBBLE-THERE A GOBBLE

Quite a boy is Ross Snyder, our problem child. The other day he did a right nice job of typing a bunch of letters with one hand, while with the other he learned to play the accordian. At the same time he took lessons on how to run the moving picture machine, and for good measure he threw in "The Hallelujah Chorus" on the organ.

"People talk so funny over the phone," confides Bobby Morgan, office clerk. "For instance, this morning someone said, "Is Pete handy?" How do I know if he's handy or not?" And then a gentleman called and said, "How can I get a-hold of Mr. Guthrie?" I felt like telling him that to get a-hold of Mr. Guthrie he'd have to run as fast as Mr. Guthrie does -- and that's going some."

The Turkey Run basket ball team beat the local C.C.C. boys at the Marshall gym on Tuesday night to the tune of 21 - 13.

A shivery "shiveree" was staged Wednesday night honoring Bill and Betty Church and Bob and Clover Wilson, newly married staff members. The party wound up at the Avalon in Rockville where they feasted at the expense of the guests of honor.

One of the treats of the week was the short visit of William Bowman Guthrie, Jr., to the Inn. His sister Jessie showed him around, and the look of pride and happiness on her face was well worth seeing.

The Rev. Harold L. Bowman, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Chicago, will be our guest for a week beginning January 16. This will be his sixth visit to Turkey Run.

Other welcome friends are Mr. and Mrs. H.L. Delaplane of Chicago who are staying here this week.

Four of our young lady employees are having a grand time these days exercising their woman's perogative of changing their minds. For weeks they have been vacillating about a trip to Florida --- one day they're going, and the next day the whole thing is called off. As we go to press, the verdict is in favor of the trip.

The annual meeting of shareholders of the Turkey Run Federal Credit Union will be held January 23 at the Inn for the purpose of electing new officers, adopting new by-laws and declaring dividends.

Friday the 13th brought us no bad luck. Instead, it brought us one of the most beautiful snow-storms imaginable. After the balmy, April-like weather which has prevailed for some time, this snow is causing quite a sensation.

Everett Lyons, Bud James, Ross Snyder, Pat Patterson, and Kermit Spencer drove to Chicago Monday and returned with an accordian and a guitar and some new amplifying equipment for use by the orchestra.

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THE EDITOR'S VACATION NOTES

MY VACATION made me happy twice -- I was happy to leave, and I was oh, so happy to get back ..... BUT IT IS definitely deflating to my ego to get back and find that the Inn had not gone to wrack and ruin during my absence, and that in fact Alberta had performed my duties with perfect efficiency and Mary Lois had most capably filled my place as a mother ..... AND WHEN I got back, it took me a week to get down to work -- I just stood around sorta expecting to be entertained or something ..... MY VACATION called forth from Mac Kirtley his usual statement that he gets a month's vacation every year -- his regular two weeks and the two weeks that I'm gone ..... AROUND HERE they laugh when I speak of Delphi and Fowler and vicinity as "God's Country" - but where else could a poor working gal go and get free board, free room, free transportation, free entertainment and even free medical care for her cold? ..... AND THE WEATHER was so perfect that I was not at all envious of those who plan to go to Florida ..... TO MY WAY OF THINKING it was a perfect vacation because I had a delightful time with delightful people, and I came back to work rested and refreshed and in funds --- which after all is something.

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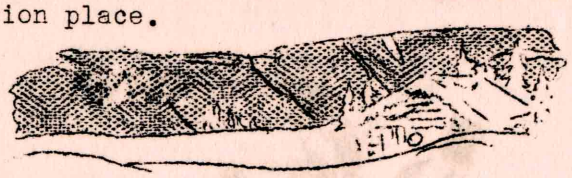
Good morning, everybody! We wish you could see Turkey Run this morning. It snowed last night -- one of those delightful storms when the snow drifts quietly down in fat, moist flakes -- and everything is draped in white. The trees and shrubs are weighted down, with even the tiniest branches and twigs looking for all the world as if they are wrapped in an ermine coat. The buildings resemble something on a Christmas card, with dabs of snow in the corner of each window pane and their roofs piled high, and the fence rails and posts around the drives are topped with great gobs of fluffy white. It's all mighty pretty.

We wanted to go along with the guests when they went hiking with Uncle Bud this morning to see how the canyons look after the storm, but we had work to do, so we have had to content ourself by moving our typewriter as near to the window as possible in order to keep an eye on the outside world. We like to watch the birds hopping around in the snow --- the cardinals especially because their red feathers show up so brightly against the white background. And we like to watch the kids and grown-ups out on the lawn having the time of their lives building snowmen and throwing snowballs at each other. The boys are up on the hill getting the toboggan slide ready for a party tonight -- and the sleds and skis are leaning invitingly against the front of the Inn.

It's grand, and we wish all of you were here to enjoy it. There never could be a better vacation time than right now, and there never could be a lovelier vacation place.



CHICAGO TURKEY RUNNERS: Don't forget the dinner party of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago on January 26 at the Grace Cafe. Reservations must be made by Monday with Ed Schmidt, 4924 West Berenice (Avenue 2040). There'll be a carload of Inn folks there for this first party of the year. We hope there'll be a large crowd there.

THIS WEEK WE SAW:

Irene and Bob Delp building a gigantic snow man over by the garage -- a really artistic masterpiece.

The staff photographer of the Terre Haute Tribune taking pictures of the snow and the bobsled Sunday, and also of the group around the fireplace.

The arrival of the new spring Sears Roebuck catalogue, and things practically at a standstill while the employees leafed through them with ecstatic Oh's and Ah's.

Glenn Shirley explaining that it's the opening moves that count during an absorbing game of Chinese checkers in the lobby Sunday night, and Clyde Leatherman executing some fancy backward jumps.

Bob Drake painting the map of Indiana on the dance floor down in the Gobbler's Roost, the final touch in the transformation of this popular rendezvous to the Travel Room.

Mary Lois Ball, Virginia Waddell, Max, Geraldine Barker, Clifford Bain, Alberta and Claude Presslor leaving for vacations in Florida.

Maude and Nell, the Belgian mares that are the pride of the Turkey Run stables, prancing up to the front of the Inn pulling the bobsled behind them.

Mac Kirtley with a black eye and a fractured wrist after the basketball game with Waveland.

Rosy cheeks and red, red noses belonging to Dorinda Lou Kirtley and Myrna Ann Lyons when they came into the Inn from an outing in the nippy air.

Letters from numerous high schools inquiring about the possibility of holding their Junior Senior receptions at the Inn.

Bob Hopkins with a new suit -- the Rockville society column will probably soon be saying, "The bridegroom was dressed in a natty dark blue suit with a silver stripe."

John Davies looking awfully happy.

DINNER DANCE

A high spot of Turkey Run's mid-winter social season will be the President's Birthday Ball which will be held here on January 30. Dinner will be served at seven o'clock in the dining room of the Inn, and during the dinner there will be dancing to the music of our own Gobblers. For those who don't dance there will be cards and pingpong and other games in the Gobbler's Roost following the dinner.

This dinner dance is one of many similar ones to be held the same night throughout the country for the benefit of the infantile paralysis fund. Since dinner dances and long-tailed party dresses are not very frequently seen at the Inn, we are all looking forward to the Birthday Ball as a grand occasion.

****

LINCOLN DAY DINNER

Another festive party will be the Lincoln Day Dinner which will be held at the Inn on Monday evening, February 13, under the auspices of Republican leaders of Parke County. James Tucker, secretary of state, will be the speaker, and it is expected that about 400 guests will be present.

****

SOUVENIRS IN THE MAKING

Things are humming at the Gobbler Shop over at Gobbler's Knob these days, for Bruce Doolin, craftsman, is working fast and furious to get a supply of Turkey Run souvenirs ready for sale in the early spring. He is producing turkey pins, scrap book covers, ash trays and a variety of other gift items made of wood. And meanwhile down at the Commissary those two industrious boys, Bert Holland and John Quinton Alward, are getting into production on plaques depicting Turkey Run scenes, such as the covered bridge, the suspension bridge, the log cabin, the Punch Bowl and waterfalls. There isn't any heat at the Commissary except for the fireplace, but Bert and John Q. are working so fast that they don't even need that --- and besides John Q. has his letters from Greenwood to keep him warm, and Bert has his mustache.

****

A guest last Friday and Saturday was Charles McGraw, state nature guide at Clifty Falls State Park. He had a fine chance to see what Turkey Run's trails are like in the winter time.

GOBBLEER GAL

This week we give you Miss Jane Sanford of Rockville, the singing, swinging bit of dynamic yumph who is the most recent addition to the Turkey Run orchestra.

Jane's glamorous, she's gorgeous, she's glorious and gay and golden-haired --- and incidentally she can sing beautifully. So let's give the little girl a great big hand welcoming her to a place of honor among our Gobbleers.

The Gobbleers have Jane, and they also have brand new music stands of modernistic design, as well as a new amplifying system. They're all set now for a busy season which includes bookings at the Avalon in Rockville, a Valentine dance on February 10, a number of dinner dances at the Inn, and numerous high school junior senior receptions.

****

WINTER WEEK-END OUTING

A group of young married couples from Indianapolis, South Bend and Lafayette met at the Inn last week-end and declared that they had the time of their life dancing and tobogganing and hiking and eating. They were: Mr. and Mrs. Graeme Supple, Indianapolis, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Hutchinson, South Bend, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Maurer, South Bend, Mr. and Mrs. J. Morton Schluntz, Lafayette, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scholer, Jr., Lafayette, and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Henze, Lafayette.

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Everett Lyons and Bud James will be in Chicago Monday attending a dinner and meeting with employees of the C&EI Railroad sponsored by H.R. Sampson.

****

L.A. Listug of Oak Park, a frequent visitor, is here for a few days' stay. He is connected with the Central National Bank.

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Mr. and Mrs. A. Meeter of Lansing, Illinois, arrived Friday for their third visit to Turkey Run within the last few months.

We type the menus

All of the regular menu-typers - Mary Lois, Maxine, Virginia and Alberta - have gone vacationing, leaving your editor a alone with the menus. Well, we've always fancied ourself as the star typist of them all, so we face our task determined to show the world what a real menu should look like. We'll space it perfectly, with even margins and center items exactly in the center ..... Pete writes a rough draft and brings it to us, and we sit down at our Underwood prepared to whack out something startling in the way of a menu ..... We are all set, but we don't know how to head the thing up. For half an hour we search for a used menu to serve as a model, and finally dig one out of the wastebasket. Back to the typewriter, slightly ruffled, and we get the heading typed (with only two erasures) and then look for the first item of food. What is it? Simply O.F.N.B.S. That's what Pete has written on the rough draft - O.F.N.B.S. Long we ponder over it, while time is a-wasting, but we must give up at last. After a fifteen-minute search we locate Pete, and calmly he tells us that O.F.N.B.S. is old-fashioned navy bean soup, and what else could it be? Back again to the typewriter, to find that Bobby Morgan has removed the menu and is doing some typing of his own, which necessitates a fresh start on our part. We now get along swimmingly until we come to Fr, C.T. Baffled, we again try to find Pete, but he has gone home -- so we locate Mac after a prolonged search, and are told by him in a fatherly way that Fr. C.T. is fruit cocktail and any dumb-bell should know that. In the course of the next hour and a half we figure out Pete's shorthand, deciding that F.C.T.R.S. stands for fried chicken Turkey Run style, and that F.F. pot. is nothing more nor less than our favorite brand of spuds. We progress slowly, but do not come to a complete stop until we meet up with P.U.S.D.C. Refusing to ask for help, we do some detective work on our own hook in the kitchen. Eureka! There's Ed making a pineapple upside down cake! By this time it is noon, so we try to smooth our ruffled feathers sufficiently to complete ten luncheon menus. Then we rush into the dining room with the net result of our morning's labor -- a pile of queer-looking, erasure-smeared, badly spaced menus. And staggering back to the typewriter, we begin all over again on the dinner menus, hoping that we'll have them completed by six o'clock P.M. ..... And this is to go on, twice a day, until the menu-typers return! Menus for lunch and menus for dinner, every day in the week, with no time off for good behavior. There's no relief in sight for nine more days!

OLD HUTCH SEZ

Hit's jist simply amazin' th' way th' world is changin. Speshully this travelin' that peeple does. Tain't no trick a tall ter have breakfus in Chicago one day an' sleep in Floridy th' second night. Or sum peeple wakes up on Sunday mornin' in Chicago an' believes they wants sum dern good fried chicken, and so they jumps into there car, an' here they are 'fore we knows 'hit!

Dern good idear this travelin'. Yer kin find out what th' other feller that lives in t'other state is like an' what he is thinkin'. Peeple frum th' east learns that Indianny an' Illinoy ain't jist states what raises corn an' oats, but hez sceenery, hills an' lakes an' th' like. We kin go east an' find th' peeple ain't stuck up cuz they don't know th' letter r is in th' alphybet and peeple in th' south does do work even if they talks so slow like. Hit's th' best dern way to study gography too. Course whut I thinks ez th' best part 'bout hit is thet yer learn ter like yer own part o' th' country better an' preciate yer own home better.

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TURKEY TALK

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AROUND THE WORLD IN 20 MINUTES

Because our typewriter seems a trifle noisy in the gift shop these quiet winter days (we say "a trifle noisy" for we are very fond of our faithful Underwood, but others, less fond of it, compare its sounds in action to those of a machine gun) -- well, because the typewriter is not of the noiseless variety we have been moved down to the Travel Room (nee Pioneer Room) to write this week's Turkey Talk. While we will always be partial to the gift shop as a place for hammering the keys, we really like it down here in the Travel Room. The only trouble is that we can't keep our mind on our work long enough to get anything done. And how could we, with every inch of the walls around us covered by brightly colored posters that bring out all our suppressed desires to go places and see things?

So here we sit, dangling our fingers uselessly over the keyboard trying to think of something for the blank pages of Turkey Talk --- and our mind is a thousand miles away on the shores of a lovely lake in the Rocky Mountains. We've never seen a lake in the Rockies (to be truthful, we've never traveled much farther than Delphi, Indiana) but the picture just in front of us shows how such a lake looks, with a snow-capped mountain mirrored in its cool depths. Our eye travels to the left and we pay a short visit to Boulder Dam, and then on to Rainier National Park which lies green and luscious beneath a sunrise of amazing pinkness. For a few moments we wander among the huge trunks of some California redwoods, and then above the Nickelodeon we see the waterfalls of a glacial stream and beside it the magnificence of Mt. St. Helens. But we must hasten on, so we mount one of the pack horses in the next picture and climb a blue and pink and rocky roadway to the Grand Canyon, a wonderfully thrilling trip.

On a dude ranch in Wyoming we watch a parade of feathered Indians and sombrero-ed cowboys, and then cross to the next picture and have fun on a fishing boat in the icy sapphire waters of Alaska. Now we move on to the nook beneath the stairway, and here we find ourselves on foreign soil, and before we know it we are shying away from a big brown bear in a mountain pass (these mountains are orange) in Jasper National Park, Canada. Jumping quickly to the left, we come face to face with Pegasus, the flying white horse galloping gaily over the Boot of Italy which lies brown in a blue, blue sea. From here we visit lovely Lake Lucerne in the Alps of Switzerland, and then Holland and its tulip beds -- great patches of red and purple and yellow and pink beneath a blue and white sky. Passing quickly through Sweden (we like Visby the town of ruins and roses), we arrive in England, and here a beautiful, rosy faced girl smiles at us against a background of handsome men and an imposing building labeled "Royal Baths." We skip through Austria and on to Scotland, and what fun we have watching the pipers of the Black Watch in their red plaid kilts and tall fur hats. On the west wall we see two mighty steamers, one lipstick red and the other royal blue (we've never been in any water-craft bigger than a kayak), and from the next poster a train comes thundering straight at us.

Our eye now skids abruptly back to Indiana painted on the dance floor, with Lake Michigan in the upper left-hand corner and the Ohio and Wabash meeting in the lower left-hand corner. There's a picture of Turkey Run Inn and one of Guthrie Inn, and all the famous and beloved spots of southern Indiana are labeled in neat black lettering.

Around the world and back to Indiana in twenty minutes... We've been to far places and seen thrilling sights, but the four pages of Turkey Talk are still blank and bare! So back to our typewriter, shutting our eyes and imagination to the thrills of travel, while we earn our bread and butter. But we resolve that some day we'll really see some of these places pictured on the walls.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE WAR DEPARTMENT

Dear Sirs: Of course I don't want any war, but in case there should be one I want to do my patriotic duty, so I am now placing my application for a government job in the code-deciphering department. I feel that I am thoroughly qualified for this work, having had a four year course in decoding the cryptograms of Everett Lyons, and having majored in a special course in dots and dashes under Mr. Guthrie. Several months ago, after working for some time translating the secret messages that John Davies puts on reservation slips I completed my post-graduate work. This last was a particularly difficult course of study as Mr. Davies' codes have all the e's dotted to make them look like i's and all the l's crossed to make them look like t's. This week, by virtue of having executed a very brilliant coup in finding the key to the menu hieroglyphics submitted by Professor Pete Mendenhall, I was granted my Master's degree, and I am sure that there are now no symbols or systems of writing that I cannot figure out. Please keep my application in mind if you should ever need a code-decipherer.

Yours very truly,
Turkey Run Secretary (M.P.)
(Master of Puzzles)

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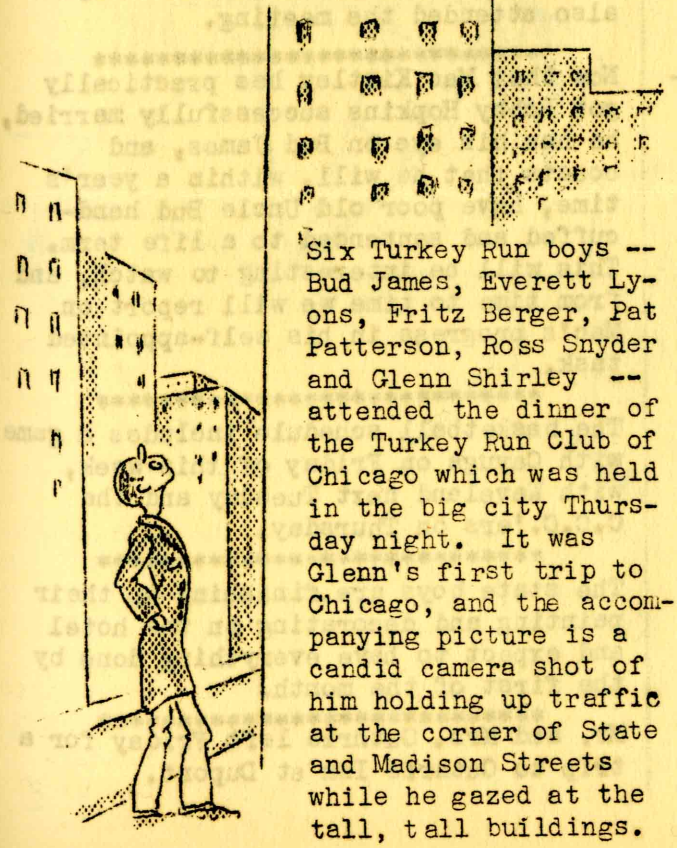

Six Turkey Run boys -- Bud James, Everett Lyons, Fritz Berger, Pat Patterson, Ross Snyder and Glenn Shirley -- attended the dinner of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago which was held in the big city Thursday night. It was Glenn's first trip to Chicago, and the accompanying picture is a candid camera shot of him holding up traffic at the corner of State and Madison Streets while he gazed at the tall, tall buildings.

WE OPEN OUR MAIL

An interesting announcement from Cincinnati reads as follows: "Margaret Elizabeth, weight 7 lbs. 12¼ oz., arrived Sunday, January 15, and expects to make her home with Rev. and Mrs. Carl H. Olson and Charles in Cincinnati." All Cincinnati Turkey Runners know Dr. and Mrs. Olson, and so do many of our other guests, for they have been coming here for many years for vacations and for gatherings of Universalist ministers and laymen. We all join in congratulating them on the arrival of Margaret Elizabeth.

An invitation from Chiaago to the wedding on February 11 of Terry Weber and John J. Quinlan reminds us that the wedding bells are continuing to break up that old gang of ours. Terry (whose real name is Emma Agnes) has been our guest on several occasions and is a member of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago.

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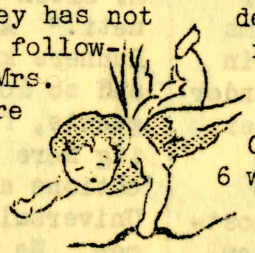
WHISKER OR FEATHER?

The picture of Old Hutch in last week's Turkey Talk has aroused considerable interest among our readers. As you will recall, it is a portrayal of the old gentleman seated at a table and chewing on a drum-stick of chicken. To our way of thinking, our artist did himself proud on this picture, but it seems that there is some controversy over it -- namely a bit of fluffy white stuff in the vicinity of the chin, just west of the mouth. Among the inquiries we have received about this is one from Miss Nina Baker, our good friend at the Chicago Motor Club. "Is this," asks Nina, "A whisker or a chicken feather?" Her question has opened up a debate which has developed into a contest, so we hereby offer a prize of a chicken drum-stick fried Turkey Run style to the one sending in the nearest correct answer. In case of a tie we will cut the drum-stick in two. (For clues we will take a minute of our valuable time to explain that at Turkey Run we de-feather our chickens before serving them, and that fluffy feathers don't usually grow on drum sticks.)

IT'S JUST AN OLD TURKEY RUN CUSTOM

A wedding of unusual interest this week is that of Mr. Robert Hopkins, keeper of the records at Turkey Run Inn, and Miss Opal Warren of Rockville, which will take place Saturday afternoon, January 28, at 4:30 P.M. in Greencastle. Dr. Claude McClure, pastor of the Greencastle Methodist Church, will officiate, and the attendants will be Malcolm and Kathleen Kirtley. The bride will wear a black and white bolero ensemble with black accessories and a corsage of pink rosebuds. (As we go to press Mrs. Kirtley has not decided what she will wear.) Immediately following the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins and Mr. and Mrs. Kirtley will leave for Guthrie Inn at Dupont where they will remain through Sunday. Bobby and Opal will make their home at the Inn, and on February 6 will leave with the Kirtleys for a three weeks' trip to Florida.



The sudden and mysterious illness of the bridegroom elect three days before the wedding caused much consternation at the Inn. Bobby was put to bed, and Dr. Warren, the attending physician, stated that he had a very rapid pulse, probably caused by a certain blonde young lady ----- but Mr. Guthrie came right out and diagnosed the illness as a bad case of cold feet. However, after tender ministrations by the blonde young lady and the judicious application of hot water bottles to the chilly extremities of the bridegroom-elect, the patient fully recovered and went on with plans for the ceremony.

****

CREDIT UNION SHAREHOLDERS HAVE MEETING

At the annual meeting of shareholders of the Turkey Run Federal Credit Union which was held Tuesday evening in the employees' dining room, the following officers were elected: Board of Directors, Bud James, Frances Hatfield, Claude Presslor, Malcolm Kirtley and Lorena Seybold; Loan Committee, Bud James, Olive Douglas, Von Nickell; Supervisory Committee, Everett Lyons, Clifford Baine, Marie Mendenhall. The shareholders declared a dividend of 2.4%. In his report, the treasurer stated that there are 87 members with paid-in shares amounting to $2,360.10. The Credit Union has been organized for a year.

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Forty-two more boys have arrived at the local C.C.C. Camp, which makes the C.C.C. boys feel as though they can maybe beat the Turkey Run team at basketball. They will have a chance to prove themselves Thursday night.

****

Bob and Eva Morgan and Helen Mayes had a fine skating party on the pond Thursday afternoon. The pond was good, but the skaters weren't, so dinner that night was served from the mantel.

C & E I MEETING

Trips to Turkey Run from Chicago via the C & E I Railway were discussed at a meeting Monday night held in Chicago and attended by twenty-five members of the passenger division of the C & E I. Bud James and Everett Lyons also attended the meeting.

****

Now that Mac Kirtley has practically got Bobby Hopkins successfully married, he has his eye on Bud James, and boasts that he will, within a year's time, have poor old Uncle Bud handcuffed and sentenced to a life term. This will be interesting to watch, and from time to time we will report on Mac's progress in his self-appointed task.

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The basketball schedule includes a game with Cayuga on Friday of this week, with Waveland next Tuesday and the C.C.C.'ers on Thursday.

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The state boys are finishing up their painting and decorating in the hotel and expect to have everything done by the first of the month.

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Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie left Friday for a trip to Guthrie Inn at Dupont.

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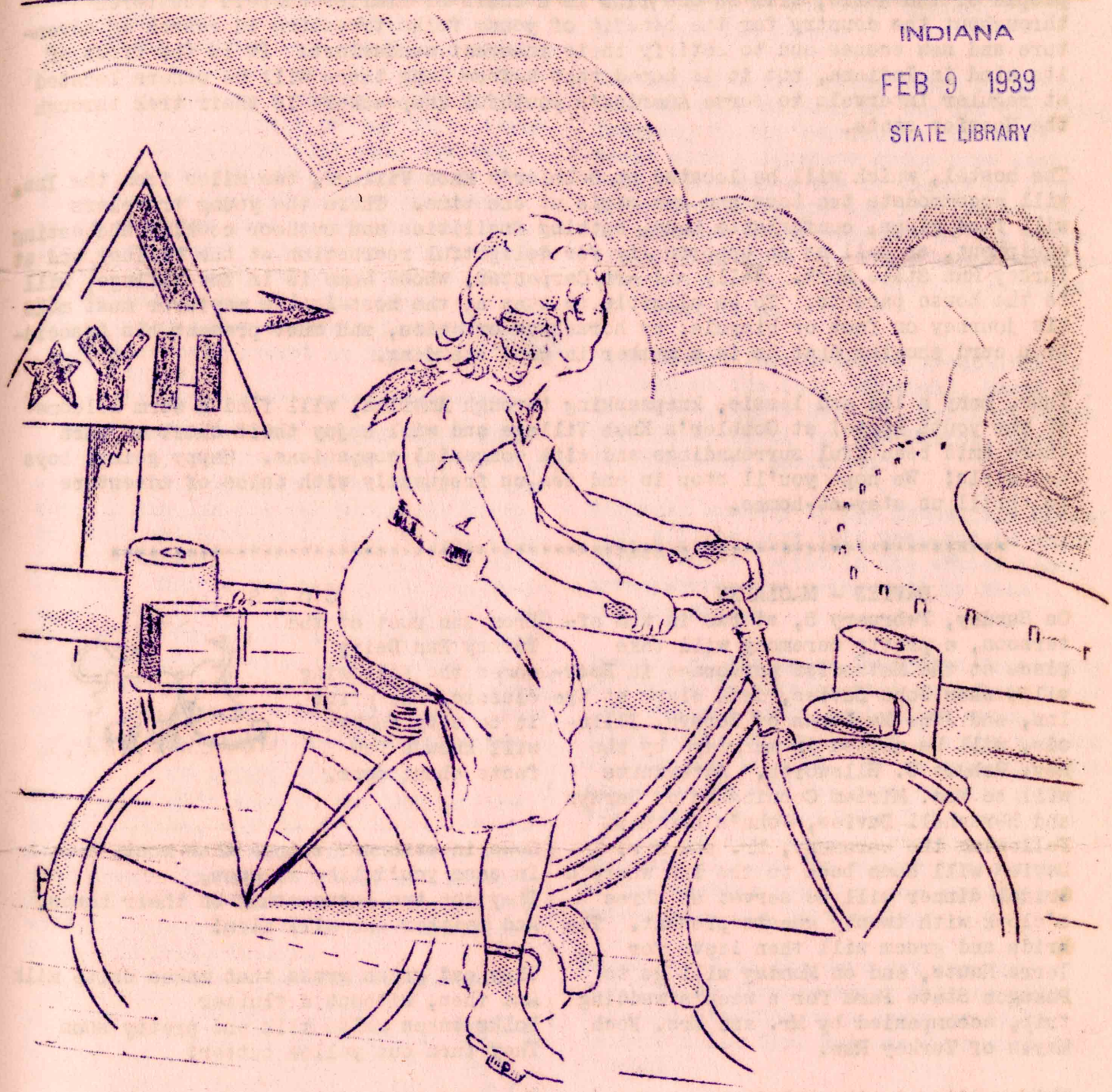

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YOUTH HOSTEL AT GOBBLER'S KNOB

The young traveler on the cover of this week's issue might well be headed for Turkey Run, for in a short time we will have here a unit of the American Youth Hostels Association, a place where young people traveling through the country may find a wholesome, clean night's lodging for a quarter. This new project, which is being sponsored by the Turkey Run Rotary Club and the Crawfordsville Rotary Club as a part of Rotary's program for the promotion of good-will and brotherhood among the people of the world, will be one link in a chain of similar hostels scattered throughout the country for the benefit of young folks traveling in search of adventure and new scenes and to satisfy their inherent wanderlust. It is the first of its kind in Indiana, but it is hoped that before long there will be others located at regular intervals to serve America's youthful knapsackers in their trek through the Hoosier state.

The hostel, which will be located at Gobbler's Knob Village, two miles from the Inn, will accommodate ten boys and ten girls at one time. There the young travelers will find clean, comfortable beds, bathing facilities and outdoor cooking and eating equipment, as well as an opportunity for delightful recreation at the Village and at Turkey Run State Park. Sally and Art Carpenter, whose home is in the Village, will be the house parents. To be eligible to stay at the hostel, the wayfarer must make his journey on foot or bicycle, by horseback or canoe, and must present his Association card showing that he is a member in good standing.

Thus, many a lad and lassie, knapsacking through America, will find a warm welcome at the youth hostel at Gobbler's Knob Village and will enjoy their short sojourn there amid beautiful surroundings and with congenial companions. Happy going, boys and girls! We hope you'll stop in and see us frequently with tales of adventure to thrill us stay-at-homes.

****

DAVIES - MACLAREN

On Sunday, February 5, at two in the afternoon, a pretty ceremony will take place at the Methodist parsonage in Rockville when John Davies, desk clerk at the Inn, and Jane MacLaren of Berwyn, Illinois, will be united in marriage by the Rev. Robert C. Ellsworth. Attendants will be Mrs. Miriam Cunningham of Berwyn and Herschell Davies, John's brother. Following the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Davies will come back to the Inn where a bridal dinner will be served at three o'clock with twenty guests present. The bride and groom will then leave for Terre Haute, and on Monday will go to Pokagon State Park for a week's wedding trip, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Foch Mayes of Turkey Run.

This wedding is the culmination of a romance that began three years ago when Jane first came here as a guest. For a number of years she has been employed with the Modern Marketing Company at the Merchandise Mart, Chicago. She and John will live at the Inn for a while, and in the spring will move to one of the employees' cottages at Spring Hollow.

C O W S

From the poet at the Turkey Run Dairy comes the following classic. We print it so city folks will know a few facts about cows.

Cows is stranger things than most,
In case you'd like to know,
They got two horns stuck on their heads,
And neither one will blow!

They eat green grass that makes white milk
And then, without a flutter
Folks takes white milk and pretty soon
They turn out yellow butter!

Our cows has awful pretty names
Like Sweetheart, Pet and Molly;
And they is awfully handsome cows,
The best there is, by golly.

Our cows they kick the bucket hard
When they get good and mad
And when our cows upset the milk,
Oh, boy, but things are bad!

THERE'S A RAINBOW 'ROUND HER SHOULDERS

Some people seem to have more than their share of good luck. Take, for instance, Helen Presslor Mayes, a waitress at Turkey Run Inn. In the first place, Helen is blessed with red-gold hair --- the kind that all of us gals would give our right arms to have; then, not long ago, Helen married our red-headed drummer boy, Foch Mayes --- and Foch is the answer to any maiden's prayer. The latest piece of luck to fall on our Helen occurred last Wednesday night when she won $25.00 at the Bank Night drawing at the Ritz Theater in Rockville -- an event which occurred just as she and her husband were ready to leave for their vacation! As we were saying, some people have lots of luck. Maybe they carry a rabbit foot in their pocket or something.

****

THEY DANCED SO THAT OTHERS MIGHT WALK

In spite of a snowstorm and slippery highways, about a hundred Parke County folks came to the Inn for the Roosevelt Birthday Ball which was held here Monday night for the benefit of the infantile paralysis fund. Dining and dancing to the music of the Gobbleers, the guests had a lovely time while the winter winds whistled and the snowstorm raged outside. Much fun was occasioned by the auctioning of seven cakes, proceeds of which went to the fund.

****

TO ATTEND GIFT SHOW

The spring gift show at the Merchandise Mart, Chicago, will be the center of interest for the Turkey Run gift shop gals next week. Frances Hatfield and Alberta Presslor will attend the show Monday and will be accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Bob Drake and Bruce Doolin.

****

TAYLOR - TICHY

Miss Ella Tichy of Chicago and Commodore Taylor of the staff of the Inn will be married Saturday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock at the Methodist parsonage in Rockville, with the Rev. R.C. Ellsworth, pastor, officiating. Commodore, who is employed in the maintenance department at the Inn, and his bride will live in the employees' colony at Spring Hollow west of the park. Commodore first met his future wife when she came here as a guest.

COMING EVENTS

Plans have been made through Bert Vanderwarf of the Chicago Motor Club for members of the staff of that organization to visit Turkey Run on week-ends in February and March. The first group will be here this week-end, and will be chauffeured to and from Chicago by our own Uncle Bud James.

The annual Senior Study Camps of Wabash College will be held at the Inn beginning February 20 and continuing for three weeks with a separate group here each week. The camps are in charge of Prof. Byron Trippett, and are for the purpose of allowing honor students of the senior class to prepare for their comprehensive examinations away from the distractions of campus life.

High School Junior-Senior receptions to be held at the Inn: Marshall, March 17; Hillsdale, March 24; St. Bernice, March 31; Dana, April 7; New Market, April 6; Rosedale, April 14.

Eighteen members of the Evansville Hiking Club will be here this week-end to enjoy Turkey Run's trails in the winter time. Arrangements are being made by Miss Juanita Stolzy.

Members of the Delta Tau Delta Fraternity at Purdue University will entertain their lady friends with their third annual house party at Turkey Run Inn the weekend of February 11 - 12. It is expected that about ninety will be here for the party, and plans are being made for a dance to be held in the lobby on the night of February 11, and for hiking trips and, if the weather permits, for skating and tobogganing and bobsledding.

March 4 - 7 is the date set for the Y.W.C.A. conference which will be held here and attended by a group of adult leaders doing Girl Reserve Club work in Indiana.

A training school for Girl Scout leaders will be conducted at the Inn for the period of March 21, 22 and 23, in charge of Miss Sally Stickney of the National Field Staff, Girl Scouts of America.

There will be a district meeting of the Socony Vacuum Ohio Company here on February 6.

HOME FROM FLORIDA

Back from Florida this week are our wandering staff members Virginia Waddell, Mary Lois Ball, Geraldine Barker, Cliff Bain and Alberta and Claude Pressler. Maxine Turner, who was with the group, stopped en route home for a week's visit with her sister in Greensboro, North Carolina. Very fetching are the sunburns that these travelers display, and most fetching of all are the freckled noses of Alberta and Mary Lois. The wanderers, declaring that they had a wonderful time in Florida, issue these warnings and admonitions to beware of the following in that fair land: sunburn, night life, sand fleas, causeways, flats on top of mountains, hot water, scenic Tamiami Trail, the Drums, St. Augustine, Bach Tower, cold weather.

****

TO ENTERTAIN AT ROCKVILLE

The Turkey Run entertainers, including Virginia Waddell, Ruby Wilson, Eva Morgan, Foch Mayes and Bud James, will present a program Friday evening at a dinner meeting of the Men's Bible Class of the Rockville Methodist Church.

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Jim Hoover, night man at the Inn, will be back at work again soon after a two weeks' illness.

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BEST WISHES FOR A SPEEDY RECOVERY TO:

Mrs. Irene Ephlin Carter, staff member, who is ill with pneumonia at her home in Kingman.

Ralph Wood, staff member, who is recovering from a serious illness at the Union Hospital, Terre Haute.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Armstrong and Mr. and Mrs. Lorien of Chicago, frequent Turkey Run visitors, who were injured in an auto accident Saturday night.

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Mr. Charles Slusser, park custodian, and Mrs. Slusser left Thursday for an auto trip to Key West, Florida.

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Bob Humphreys of Chicago is spending a two weeks' vacation at the Inn.

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A visitor this week-end will be Miss Frances Shaughnessy of Chicago, the young lady whose arrival is always a pleasant event at the Inn.

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The girl members of the staff were guests Thursday evening at a party given by Mrs. Louise Lyons honoring Mrs. Sally Carpenter.

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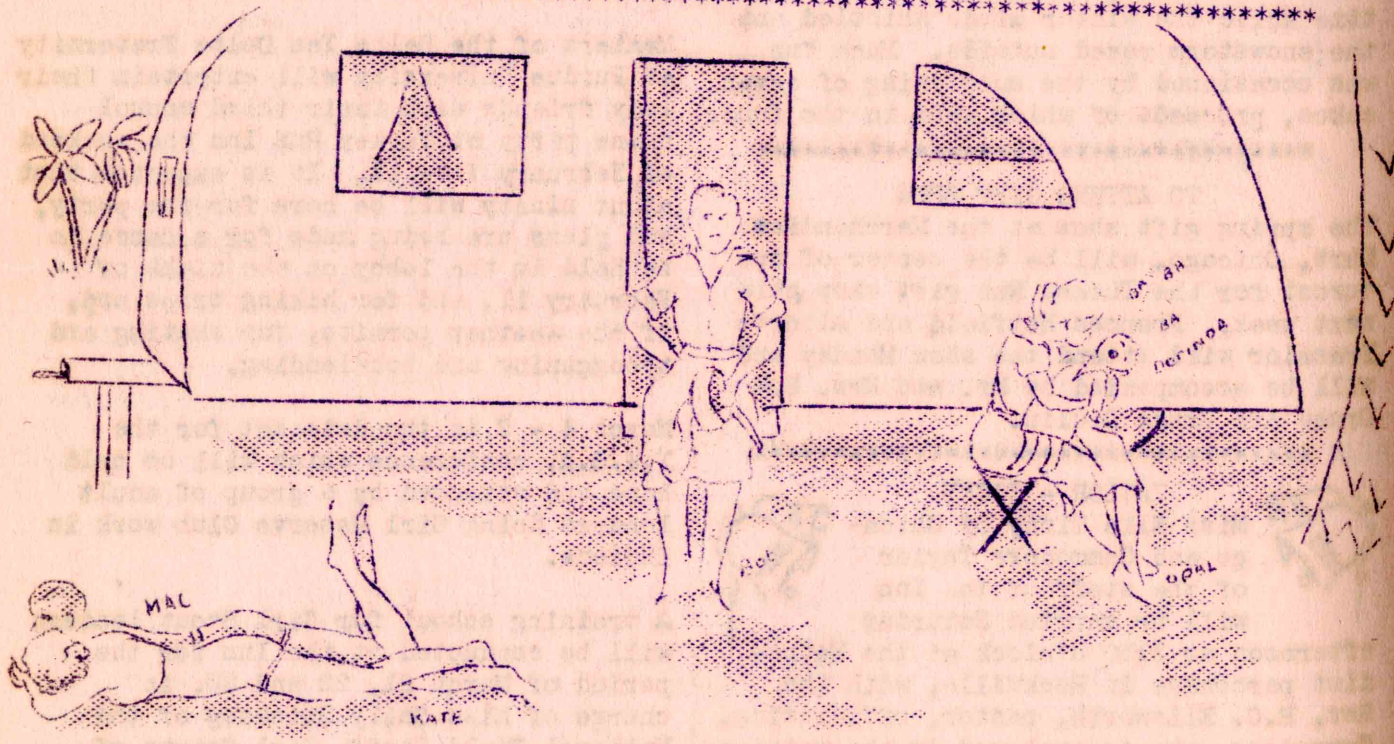

Bob and Opal Hopkins will leave Monday for a three weeks' trailer honeymoon trip to Florida. They will be accompanied by Mac and Kate Kirtley and young Dorinda Lou Kirtley. Above is a picture of the happy honeymooners learning the ways of domestic life while Mac and Kate take a vacation.

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Valentines

WE'D LIKE TO SEND

TO SPRING'S FIRST ROBIN

Brave birdie with your ruby vest,
You're practically our favorite guest.
Blithely hopping on our lawn
In February's chilly dawn,
You're a sign of Spring -- but oh,
The paper says "More cold and snow."

TO THE PERFECT GUEST

Your sojourns here are all enjoyed.
For crowded week-ends you avoid.
You like our song-fests, games and hikes,
Our dances, horses, tours and bikes,
You like our beds, you like our food,
And we just <u>love</u> your attitude.

TO THE WEATHER MAN

Our page of Valentines includes
An ode to you, Oh man of moods.
Please order lots of Grade-A sun
To shine on us at Turkey Run;
Let all our days be fair and bright,
And let the rains come late at night.

TO HONEYMOONERS

In romantic nooks by Sugar Creek
We see you standing cheek to cheek;
You're holding hands and pitching woo,
You're walking slowly, two by two;
You don't fool us, you blissful spooners,
We always spot our honeymooners!

TO THE MAN IN THE MOON

Man of the hour at Turkey Run Park,
You make your rounds when all is dark.
You cast bright magic on hillside and dell,
Canyon and forest lie under your spell.
Oh, Hoosier moon, hark to our plea,
Please don't broadcast what you see!

TO LADY LUCK

You're the gal we're courting now --
We're playing up to you -- and how!
Forever may your name be blessed!
And now we have just one request ---
One small favor and we won't squawk --
Please give us some news for Turkey Talk!

TO A PLUMP LADY

You were resolved when you came to the Inn
To take off some pounds and be stylishly thin,
So you hiked and you climbed on precipitous trails.
But the joke was on you -- as you saw by the scales;
You lost an ounce by propelling your heels,
And you gained ten pounds on one of our meals!

TURKEY RUNNERS ATTEND GIFT SHOW

A car-load of Turkey Runners went to Chicago Monday to attend the spring gift show at the Merchandise Mart. The group included the gift shop gals Alberta Presslor, Frances Hatfield and Mary Lois Ball, and Waneita Zachary, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Drake, Bert Holland, Clyde Leatherman and Bruce Doolin.

A distinguishing feature of this season's show was the definite trend toward American made goods. At former shows the majority of gifts and knick-knacks displayed were made in Germany, Japan and Czechoslovakia. This year, bearing the proud label "Made in America", was a delightful assortment of what-not ornaments, ruby and sapphire colored glassware, pottery and china animals with lots of "yumph" and wood articles of all description.

Decked with these beautiful and interesting domestic-made items, the Inn's gift shop will be prettier than ever this year, it is predicted.

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"RED" TO WED

Miss Juanita Allen, who will be remembered by many Inn guests as the red-headed waitress who was here a few years ago, will be married on Valentine's Day to Clifford Andrews of New Richmond, Indiana. Juanita and her husband will live on his farm --- "And," says Juanita, "We're getting married now so's to be there in time for the spring plowing."

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DELTA TAU DELTA HOUSEPARTY

For the twentieth time in as many years, the members of the Delta Tau Delta fraternity at Butler University, Indianapolis, will come to Turkey Run this week end for their annual houseparty. They will bring their lady friends as guests, making about ninety in the group. The lobby will be the scene of a gay dance Saturday evening when they will swing in the latest collegiate manner.

****

EVERETT GETS AROUND

Everett Lyons, resident manager, has been traveling this week through southern Indiana and to Kentucky and Ohio, visiting Guthrie Inn, Audubon State Park and Louisville and Cincinnati. He was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Luther Lyons of Brook, and his wife and daughter.

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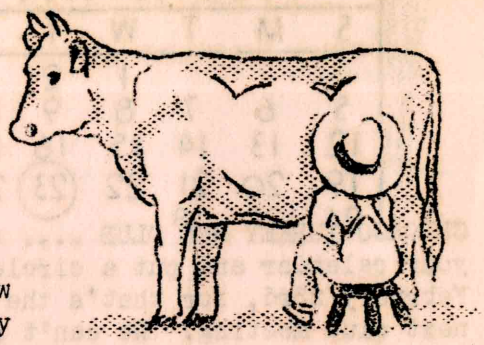
The Gobbleers will play at an Eastern Star dance in Wallace Saturday evening.

A PRETTY GIRL MILKS A COW



Miss Inez Rivers, waitress at the Inn, was in the limelight Tuesday afternoon when she milked a cow in the lobby of the Terre Haute House, Terre Haute. The occasion was the opening of a convention of Indiana producers of dairy products, and Inez was chosen as milkmaid because she qualified as a pretty girl and an expert milker. Very fetching she looked, too, in white linen overalls and big cowgirl hat -- and very efficient she was also when she sat down on the three-legged stool and with the greatest of ease made Bossy give a pail of milk.

****

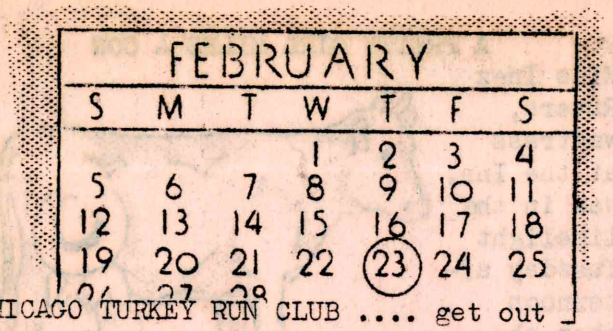
JOHN AND JANE BEGIN MARRIED LIFE

The bridal dinner in the Inn's dining room Sunday afternoon honoring John and Jane Davies following their marriage, was a delightful affair with twenty-five guests present. Delightful also (for all but the bride and groom) was the send-off which was given the newlyweds as they left for their wedding trip. Armed with pounds and pounds of rice, the employees and guests stood at the front door of the Inn and showered Mr. and Mrs. Davies as they made a dash for their car. (Alberta Presslor personally saw to it that three pounds of rice were poured down the groom's neck). Then the couple drove away, and to those whom they passed on U.S. 41 it was no secret that they had visited the parson, for their car was gaily decorated with "Just Married" signs and innumerable tin cans fastened to the rear made music as they sped along.

****

LINCOLN DAY DINNER

Plans are complete for the third Parke County Lincoln Day dinner which will be held at the Inn Monday evening. Jim Tucker, secretary of state, will be the speaker, and Nolan Wright, state chairman of Indiana's Young Republicans, will also be present. Special musical numbers will be given by pupils of the Bloomingdale High School, and the Bloomingdale male quartet will sing. It is expected that a large number will attend the meeting.



CHICAGO TURKEY RUN CLUB .... get out your calendar and put a circle around February 23rd, for that's the date of the next club meeting. We can't tell more ..... the where ahd when will be given in the next issue of Turkey Talk.

Hope to see more of ex-president Bill Jackson and Edna his wife ... missed the Cazels and some of the other charter members at the last meeting ..... the Turners, for instance ... where was Jimmy Gallagher? Glad to see some new faces ... we have twins, Jane and Jean Goth, but Jane (or was it Jean?) was homesick last time. The club does well on nursery rhymes ... we ought to try that again. Hang onto February 23rd ... dinner at 6:30.

****

"NOBODY LOVES ME ANY MORE"

"Please advertise that there is an eligible bachelor at Turkey Run Inn," begs Fritz Berger, our handsome staff member with the rosy cheeks and big brown eyes. "With all these recent marriages," he goes on to say, "Everyone will get the idea that there aren't any boys left here who are free and single." And then, with a wistful sigh, he adds, "Nobody loves me any more." (His picture will be sent on receipt of a stamped, addressed envelope to anyone interested in a lonely, eligible bachelor boy.)

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Mr. and Mrs. Paul Harris of Chicago were guests Saturday night. Mr. Harris is one of the founders of Rotary International.

****

NOT FEATHER OR WHISKER, BUT MASHED SPUD

Dick Savidge, former employee who is now at the University of Minnesota, brings up a debatable subject again in a letter received recently. He refers to the picture of Old Hutch which appeared in Turkey Talk three weeks ago. "The fluffy white stuff in the vicinity of the chin," he explains in his best college manner, "Simply has to be a bit of mashed potatoes that Hutch accidentally missed. That's all it can be!"

THIS WEEK WE SAW:

Maxine Turner returning from a three weeks' visit in the south. (She's suntanned and still single.)

Chinese checkers still prime favorite as a means to a pleasant evening in the lobby. (We wish we could master the technique of getting places by jumping backwards.)

The trails at Turkey Run almost springlike in their beauty. (And this when Chicago and other points were digging out of snowdrifts.)

Bruce Doolin wondering who left that foot mark on his newly-painted floor in the Travel Room. (Don't tell him it was your editor!)

Ross Snyder busily engaged in drawing plans for a house. (Maybe he wants people to know that he, too, is an eligible bachelor with domestic inclinations.)

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Gottschalk of Kenosha, Wisconsin having a fine time at the Inn. (Honeymooners who don't care who knows it.)

Mary Lois Ball with face all puffed out and disposition ruffled because of a troublesome wisdom tooth. (They do say that the teething period is a very trying one.)

The Gobbleers getting ready to play at a Valentine dance in Rockville. (Those little bow ties they wear beneath their chins are too, too cunning.)

Some great big fat and fuzzy pussy willows given us by Mrs. Jessup at the Rockville library. (They have roots, and pretty soon we're going to plant them by the spring in Spring Hollow.)

"Uncle Bud" James counting the days until his vacation. (We're not sure, but we think he's going to have a big time in Brook, Indiana.)

Claude Presslor using a paint brush on the office furniture like a professional. (He wore a natty pair of white overalls, and was blissfully unaware that there was a hole in a strategic point.)

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UNCLE SAM CARES FOR HIS BOYS

A village of neat frame buildings painted green with white-framed windows, clean, well-cared-for lawns and gravel drives, and the Stars and Stripes floating from a tall flagpole --- this is what you see to your right after you enter Turkey Run State Park. This is the Civilian Conservation Corps camp where Uncle Sam is taking care of some of his boys.

A group of healthy, happy youngsters, starting out in the morning with their picks and shovels over their shoulders, cheerful, energetic workers that you pass on the trails, baseball players in the late afternoon over by the barracks, rows of uniformed patriots at attention while the flag is lowered at sunset, trim and polite young men dancing at the Commissary ----- these are the boys of the CCC whom you see here and there during your stay at Turkey Run.

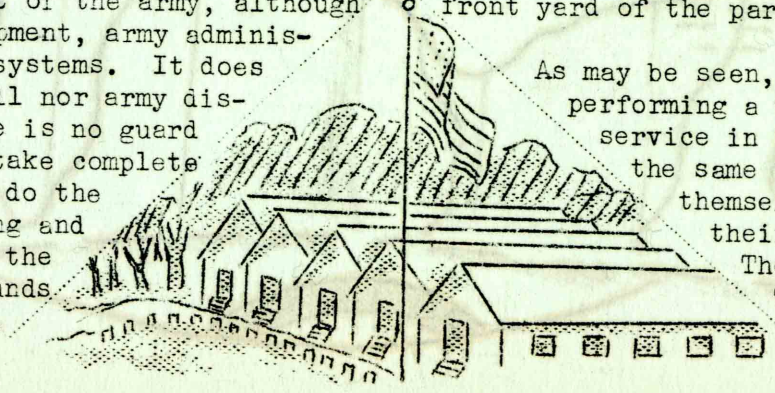
Victims of today's social and economic upset, these boys in our CCC camp are from needy families and are unable to get jobs outside. Here they have jobs where they earn $30.00 a month ($25.00 of this must be sent home each month to the folks), and here they are given an opportunity to improve their education under the leadership of trained advisers and teachers. They are also taught vocational work such as woodworking, carpentry, mechanics and auto mechanics. The Turkey Run camp is composed of 200 boys between the ages of 17 and 24, representing 9 different nationalities.

The camp is under the supervision of the government but not of the army, although it uses army equipment, army administration and army systems. It does not have army drill nor army discipline, and there is no guard house. The boys take complete care of the camp, do the cooking and washing and cleaning and keep the buildings and grounds in good condition. Camp commander is Lieutenant J. Higgins of the reserve corps of the regular army, and project superintendent is Jack Saylor.

The boys get up at 5:30. Reveille is at 6:00, breakfast at 6:15 and morning inspection at 7:00. They work from 7:30 to 3:30 with an hour for lunch. Retreat formation comes at 5:00 P.M. with all the boys in uniform, and then comes supper. Evenings are devoted to classes or moving pictures or educational trips to various nearby towns. Each Tuesday evening a minister gives a talk to the boys, and on Sunday mornings many of them go in their trucks to the Protestant and Catholic churches in Rockville. Beginning Saturday morning at ten the boys have passes, so many of them hitch-hike home for the week-end.

They are allowed two years as a maximum period of enrollment, and are automatically dropped when they become 24 years old or upon their marriage. They are also given a discharge if they are needed at home or if they get a job elsewhere.

The CCC boys have spent the winter improving trails in the park, building cement and stone steps, making bridle trails, quarrying stone to be used in the construction of walks and steps, and working at the gravel pit. They are now beautifying and improving the picnic grounds east of the Commissary. If present plans materialize, they will soon start working on the area in front of the Commissary and hotel, following the design of a landscape artist to make this front yard of the park more artistic.



As may be seen, the CCC boys are performing a useful and needed service in the park, and at the same time are supporting themselves and helping their folks at home. They say they like Turkey Run, and we say we like having them here.

Dr. John G. Coulter, traveler, writer, teacher and loyal Turkey Runner, writes that he will be here February 19 for a stay while the Senior Study Camp from Wabash College is meeting here. Dr. Coulter says he is writing a book and will try to fihish it when he is at Turkey Run.

****

Juanita Allen, former waitress at the Inn, and Clifford Andrews were married Tuesday evening at seven o'clock at Rockville with the Rev. Birkett, pastor of the Presbyterian church, officiating. Everett and Louise Lyons of the Inn were their attendants, and following the ceremony there was a bridal dinner at the Inn. Although it has been many months since Juanita worked here, there are still many guests who inquire about her.

****

An enthusiastic crowd of almost 500 Republicans attended the Lincoln Day banquet at the Inn Monday night and listened to James M. Tucker, Indiana's secretary of state, talk on the subject of "Abraham Lincoln and Republican Politics." The affair was like old settler's day here, for our good friends from all over the county were here to eat, and almost our entire staff was here to serve them.

****

Of interest is the announcement that Col. Richard Lieber, president of the National Conference on State Parks and vice-president of the American Planning and Civic Association, delivered the first of a series of addresses on conservation at Wabash College chapel services Monday. He will continue each Monday until the series is completed. Col. Lieber, first director of conservation in Indiana and nationally known authority on conservation, is very well known at Turkey Run.

****

John and Jane Davies will drive to Chicago this week-end to bring back a group of employees of the Chicago Motor Club for a week-end visit.

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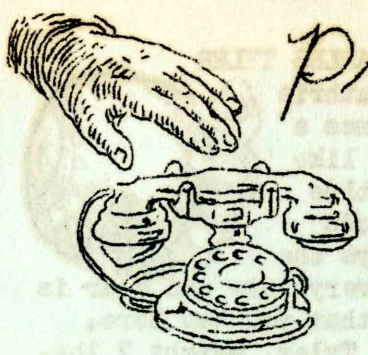
Mr. and Mrs. Owen Swaim and Mr. Guthrie were at McCormick's Creek State Park Sunday for dinner.



MEMBERS OF TURKEY RUN CLUB OF CHICAGO, and call Ed Schmidt at Avenue 2040, or write him at 4929 Berenice for reservations for the February dinner. Reservations must be in by February 21 --- the dinner is on the 23rd. PLACE - Medical & Dental Arts Building, 185 N. Wabash, top floor. TIME - 6:30 P.M. - COST, $1.03. MENU - Roast Beef, vegetable soup, vegetable, salad, hot rolls, coffee, dessert. And please note: if you'll be wanting fish that day, be sure to indicate your desire when making reservations. PROGRAM- With all the talent in the club, need you ask?

(As a postscript to the above announcement, Irene Byrnes, club reporter, writes: "There you are, friend editor. Barbara Embury is the one who made the arrangements for us, as Ed Schmidt, president, claims he hasn't been downtown for nigh onto five years! Incidentally, guess we'll have to start a move for a spring week-end for the club pretty soon. Shall have to remind Ed. I imagine many of the club members are looking forward to it as much as I am.")

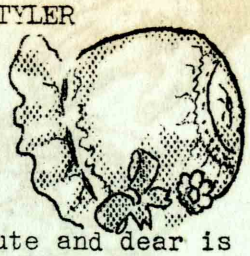
****

We are all wondering why Bobby Hopkins, honeymooning in Florida, spent his money on a long-distance call to the Inn Sunday. He really didn't seem to have anything of importance to say, and so we can't help but come to the conclusion that the boy was just a trifle homesick for good old Turkey Run. Florida is fine and honeymoons are finer, but when you've been to Turkey Run you apparently always have a hankering for it. When Bobby gets back on February 24 we'll question him closely as to the reason for his telephone call.

****

Mary Catherine and Don Poling of the Inn staff left Thursday morning for New Orleans to attend the Mardigras celebration. They plan to be there a week and will then spend some time in Indianapolis before returning to work.

ROBERT CHARLES TYLER



From Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie Tyler of Chicago comes a card all decked out like a baby bonnet with blue bows and pink rosebuds and such, which bears the message, "Somebody very cute and dear is wearing the bonnet that you see here. Name Robert Charles Tyler, weight 7 lbs. 15¾ oz., born February 6, 1939, to Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie Tyler." All Chicago Turkey Runners (or anyway almost all) know Skeets and her hubby, and all of us join in congratulations to them on the arrival of young Robert Charles.

****

THE TEMPERAMENTAL COW

Dr. Bradford Warren, the man with the little black bag who comes galloping out to the Inn when we have tummy aches and sore throats, informed us the other night that the whole town of Marshall is laughing at us because of the cow picture in last week's Turkey Talk. We immediately studied the picture for a long time, but could find nothing laughable about that cow. In fact, the more we studied it the better we liked it. It seemed such a nice, well-rounded sort of an animal, with a kind, intelligent face.

We gave up, and then Doc Warren told us that the reason for all the mirth in Marshall was that the cow was being milked from the wrong side. Knowing practically nothing about the idiosyncrasies of cows, we could not argue with him, so we wisely kept our mouth shut until we did some investigating.

First we made inquiry among our cowboy friends, and we discovered that it is a fact that cows as a rule prefer to be milked from the right side, and that it is a breach of etiquette to approach them from the left side. Then we dragged our artist out from behind his mustache and asked him why he drew the cow as he did, and this is what he said: "I know that cows should be milked from the right side and that's the way I drew the picture in the first place. But the cow objected. First she got restless, and then she began switching her tail in my face, and finally she up and kicked over the bucket. The milk ran all over the page, and I knew you would have a fit, so I put the pail and the milkmaid on the left side and the old gal settled right down."

There you are, Doc. Bossy was a left-handed cow, and you can't milk a critter like that from the right side -- so the joke's on you!

MUSINGS OF THE EDITOR

Life isn't half so interesting for your news-gatherer now that so many boys of the Inn staff are married. There was a time when they came around on bended knees and begged us not to tell All for fear that their lady loves might misunderstand about their activities. (We have even, in extreme cases, been offered hush money and boxes of candy as the reward of silence.) With these gay Romeos out of circulation, things are a trifle dull, for the only ones who now run around in the jitters when Turkey Talk goes to press are Bud and Fritz and Ross.

Who sent the comic Valentines that were received by various members of the staff on Tuesday? We haven't the slightest idea who did it (although we could name several suspicious-looking characters), but this is to make it a matter of record that we had absolutely nothing to do with it. (Where, we ask, could we raise the money for a dozen penny Valentines and a dozen three-cent stamps?)

John Davies, recovering from a bout with the flu, has us all worried over the six pounds that he lost during his illness. To the right is a portrait of John showing his emaciated condition.

And here, friends, is a close-up of Mary Lois Ball, waitress, who bulges in just one place, and that is because she is trying to cut a wisdom tooth.

Why does Glenn Shirely run around telling people that he has been a "very perfect boy?" If he has, that's news --- and if he hasn't, that's probably juicier news.

Tempus fugits right along -- as is brought forcibly to mind when we sit down at the typewriter to get out some letters arranging for our Easter service in the log chapel.

The spring bonnets are the funniest yet.

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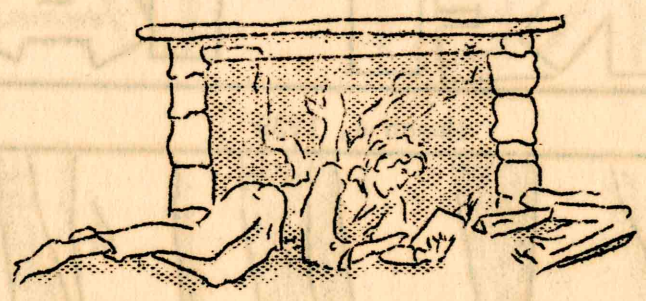
When Lincoln was a boy

BY SAMUEL B. PETTENGILL

Have you ever been alone at night in primeval wilderness? There are not many places now where virgin timber stands, untouched by axe or saw.



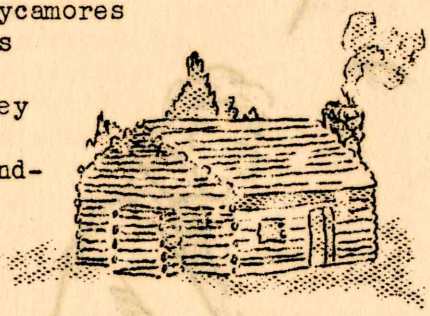
One such place is Turkey Run State Park in Indiana. I was there one September. It told me something about Lincoln. I pass it on to you.

Toward midnight I went out in the woods alone far from sight or sound of the nearest human being. A huge harvest moon in a cloudless sky sent long pencils of light down through the foliage of the forest. The gigantic tulip trees and sycamores stood in a hush of attention as if listening for the remotest whisper from earth or sky. They reached almost as high as an eight story building before sending off their lowest branches. The massive trunks, glistening in the moonlight, seemed like the columns of some temple of the Egyptians where men worshipped forty centuries ago.

A curious sensation came over me. I felt my utter insignificance, the merest speck in space, and yet, with that feeling of littleness, another quite different. It seemed that I could reach up past that leafy ceiling to the quiet stars; that I could reach down through the cool earth to the roots of these Titans of the forests as they sought and found the sap of their sustenance.

The patience of the stars, the calmness of the sleeping earth, the massive strength of those mighty trees, the clean tang of the midnight air -- all these entered through some window I did not know I had. I hope you have all felt these things, if only once in a lifetime.

And then, as I stood there, I thought of Lincoln when he was a little boy in Indiana six score years ago. It occurred to me, with a significance that I had never realized, that when he was a lad it was primeval forest everywhere, not at Turkey Run alone; that every night when he was a little boy and everywhere when he was alone in the woods, he must have sensed those same impalable presences; that what was to me an unforgettable hour was to him the constant companionship of all his impressionable years.



The friendliness of trees! We have lost something in this age of brick and steel and concrete. Not so in 1816. Trees made the flat boat that gave safe passage across the Ohio to little Abe and his sister Sarah, to his father and to Nancy Hanks. Trees made the "half-faced" cabin - open on one side to the bleak weather - where they spent their first Indiana winter. Trees fed the fire that gave them warmth, and lighted the pages of the Bible. Trees made for them their bed of leaves. Trees gave them the sugar of the maple and the brown nuts of autumn. Trees drove out the mosquitos with their pungent log-fire smoke. Yes, and trees made for them crude chairs, tables, beds, axe-helves, ox-yokes, cradles, coffins. Little Abe with a whipsaw helped fashion one of those pioneer coffins. In its embrace a pioneer woman went "over Jordan." Trees were friendly things.

"Such were a few of the many, many things the moon might have told little Abe Lincoln, going

WHEN LINCOLN WAS A BOY (Continued)

on eight, on a winter night on Little Pigeon Creek, in the Buckhorn Valley in Southern Indiana -- a high quarter-moon with a white shine of thin frost on the long open spaces of the sky." You will find this in Carl Sandburg's "Pioneer Years."

And then I thought of how little schooling the world has said Lincoln had -- Little Abe and Sister Sally tramping hand in hand over rough trails to school - four miles and back - eight miles a day. Not much schooling there for two little children.

But suddenly I felt less sorry for Abraham Lincoln. Everywhere he went there were the trees of the primeval forest- tulips, sycamores, oaks, elms, maples, beeches, walnuts. Everywhere that sense of peace, that feeling of being close to God. And I knew then that the statement that Lincoln had little schooling was false, that he was at school many and many an hour when the boy of today is teacher-less, learning the patience and the strength and the toughness and tenderness of trees, a lesson from the great Book of Life that never needs revision.

I understood better then the saying of the pioneers - "The coward never started and the weak never arrived." I understood the "railsplitter better and America better in the big timber at Turkey Run.

Editor's Note: This was written by Samuel B. Pettengill of South Bend and was called to our attention by John O. Ferris of the Muncie Star. Mr. Pettengill, who retired as a member of the national Congress last year, is a speaker and statesman of note and one of the nation's leading minds today. We think his article on Abraham Lincoln and the trees is about the best thing we have read in a long time, because it tells so beautifully some of the things we have always felt about Turkey Run's trees but have never been able to put into words. When we wrote to Mr. Pettengill and asked for his permission to use the article in Turkey Talk, he replied, "I am glad you like the piece on Abraham Lincoln. You are, of course, welcome to reproduce it. I wish Turkey Run were a little nearer to South Bend. Is there anything you can do about it?" If there were anything we could do about it, we would, for we would like nothing better than to have Mr. Pettengill a frequent visitor at Turkey Run.

****

Jimmy McClure, ex-national Ping Pong (singles) champion was the guest of Foster Fudge at the Inn last Saturday night. At present he and his team-mate hold the world championship in doubles. Several of our "tough" pingers were dealt with in a very convincing manner. That is the second lesson they have received in a short time.

****

Bob and Eva Morgan are having fun on their vacation buying furniture and fixing up their new home in Marshall. From the interest they are taking one would gather they were Newly-weds instead of 'old-timers.'

****

'Ere this week's Turkey Talk is distributed in Chicago we will find Pete and Marie Mendenhall leaving on their vacation. Since they are quite reticent about where they are going, we will pretend that we don't even care.

Everett and Louise Lyons, Geraldine Barker and Bert Holland were Indianapolis visitors last Tuesday.

****

The roads were packed well with snow last Sunday so Art Carpenter brought the station wagon, hitched to the bob-sled, over and gave everyone a treat.

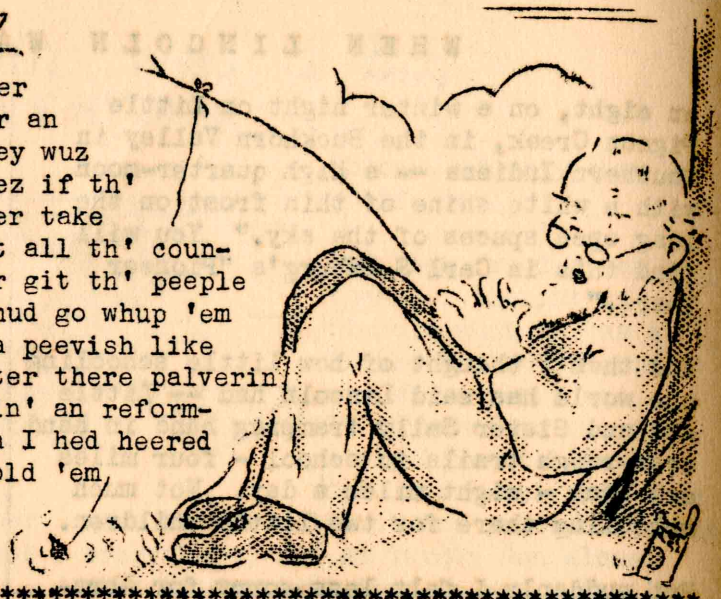
****

The flu victims are all recovering and best of all we welcome back from the hospital, Ralph Wood who has been ill for the past three weeks and LeRoy Gentry who underwent a minor nasal operation.

****

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. Everett Lyons, Mr. and Mrs. Claude Pressler and also Mrs. A.P. Kirtley.of Indiapolis were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Kirtley Wednesday evening. The occasion being Malcolm's twenty-eighth birthday.

OLD HUTCH SEZ



Wuz down ter Zeke Cassels grocery t'other day and a bunch o' th' fellers got inter an argymint 'bout war. Schucks th' way they wuz frothin' and a carryin' on hit 'peared ez if th' hull dern country o' Europe wuz ready ter take us over. Jeb Hoskins wuz a tellin' thet all th' countries hed agytaters over here tryin' ter git th' peeple stirred up aginst th' govyment an' we shud go whup 'em all fer fun. Arter a while I gits kinda peevish like an tells 'em thet I hed been lissenin' ter there palverin all winter an' I hed heered more agitatin' an reformin' thet they wanted in three weeks then I hed heered frum any Bolshyviks in my hull life. Told 'em they shud be ashamed o' theerselves cuz they wuz tax payers an' settin' a dern poor example fer there kids ter be lernin'...seed a dern movie a few weeks ago where Lionel Barymore chased his troubles away by jist sittin' an' a meditatin' whilst he played his harmoney. More o' us shud do kinda like thet so now I kin hardly wait until I kin go fishin' an git rid o' a pack o' troubles.

****

CONGRATULATIONS

Mr. and Mrs. H.L. Wells of Fontana, Wisconsin spent their thirty-first wedding anniversary here Friday.

****

Mr. Guthrie had us worried during his seclusion while fighting the flu but he surprised us Friday morning by breezing in at his regular pace.

****

TID-BITS AFTER VACATIONS

...THE FISH was too big to put in the trailer...THEN AFTER lunch at the Roney Plaza we retired to our Cabana,..THE ORCHESTRA played three numbers just for us.....BOY OH BOY that Florida weather really makes one feel young....THE SUN BLISTERED me terribly....WE REALLY had money left but the last few days we weren't hungry and just ate sandwiches.

****

TRANSFORMING

In spite of the inconvenience of "wet paint," "men working," "please use other stair-way," and signs of similar nature which we find in various parts of the hotel during the winter, it is indeed gratifying to note the results of these guiding placards. Scratches cracks and stains are erased; shining walls and floors seem to invite and not suggest sympathy and over all pervade that faint but pleasant smell of fresh paint. A wag once suggested that paint is better and easier than soap for obliterating dirt and age.

****

CONSTRUCTION

This week Mr. Slusser and cohorts have been busily engaged in the construction and excavation necessary for the placement of the new outside entrance into the game room. It is true that "Statz," "Fergie," and "Stumpie," ping pongers deluxe from Clinton can park their car, make a quick dash into the game room and play one-third of a game more than usual. Personally we bemoan the fact that the fair young things flitting to and fro in their gorgeous formals at high school receptions will no longer cross our vision as they traipse gaily through the lobby. However, it will be a grand improvement.

****

ONE..A...TWO..A...THREE..

The thumping noise emitting from the Girl's Dormitory about ten o'clock each morning is not due to carpenters working but from the physical culture class which meets daily. Exercise is not the main reason for the formation of said class but due to the fact that winter inactivity put on a few unwanted pounds here and there, some of the girls decided to take it off. A few days ago, however, Mary Lois Ball was trying a few gymnastics in the kitchen and quite unexpectedly found herself seated on the hard cement floor. Tsk! Tsk! We are unable to furnish any pictures of the festivities as the doors have been barred to candid camera addicts.

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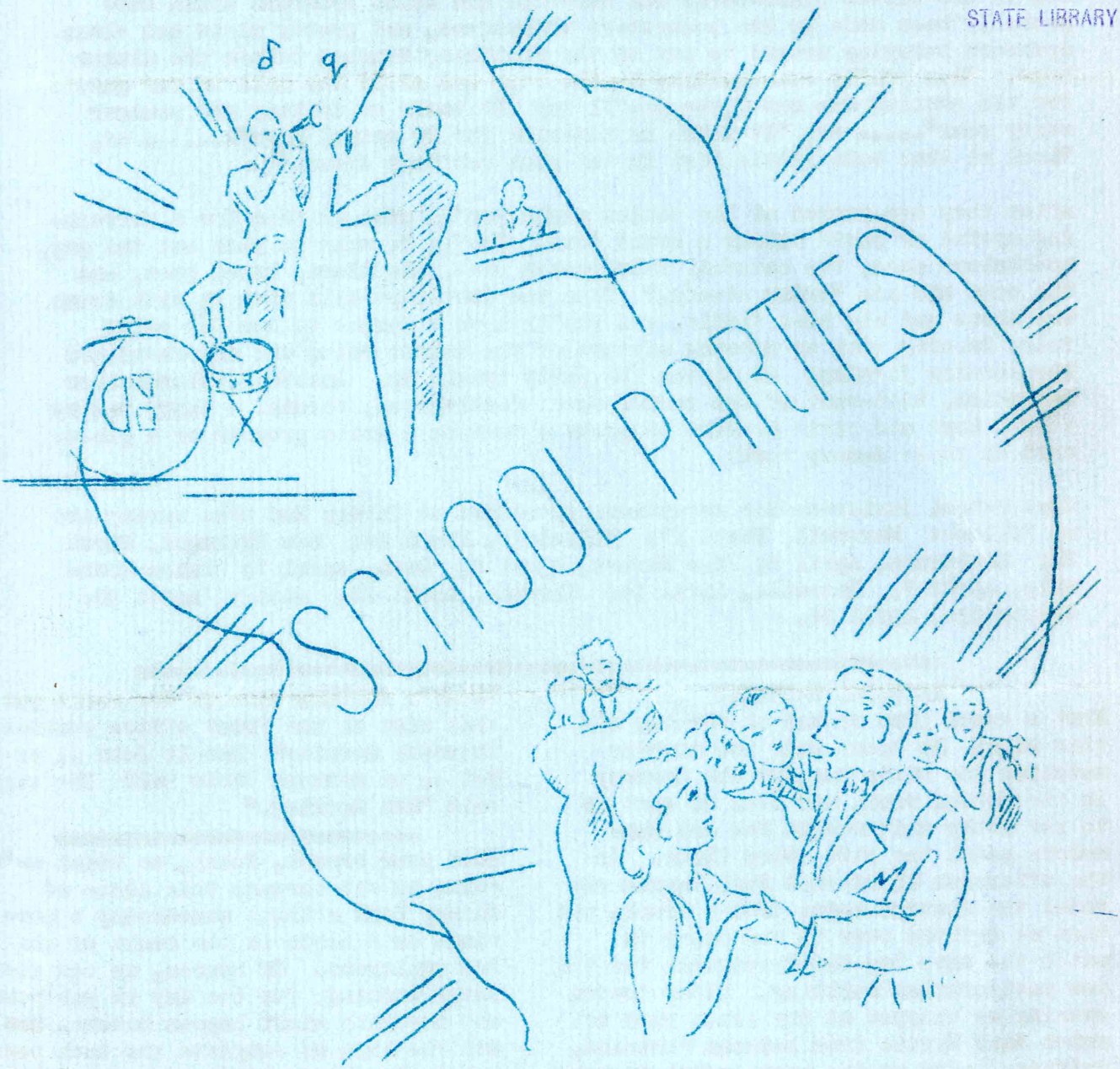

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HIGH SCHOOL PARTIES

With the Ides of March comes the season for pussywillows and muddy boots, for gentle zephyrs and young cyclones, for funny-looking female hats and young men's fancies and sulphur and molasses. Right now at Turkey Run we're concentrating on all these standard springtime items, plus budding trees and clean curtains, fresh rhubarb sauce and high school parties. In this thesis we will discuss the last named -- high school parties.

You who will be here from now on until the first of May will become more or less familiar with these springtime events which are the traditional occasions when juniors bid farewell to the seniors who are about to take leave of high school days to embark into the cold, cruel world. You'll see the tables in the dining room or the east lobby or the travel room, bright with flowers and class colors and ingeniously decorated to carry out some central theme. You'll see clever place-cards and nut-cups and dance programs which have probably been made by the youngsters themselves, and pretty girls and class sponsors hurrying around to put on the finishing touches before the dinner hour. Then you'll see drifting in the boys and girls who will be our guests for the evening --- and maybe you'll say "It looks as if they get younger every year"..... or, "It makes me homesick for my school days"..... or, "Look at that cute little girl in the pink bouffant dress."

After they are seated at the tables maybe you'll peak at them for a refreshing eyeful of youth having a grand time. You'll be able to pick out the gay, nonchalant ones, the bashful, embarrassed ones, the blase, bored ones, and the ones who are "going steady." Then the Gobbleers will move in with drums and horns and big bass fiddle, and you'll have a chance to see the young folks dancing with an amazing mixture of the latest swing and old-fashioned barndancing jigging. At eleven the party breaks up. Another junior-senior reception, high-spot of the commencement festivities, becomes a happy memory as the boys and girls go home to paste a rose or a dance program or a place-card in their memory books.

High school junior-senior receptions scheduled at Turkey Run this spring are as follows: Marshall, March 17; Hillsdale, March 24; New Richmond, March 31; Montezuma, April 5; New Market, April 6; Dana, April 7; Union Township, April 7; Rosedale, April 14; Kingman, April 21; Quincy, April 22; Bainbridge, April 24.

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WATCHFUL WATCHING

What a grand time we had on our day off this week! We spent half the morning watching the state men cut the doorway in the travel room, and then we went up to the lobby and watched Mac and Commodore paint the gift shop floor. In the afternoon we watched Paul Newnam remodel the station wagon into a truck, and then we drifted over to the dairy to watch the boys lay the foundation for the new pasteurizing building. Along toward evening we stopped at the linen room to watch Aunt Myrtie iron bedroom curtains, drifting later to the north porch to watch Alberta unpack some new gift shop items. After supper we watched Ross Snyder compose poetry. It was indeed a busy day for us.

TODAY'S PUZZLE: Who in the world put that sign on the front office counter Thursday morning? Was it John .. or Red .. or perhaps Uncle Bud? The sign said "Men Working."

****

Hold your breath, folks, we think we're going to get through this issue of Turkey Talk without announcing a marriage or a birth in the ranks of the Inn employees. Of course, we can guarantee nothing, for the day is yet young and anything might happen between now and the time we complete the back page, but so far there isn't even the faintest hint of a wedding bell or a grain of rice in the atmosphere, and there is no flapping of stork wings to be heard. However, we have our fingers crossed!

WE LOVE TO GET LETTERS

Dear Editor:

I see by Turkey Talk of last week — that my brown-eyed gal-friend from St. Louis suggests a Turkey Run Club of St. Louis. Well, heck! Why not one for Kansas City? You could all take two or three weeks off and drive over to see me for a day. I think that would be fine. But even if I can't talk you into a club for Kansas City, why don't you get up one for St. Louis? Here's one ardent Turkey Runner that's definitely in favor of it --- that is, if they'd let me come to the meetings too.

I'm looking forward to the time I can see you all again -- but in the meantime keep that Turkey Talk coming along 'cause it really hits the spot.

Jean Wilds,
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Editress: TURKEY TALK

I enjoy your paper very much, especially the spicy bits of gossip about the employees and guests, and am looking forward to inspecting the improvements made in the Travel Room. I hope the Nook hasn't been disturbed.

How's the orchestra behaving? Is it swinger-oo or Wayne Kingish? Do they have any blues singers, trick drummers or dance teams?

Enclosed clipping is offered as a possible clue to the mysterious disappearance of Uncle Bud, mentioned in the last Turkey Talk. (Editor's note: The enclosed clipping is an article from the Chicago Daily News of March 1 which reads: "Wabash Collegians Ask For Course in Marriage. Students at Wabash College, a 100 year old school that has never admitted women, are going domestic. A senior men's honorary organization asked that courses in marriage be added to the curriculum. They soon will be - for seniors only." When Uncle Bud disappeared, do you suppose he was at Wabash arranging for one of these courses?)

Will be down in dogwood time.

Dorothy Fisher
(Ummm! That banana bread!) Chicago

Hello People:

Oh it's great to be remembered and a pleasant thing to find that though you may be absent you still are kept in mind.

After a bit of haranguing we haven't been able to decide whether the above is an original, something by Shakespeare or just a little ditty everyone knows. However, it expresses our sentiments.

Being avid believers in telepathy, we were not surprised at all to see the query in Turkey Talk last week in regard to our well-being, as we have had Turkey Run on the brain in a big way lately. Even went so far last week as to make rather definite plans for a visit to the Inn the latter part of March. So ---- hoping to see once again the adorable babies and horses (especially Ranger) and all you kind people (no preference indicated by the order of the above mentioned), we feel that our visit is sure to be momentous as usual.

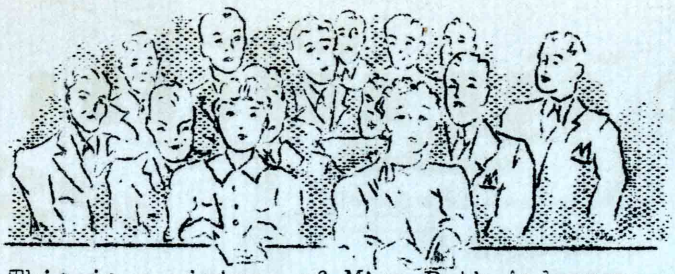
Rosemary and Georgia Glassmeyer
Cincinnati

P.S. As to the Turkey Run Club of Cincinnati, between the Beautiful Ohio going on a mild binge and influenza making the rounds, all activities have been somewhat suspended.

Turkey Talk

Glory be! How the good wishes pour in for a speedy recovery since the article about my recent illness in Turkey Talk! Everything is on the mend again and I guess I'll pull through.

Joe Schulien, Jr.,
Chicago



This is a picture of Miss Ruth Anderson and Miss Nancy Shepard, guests from Chicago, as they pursue their favorite Turkey Run indoor sport of writing letters to their boy-friends at home. In the background may be seen the Wabash boys, members of the Senior Study Camp, who are hanging around in hopes that the young ladies will favor them with a smile. Riding and hiking are favorite outdoor sports of Miss Anderson and Miss Shepard.

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CHICAGO TURKEY RUNNERS ... No foolin' about that Monte Carlo night .. The committee members are digging deep into their knowledge of gay night spots so that they may provide a full program for you. All that's eliminated is the cold cash that goes over the board .. Do you mind? There'll be the wheel, the bird cage, cards and what have you. Only one requisite. Please plan to start dinner at 6:30 sharp so such trivial things as food may be disposed of quickly. That means arriving about 6:15, giving you time to check your coat and part with your dinner fee of $1.03.

Remember .. March 30 (Thursday); Dental and Medical Arts Building, 185 N. Wabash Ave., top floor. Reservations must be in by March 28, so don't wait until the last minute .. Phone President Ed Schmidt at Avenue 2040 right now, or drop him a line at 4924 W. Berenice.

****

When Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie arrived at Guthrie Inn last week-end the Inn was so crowded that it looked for a while as if they would have to slumber in the barn with the sheep. However, expert managing on the part of Lena and Margaret fixed things somehow and the manager and his wife didn't have to sleep with the sheep after all. ..... Among the guests was Mrs. Demarcus Brown of Indianapolis, traveler and lecturer and a member of the Butler University faculty, who was accompanied by Mrs. Norma Skinner also of Indianapolis, owner of the Skinner Show Shop on the Circle.

****

Last week-end was brightened by the presence of P.F. Holst and Hazel Jane of Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. William Delbrook of Indianapolis celebrated their 38th wedding anniversary at Turkey Run last week-end. They question whether anyone has a better Turkey Run record than they do, for last season they were registered at the Inn nine times and in addition were park visitors three times.

****

The Turkey Run movie was shown in Latham, Illinois, last week at the Parent Teacher Association meeting and at the high school by our friends Mr. and Mrs. George Shimer who come to Turkey Run every summer.

****

Lena Drake, hostess at Guthrie Inn at Dupont, is the guest this week at the Guthrie home on Gobbler's Knob.

****

Eldred Holland of Chicago visited the Inn Tuesday, the guest of his brother Lert.

****

Soil conservation was discussed by Frank Demaree of Purdue at a meeting at the Inn Tuesday evening which was attended by eighty-four Parke County business men and farmers.

****

A large crowd attended the meeting of the Marshall-Turkey Run Conservation Club which was held at the Inn Monday evening.

****

The Commissary opened this week for the season, and Claude English, manager, invites everyone to drop in and see his new supply of souvenirs and vacation needs.

****

"Revenge is sweet," said Mac Kirtley and Art Carpenter and Everett Lyons and other victims of Turkey Run's "shiverees" as they participated heartily in the "shiveree" Friday night which the employees had for Mr. and Mrs. Bob Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. John Davies and Mr. and Mrs. Commodore Taylor. Their revenge was indeed sweet, according to all reports.

****

Jeepers! We've done it! We're down to the last item on the last page, and not one marriage announcement or birth announcement has crept into this issue! This is the first time such a thing has happened since way back in 1936 B.C. (Before Cupid) when the strange marrying malady hit the employees of the Inn and mowed 'em down in droves, with the epidemic of Blessed Events following discreetly in its wake. Turkey Talk takes a bow for this accomplishment.

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TURKEY TALK

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SPRING

Welcome Sweet Springtime

Come, all ye city dwellers,
For wintry days are past;
Yes, we old country "fellers"
Can smile again at last.

Wild flowers peeping thru the grass
Crowfoot and turkey pea,
No mushroom could I spy, alas,
But a violet winked at me.

The froggies now are peeping,
We heard them this last week,
And small-mouth bass are leaping
In dear old Sugar Creek.

Robin singing from yonder tree
And the flash of a cardinal's wing
Tell me as plain as plain can be
That, once again, 'tis spring.

Redbud time will soon be here,
And dogwood blossoms too,
So hurry, folks and have no fear,
We'll care for all of you.

By Henry Delp,
The Postmaster Poet,
Marshall, Indiana.

Spring's Advent

On March the 21st when pussywillows burst,
Sir Robin in the tree looking down upon the spree
Sees signs of springtime showing all around
As moonlight lies upon the ground.

The quiet, peaceful night breaks in upon my soul
As sun and showers break away the thunder's roll.
A soothing solitude of beauty is a night at Turkey Run
When nature all about you begins to have its fun.

But on a log,
We spy a frog! --

A harbinger of symphony is this funny little fellow
Who croaks with vocal fervor a tune that's not yet mellow.
Although he's had the practise, he hasn't what it takes --
But, Sir! -- It is enough - the noise that fellow makes!

Our solitude is broken and with voice that's full of fun,
We mock the little devil whose friendship we have won.
Yes, a soothing solitude of beauty is a night at Turkey Run
When nature all about you has begun to have its fun.

Yet in the air --
A scent somewhere! --

In moonlight deep and fast asleep -- as white as any sheet,
Hepatica is growing for we smell its scent so sweet.
As fresh as flowers are when freshened by the dew
Is this lovely little flower which springtime gives to you.

And then the air is freshened with the coming of the morn,
And walking back to walls we watch the new day born.
Yes, a soothing solitude of beauty was this night at Turkey Run
As we ushered in the springtime with the winter's battle won!

By Ross Snyder,
Our Problem Child,
Turkey Run Inn.

NOTES ON THE ARRIVAL OF SPRING

Thoughts of the first day of Spring have given inspiration to our local poets, with the result that we have the privilege this week of presenting on the opposite page verses about Springtime at Turkey Run -- one by Henry Delp, our Marshall postmaster whose contributions to Turkey Talk are always welcome, and one by Ross Snyder, the boy who can reel off a rhyme with one hand and play the piano with the other. Many thanks to you both ..... "I don't seem to get so much thrill out of Spring," we heard Bud James musing wistfully the other day. "The first hepaticae and trillia (note Bud's Latin endings, if you please) leave me practically unmoved. I wonder what's the matter with me?" (We would say offhand that Uncle Bud has a thwarted soul and lacks any romance in his life.) ... who is going to the first among the guests this Spring to expose our ignorance by asking us to identify some blossom which we have never seen before? ....Springtime has lots of nice things about it, and not least among them is the fact that when the Springtime guests begin to arrive your editor will have more material for news and will no longer be obliged to depend entirely on space-fillers like this to bridge the gap between the cover and page four.

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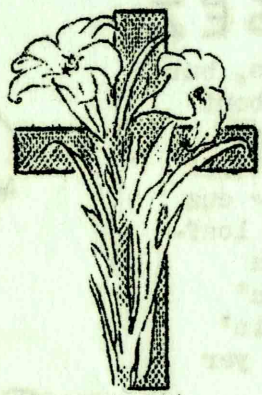
EASTER CHAPEL SERVICE



The season's worship services in the Turkey Run log chapel will begin on Easter Sunday with Dr. E.R. Bartlett of DePauw University, Greencastle, as the speaker. Ross Snyder will be the organist and Virginia Waddell will be in charge of the singing.

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Eighteen ministers of the Universalist and Unitarian Churches will be here on April 10 for their three-day Post-Easter Retreat.

****

Melvin Davies, who was formerly a member of our staff and who now teaches in Mitchell, Indiana, plans to bring twenty-five Hi-Y boys to Turkey Run for an outing April 15 - 16. They will stay at the home of Mrs. Myrtle Titus.

IN THE SPRING A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY ---

When Fritz Berger, our brown-eyed wonder boy at the garage, went to Chicago last week he carried in his pocket a small round object decorated with a sparkling diamond. Result: Mr. and Mrs. James Shaughnessey of Chicago have announced the engagement of their daughter Frances to Mr. Franz Berger of Turkey Run Inn. This unexpected move on the part of our Fritz leaves only good old faithful Uncle Bud and innocent little Ross Snyder as the two remaining candidates on our dwindling list of the staff's eligible bachelors.

****

Mildred Denman, Frances Hatfield, Virginia Waddell and Walter VanVactor drove to Indianapolis Tuesday. Mildred went to spend several days with her mother, Frances attended the Woman's Press Club luncheon meeting, Virginia did her spring shopping, and Walter dropped in to see his brother Bill who is employed in Block's store.

****

IT WAS WRITTEN AT TURKEY RUN

Turkey Runners will be out in full force at the Ritz Theater in Rockville Friday and Saturday of this week --- and it won't be Bank Night, either. The attraction will be a thriller in technicolor called "The Heart Of The North" -- and it's taken from a novel by the same name which was written right here at Turkey Run Inn. Five winters ago its author, William Byron Mowery, ticked off the book on his typewriter up in Room 236, and when it was completed he let the employees read it in manuscript form. Small wonder, then, that Turkey Runners are pleased to have the opportunity this week-end of seeing it in color on the screen.

****

Newest singer with the Gobbleers is Ruby Wilson, waitress at the Inn. Those of us who heard Ruby at the dance last Saturday night say that she has what it takes ---and we predict for her a successful season of singing and swinging in harmony with the Gobbleers.

****

Seventeen employees of the Chicago Motor Club will visit the Inn this coming week-end. This is the seventh and last group from the Club to be our guests during February and March.

BICYCLE TOUR

Another Turkey Run bicycle tour via the C & E I Railway from Chicago is scheduled for April 15. This group will leave on the C & E I from the Dearborn Street Station at 8:00 A.M. and will arrive at 12:31 P.M. at Cayuga, Indiana, where some of our boys will be on hand to act as a reception committee and escort. The bicycle trip on good pavements between Cayuga and the Inn, a distance of twenty miles, promises to be a thrilling and perhaps a hilarious affair, with a stop-over en route for a picnic lunch. After a delightful stay at the Inn, packed full of all kinds of entertainment, the gang will wheel back to Cayuga on Sunday afternoon and board the C & E I, arriving in Chicago at 7:32 that evening. Everyone is invited to join this tour, and reservations are to be made at once at the C & E I office, 135 South LaSalle Street, Chicago (Webster 4343), where arrangements for renting bicycles may also be made. Why not plan on joining this cycle party for a never-to-be-forgotten outing at Turkey Run?

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Ora Sample has promised to have his horses here next week to start the riding season at Turkey Run.

GIRL SCOUT TRAINING COURSE

Girl Scout leaders from Illinois, Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin will meet at the Inn for a training course for three days beginning March 21.

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New merchandise is arriving daily for the gift shop, and what with the fresh paint on the floor and shelves, the crispy new curtains at the windows, gay flowers and decorative mirrors, the place is taking on a definite air of Spring. Come in and see us sometime.

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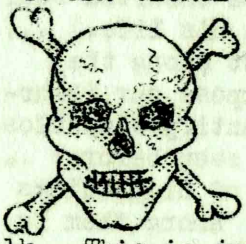
W A R N I N G ! ! !

TO MR. GEORGE MANSON OF CRAWFORDSVILLE



It's been rumored around here that last week you took a pot shot at Bert Holland, our artist, for a mistake he made on a recent cover of Turkey Talk. This is just to warn you to lay off these pot shots at our Bert ----- or else! This is the last warning, and if we hear of any more pot shots we'll call out our gang.

The Editorial Staff

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OLD HUTCH SEZ

Th' first o' th' year allus comes on New Years, but I ben thinkin' that we shud start hit 'long 'bout th' first o' March. After New Years we hez bad weather fer a spell an' that ain't a good way ter start out. I allus starts my year with spring cuz that air th' time I likes best o' all. Arter loafin' 'round th' fire all winter yer gits kinda slowed up, but then when th' sun starts cummin' out real warm like an' th' blood gits a coursin' 'round yer veins like it means business, then yer feels like livin' again.

Wuz walkin' down 'long th' crick t'other day kinda gittin' my fishin' holes all lined up an' I shore enjyed th' leetle frogs a-singin'. They is too young ter know they shud wait a few days till it gits warmer, but they is impatient ter start livin'. Th' big old fellers air kinda smart an' jist take things easy an' then enjoys 'em. Th' trouble with us folks terday is we hurry an' fret an' stew 'round tryin' ter do big things, an' then we miss them nice leetle things that is so enjyable.

TURKEY TALK

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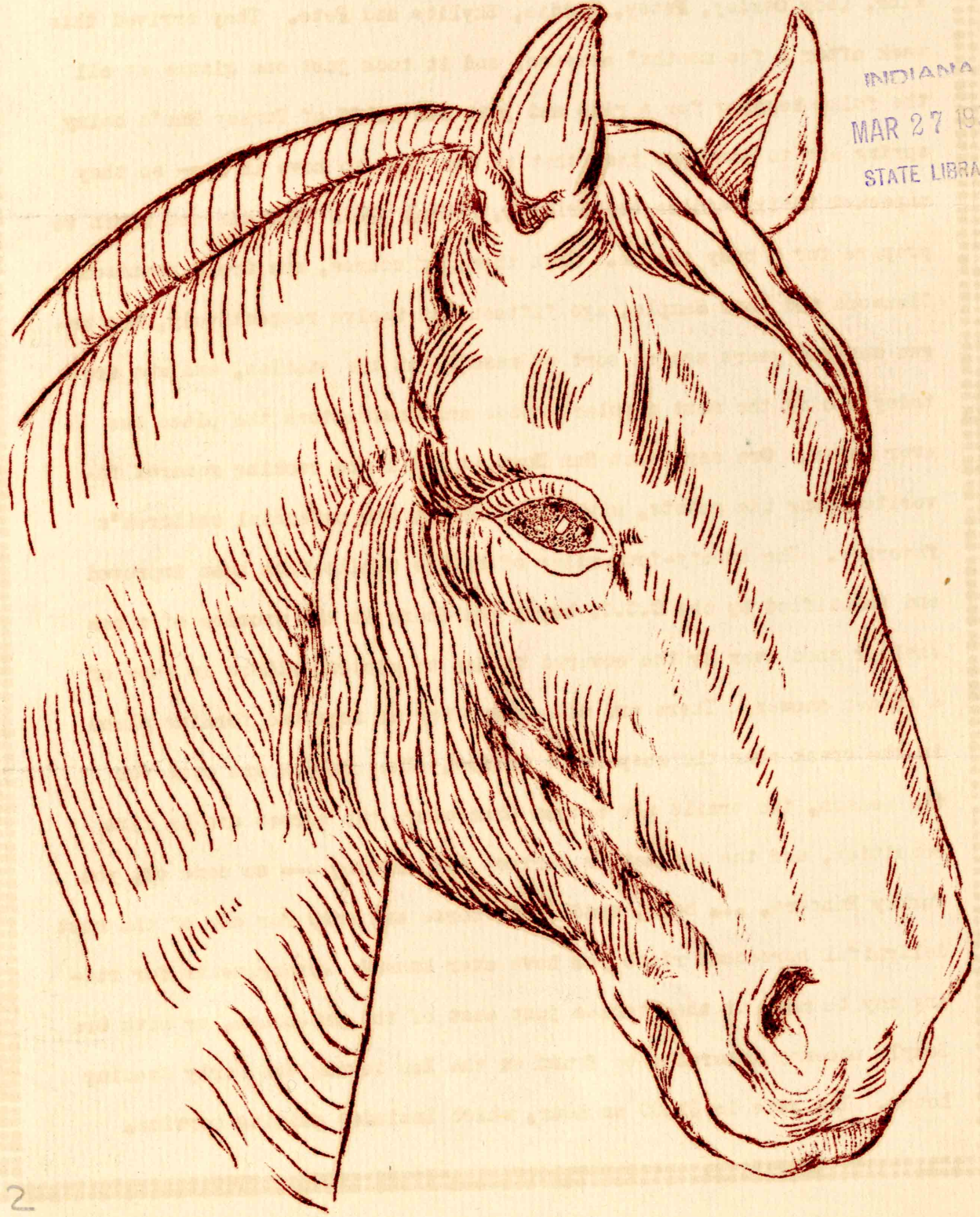

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THIS WEEK we give you Ora Sample, Turkey Run's riding master, and his string of saddle horses which includes Rowdy, Ranger, Tony, Goldie, Black Beauty, Mabell, Ginger, Brown Jug, Sun Down, Flapper, Star, Redwing, Lady Oakley, Patsy, Buddie, Skylite and Pete. They arrived this week after a few months' absence, and it took just one glance at all the folks begging for a ride and just one sniff of Turkey Run's balmy spring air to convince them that it was time to move in ---- so they unpacked their saddles and bridles, filled their oats bin and began to prepare for a busy season. With them, of course, are Ora's grandsons, Glenwood and Dean Sample, age fifteen and twelve respectively, who began several years ago as sort of mascots at the stables, and who are today two of the most popular guides and instructors the place has ever known. Ora says that Sun Down is still the ranking general favorite among the guests, with Black Beauty the perennial children's favorite. The twenty-four miles of bridle trails have been improved and beautified by the C.C.C. boys, and there is the promise of a new shelter shed over by the covered bridge to protect riders in case of a sudden shower. There are also plans for an improved fording place in the creek near the suspension bridge. The stables are open for the season, the trails are better than ever, the horses are in fine condition, and the weather is perfect for riding --- so come on, you Turkey Runners, ... boot, saddle to horse and away for one of the most delightful horseback rides you have ever known! Arrangements for riding may be made at the stables just east of the gatehouse, or with Ora Sample who may generally be found at the Inn during the early evening hours. The rate is $1.00 an hour, which includes guiding service.

GATE HOUSE TO OPEN

We haven't seen our friend Alfred Bryant since the Christmas party, and then we had to guess that it was Alf because he was completely disguised in a bright red suit and long white whiskers, and was practically hidden from view by all the kids who mobbed him to see what was in the pack on his back..... But we're going to see him without his disguise this week-end, and every day from now until after Labor Day, because on Saturday he'll arrive for the season's opening of the Turkey Run gate house. He and his side-kick Clarence Fine will be at the entrance of the park with outstretched hands to collect the dimes from park visitors. And "ding! ding!" will go those little gadgets that register the dimes, and then Alf will grin his famous grin, and maybe, if he has time, he'll pause for a minute to exchange jokes with his old friends. We'll be glad to see Alf and Clarence at their old post at the gate house. We know that when they arrive Spring is definitely here.

****

ON WITH THE DANCE!

On Friday night the season's first square dance will be held at the Commissary, and on Saturday the Gobbleers will play for a dance there. We haven't heard for sure whether the popcorn machine will be in operation, but if it is, then everything will be perfect.

****

FREE AND SINGLE

In last week's issue when listing our eligible bachelors we neglected to say anything about Chuck Smith, our gallant bellhop, and it seems that the fellows are kidding Chuck quite a bit about it. We were under the impression that a certain blonde young lady practically had his head in the noose, so we left his name out on purpose --- but now we don't know, because some say he is eligible and some say he isn't. Is he ..... or is he? We'll be grateful for some authentic information on Chuck's status.

****

Here's one we are sure about --- Woody Morgan who is back at work after being gone for the winter. Woody definitely has no strings tied to him, and so he's #3 on our bachelor list. Orin Woodrow who is also back at work, is #4, and Cliff Bain, who knows his chickens, is #5. Take your choice, girls!

GUTHRIE INN GUTHRIE INN GUTHRIE INN

DOINGS AT DUPONT

Miss Nina Baker of the Chicago Motor Club, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Blockburger, also of Chicago, spent last week-end at Guthrie Inn at Dupont.

Five members of the staff of the Louisville Times entertained at Guthrie Inn Sunday evening for T.E. Sagard, Wilmington, Delaware. Miss Marion Green, society editor of the Times, was in charge of arrangements.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester George, members of the Turkey Run Club of Cincinnati, were recent visitors at Guthrie Inn.

The folks at Guthrie Inn were surprised recently when Gilbert Howell, former Turkey Run employee, stopped for a visit, and they were more surprised that he had his new wife with him. (We didn't know he had a new wife!)

Overheard in the lounge: Guest to over-anxious young man: "You ask me a question and answer it; then you tell me I'm wrong. Why ask me anything?"

GUTHRIE INN GUTHRIE INN GUTHRIE INN

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AL AND HIS GAL

Al Mattison, from way, way back east, from that place on Manhattan Isle known as Brooklyn, dropped in at the Inn this week to make reservations for himself and wife for the coming summer. Syd (that's Al's wife, in case you haven't met her) came for a week-end last summer and stayed a week. One of the romances she helped to promote during her stay was that between Frances Shaughnessey of Chicago and Fritz Berger of the Inn ..... So, bachelors, beware when Syd Mattison arrives this summer!

****

We're all wondering if Skipper Kirtley is going to open up his southern waterway this spring again, or if he had enough navigating last year when he set out in his kayak for the Ohio River via Sugar Creek --- and got as far as two miles this side of Terre Haute.

CHICAGO TURKEY RUN CLUB -- Ever have a hundred dollars to do with as you please? Everyone who attends our Monte Carlo Club meeting will know what it's like -- everyone will have a hundred dollars in crisp bills to play Chuck-a-luck, Roulette, 26, craps, and whatever other gambling games we can dig up. Even if it is all for fun, what fun!

Reservations go to the Schmidt house, 4924 Berenice, Chicago, or phone them in to Avenue 2040. Dinner is $1.03 and is bound to be good ... and dinner starts promptly at 6:30 this time! Place: Medical and Dental Arts Building, Wabash & Lake St., top floor. Date: Thursday, March 30. Deadline for Reservations: noon of Wednesday, March 29. Get on the phone right now and make them.

The committee responsible for this is a bunch of irresponsible souls ... Edna and Bill Jackson, Bill Roberts, Doris Edberg, Gayl Morse and Irene Byrnes.

****

Claude and Alberta Presslor and Red and Helen Mayes celebrated the first anniversary of their double marriage on Thursday. Can anyone believe that it's been a whole year since we announced that double-header wedding?

****

SPRING VACATION VISITORS

This week, the spring vacation of the University of Chicago, has brought back many old friends to the Inn, including Mr. and Mrs. R.S. Crane and family, Mr. and Mrs. H.L. Gosnell, Mr. and Mrs. Reinmuth, Mr. and Mrs. Karush, King Jacob, Cossander B. Harmon, Miss Ruth Morgan, John Hogness and Kenneth Alexson.

****

The improvements in the park go steadily on, and lately we have been seeing the C.C.C. boys working on the new path to Sunset Point -- a regular old-fashioned lovers' lane is probably what it will turn out to be as soon as the moon gets up steam. Other improvements under way are the steps in back of the Commissary leading to Trail One, and the new state equipment building near the gate house, which will be completed soon. Perhaps the greatest improvement is the outside stairway leading from the front drive to the Travel Room of the Inn.

WE WONDER -----

Who is going to occupy the vacant cabin at Spring Hollow? All of the other cabins are filled with our newly-married and almost newly-married employees, including Claude and Alberta Presslor, Pete and Marie Mendenhall, John and Jane Davies, Don and Mary Katherine Poling and Commodore and Ella Taylor. Just one cabin remains vacant, but there are signs that it is soon to be occupied. We wonder who will be billing and cooing in there?

****

We hate to suggest it, but we fear that our friend Doc Warren of Marshall is slipping. He must be, or else he would have called our attention to the fact that in last week's drawing of Old Hutch our artist put a left-handed leg with a right-handed foot attached to it. Doc, who gleefully pointed out that a cow in a recent Turkey Talk was being milked on the wrong side, ought never to have missed last week's star-spangled boner. What's the matter, Doc? Are you losing your grip --- or don't you pay any attention to Turkey Talk any more?

****

Honestly, you'd think that after almost two months of married life a person would get over being ga-ga, but apparently not. Take John Davies, for instance. He's just a-mooning around so sad-like because his Jane is way off in Berwyn at her mother's home recuperating from an attack of the flu. We hope Jane will be well enough to come back real soon, because we're worried for fear John will lose weight during her absence, and that will never do.

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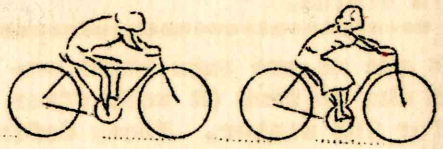
BICYCLE TOUR BICYCLE TOUR BICYCLE TOUR

From Chicago to Turkey Run
April 15
Via C & E I Railway



For Reservations Call
Webster 4343

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TURKEY TALK

Volume IV | April 1, 1939 | Gobble 13

APR 5 1939
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Gobbler's Knob Village

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Spring Comes To Gobbler's Knob

Let's hop into the car this morning and run over to Gobbler's Knob Village, our new development at the intersection of U.S. 41 and Indiana 47, and see if Art Carpenter, the manager, and Sally his wife have the spring fever too. It's just a two mile drive from Turkey Run Inn, so we're there in a jiffy, and as we park in the Village driveway we see that spring has really come to Gobbler's Knob, bringing with it budding trees and freshly cleaned cabins, newly-planted window boxes and flower beds, and over at the crafts shop a yard full of birdhouses. We find Art and Sally in the rustic sandwich shop with their heads together over a piece of paper.

"It's the menus," explains Art as he makes us welcome. "We're deciding what to serve in the sandwich shop this season. Of course we'll serve steak and fish and chicken dinners just as they do at the Inn --- and our short order specialty is going to be a baked ham sandwich (Art has a special way of baking ham that makes it dee-licious) with potato salad or fruit salad, and we're going to concentrate on coffee because a meal's a flop without good coffee. And what do you think of waffles and sausage for breakfast?" (What we personally think of waffles and sausage for breakfast would fill a book entitled "Our Idea of Heaven.")

"I've been planting flowers all over the Knob," says Sally proudly as if to prove that even though she is the world's best cook she can do other things too. "We're going to have sweet peas and morning glories and some flowering vines by the cabins and zinnias in the flower boxes. And Art's been fixing the lawn so the Village Green will be prettier than ever. The peach and apple trees are going to be in bloom soon, too."

We peek out of the window at the Village Green (which is the front yard for the Village's ten tourist cabins), while Art points out where the pingpong tables and the croquet and horseshoe pitching courts will be ..... and we see for the first time the rustic little play school. "The kids will sure get a kick out of that," says Art. "We're going to put a little fence around it and paint the furniture a bright color and have a sand box and teeter totter, and then we'll have someone to take care of the youngsters so their mamas and papas can really have a vacation."

We sit daydreaming of how lovely the Green will look in a little while with the new rich grass and the blossoming peach trees, but Art brings us back to reality. "Of course you know about our Youth Hostel over here," he says. "It's officially open now, and Sally and I are the house parents. We're going to like taking care of the young folks who will stop here as they tour the country. The accommodations are over yonder by our house, and we think they're awfully nice. It's the first Youth Hostel in Indiana."

"Don't forget to tell them about the new summer kitchen," prompts Sally in a wifely way. "Oh, yes," says Art, "Down in the ravine across the creek we are building a screened-in summer kitchen for people who want to fix their own meals. There will be an oven and some tables and a place for frying meat. Mr. Guthrie says that there are going to be hayrack rides from the Inn over here for steak roasts and wiener roasts. I think the Inn guests will like that, don't you?" (We don't <u>think</u> --- we <u>know</u>!)

So for an hour or more we sit in this pleasant sandwich shop at Gobbler's Knob, with its pretty early American maple furniture, while the springtime breezes swaying the curtains give us glimpses of birds and sunshine -- and we think what a swell place to have spring fever!

Finally, with thoughts of Turkey Talk and the necessity of filling its empty pages, we reluctantly leave --- but if the necessity of earning our bread and butter and jam weren't staring us in the face we would get ourselves settled permanently in one of the pretty maple chairs and watch springtime come to Gobbler's Knob -- with maybe a baked ham sandwich and some potato salad and coffee for nourishment.

CINCINNATI CLUB TO MEET APRIL 20

We're glad to announce that the Turkey Run Club of Greater Cincinnati is getting ready for a dinner meeting which will be held Thursday, April 20, at 6:30 P.M. It will be a turkey dinner given in the Gibson Rathskellar, and if you're lucky enough to be there you'll have the great pleasure of listening to the sweet music of Lee Shelley and his orchestra as you dine. After the dinner a private room will be turned over to the club for social activities.

The price will be $1.15 including tax and tip. Reservations should be made at once with Miss Clara Marzheuser, 3634 Mozart Avenue. (Phone Mo. 0724 R)

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WE'VE GOT 'EM, TOO

Listen, you folks from Illinois and Wisconsin and Michigan --- it's been fun to watch the battle you have been waging in the Chicago Tribune the last few weeks regarding funny names of towns and cities within your borders. You all have dug up some awfully quaint-sounding monikers --- but not one of you has produced a Santa Claus or a Bean Blossom or a Rising Sun. Southern Indiana boasts of these, as well as Birdseye, Farmers Retreat, Napoleon, Bear Wallow, Pikes Peak, Windfall, Marble Corner, Steam Corner, Enterprise, Halo, Friendship, Peppertown, Surprise, Epsom, Rosebud, Bramble, Bear Branch, Pigeon, Pimento, Solitude and Bovine. And what do you think of Loogootee and Oolitic --- and Ferdinand and Bullock? We're proud to state that every one of these names is on the map of southern Indiana, and we challenge any other state to display a more interesting or unique group.

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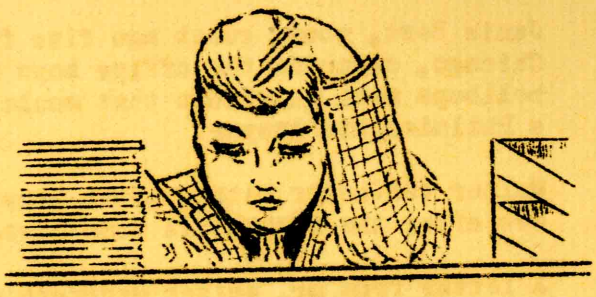
OPEN HOUSE AT CCC CAMP

On Sunday afternoon, April 16, the boys over at the Turkey Run CCC camp will hold open house in celebration of the sixth anniversary of the organization of the Civilian Conservation Corps. Turkey Runners are all cordially invited to visit the camp on that date, to get acquainted with the boys and their work. There will be guides to show guests around the camp and to various work projects within the park. The program will consist of exhibits, a bit of music and light refreshments. The invitation comes from John Saylor, superintendent, and Doyle Clark, commanding officer. This occasion will prove of interest to many Turkey Runners.



Here is a picture of John Davies, our reservation clerk, in a quandary over what to do about week-end reservations. There aren't enough rooms to take care of all the folks who want to come for week-ends this season, so what's a poor reservation clerk to do?

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TO INSPECT TURKEY RUN STATE PARK

Word from the Indiana Conservation Department informs us that on May 18 the Advisory Board to Secretary of the Interior Ickes, on national parks, historic sites, buildings and memorials, will be in Turkey Run State Park. There will be about fifteen in the group and they will remain at the Inn overnight.

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NEW BAND MEMBER

Herman Weaver of St. Bernice has become a member of the staff at Turkey Run Inn and a member of the Gobbleers, our dance band. Playing his bass violin and his sousaphone, Herman will make his first public appearance with the Gobbleers Saturday evening at the regular Commissary dance.

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OFFICERS' LUNCHEON

This year's officers of the Parke County Home Economics Clubs, together with last year's officers, met for a luncheon and meeting at the Inn Thursday. Miss Charlotte Etter, county Home Demonstration Agent, was in charge, and following the luncheon a program was presented in the East Lobby which included musical numbers and readings and a talk on "Life In The Phillipines" by Mrs. John Neely. This year's county officers are Mrs. Ernest Jessup, president, Mrs. Ared Myers, vice-president, Mrs. Walter Wimmer, secretary-treasurer, and Mrs. Milton Davies, assistant.

THIS WEEK WE SAW:

Jamie Best, young guest age five from Chicago, stumping the office boys and bellhops with questions that would baffle a Philadelphia lawyer.

Walter VanVactor with a patch over one eye after the basketball game Tuesday.

A letter from Dr. Walter Macpherson of Joliet, one-time chaplain at Turkey Run, saying he will be here for the Ministers Retreat April 10 - 14.

Mr. and Mrs. G.C. Packard, guests from Wilmette, Illinois, making arrangements to come back on April 27 to celebrate their 11th wedding anniversary.

Mrs. Rose Gordan and Mrs. C. Moore of Chicago presenting one of the waitresses with a can of oil for use on her squeaky shoes.

Fritz Berger, all dolled up in his Sunday suit, waiting for the arrival of the midnight train Thursday that brought with it Miss Frances Shaughnessy of Chicago.

Mr. Guthrie with a "crick" in his back which he claims is the result of hard, hard work on the farm.

Phillip Miller of Chicago, who is here with his sister, announcing that he has gained nine pounds in six days on Turkey Run food.

Mary Katherine and Don Poling, staff members, celebrating their first wedding anniversary Thursday.

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NOT ENTIRELY ELIGIBLE

All this recent talk about eligible bachelors on the staff has Bellhop Hugh Wood in a dither. He wants the world to know that he, too, is an eligible bachelor. (However, we understand that after a winter at college Hugh is not now as prosperous as he would like to be, and for that reason he has begged to be allowed to work the night shift at the front office desk for the remainder of the season. He maintains that if he sleeps all day and works all night his expenses will be cut to a minimum. Just between us girls, we don't know whether that set-up makes Hugh so eligible after all.)

OH, HOW WE LIKE TO GET LETTERS!

Thursday's mail brought us a nice letter from Mrs. W.J. Merrill of Astoria, Illinois, in which she tells how much she likes Turkey Run and Turkey Talk and the Turkey Run horses. She enclosed the following bit of original verse.

"I'd not wish for Midas' gold,
Or a plane that soars through space;
Nor a lover gay and bold,
Nor a gown of feath'ry lace ---

"But when the white of dogwood
Bursts beneath a bonny sun,
I'd be happy if I could
Wander down to Turkey Run."

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CLICK! CLICK! GOES THE CANDID CAMERA

We want to take this opportunity to make it a matter of record that we are definitely opposed to candid cameras and candid camera hounds. A few months ago it was our pal Carl Demaree from Crawfordsville who had us on needles and pins because we never knew when he was taking our picture. We know of one time when he caught us in the act of saying "Positively no!" in an emphatic way to our offspring, and the result was far from flattering. Since then we have never entirely trusted Carl Demaree. Now the bane of our existence is none other than Uncle Bud James who stands around with the most innocent expression on his face while he snaps pictures of us at our typewriter. We don't like it, and we wish that someone would make him stop. When we're all prettied up and posing our pictures are very peculiar looking --- and when we're caught unawares in the act of writing Turkey Talk, the result looks like some of those natives of the South Sea Islands that one sees in the National Geographic. We don't like candid cameras!

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LET 'EM SLEEP!

We saved this space until the very last minute for a write-up about the meeting Thursday night of the Chicago Turkey Run Club, but none of the boys who went has as yet put in an appearance and it's ten A.M. Friday and we've got to go to press. We know they got back safely in the wee sma' hours -- but we have yet to see any of 'em. Let 'em sleep say we. It must have been some party!

TURKEY TALK

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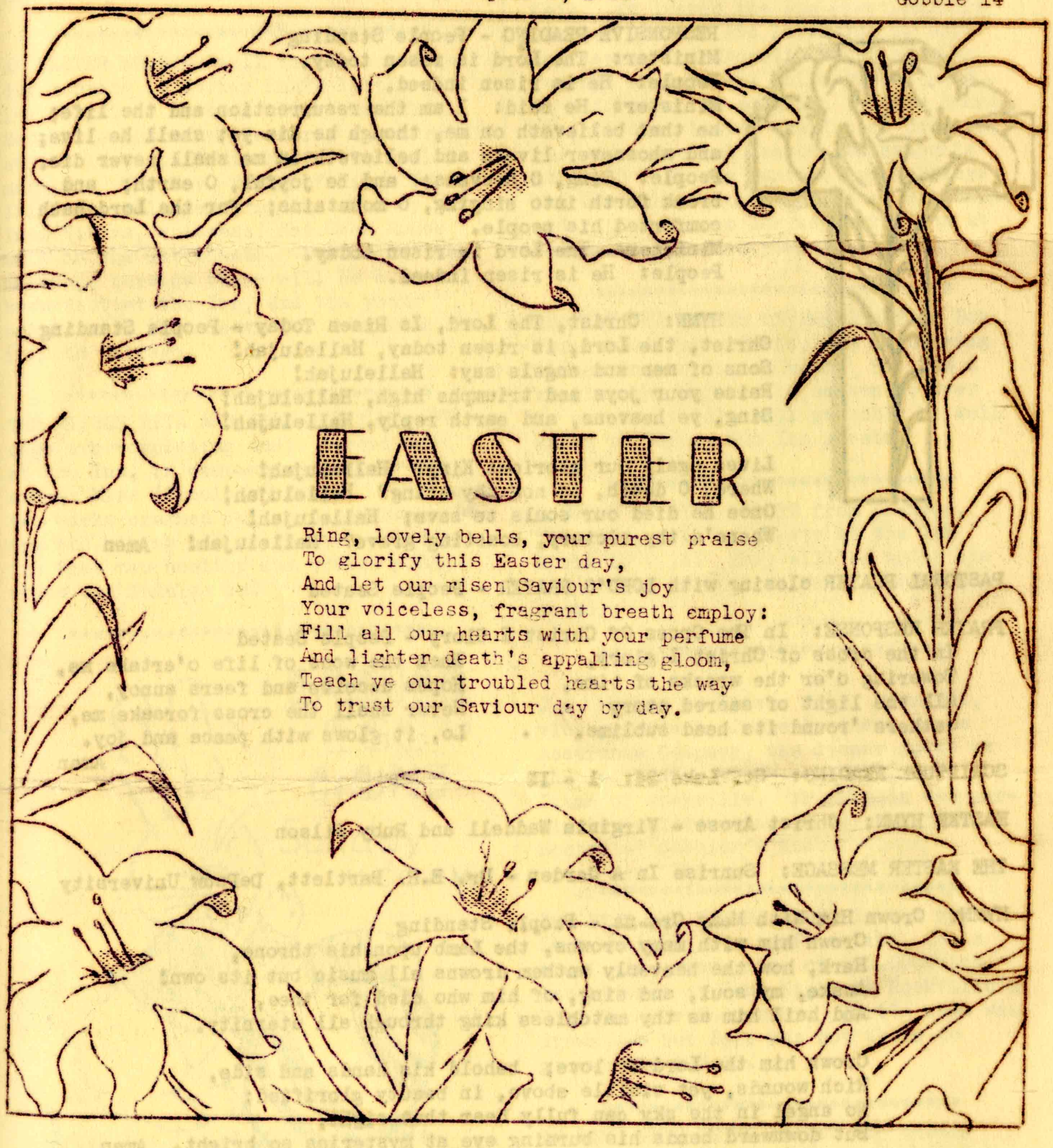

EASTER

Ring, lovely bells, your purest praise
To glorify this Easter day,
And let our risen Saviour's joy
Your voiceless, fragrant breath employ:
Fill all our hearts with your perfume
And lighter death's appalling gloom,
Teach ye our troubled hearts the way
To trust our Saviour day by day.

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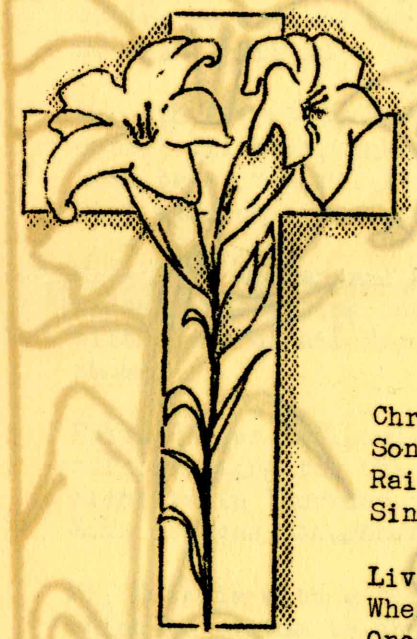
EASTER SERVICE AT LOG CHAPEL

9:00 TO 9:45 A.M.

ORGAN PRELUDE - Ross Snyder



RESPONSIVE READING - People Standing
Minister: The Lord is risen today.
People: He is risen indeed.
Minister: He said: I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth on me, though he die yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.
People: Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains; for the Lord hath comforted his people.
Minister: The Lord is risen today.
People: He is risen indeed.

HYMN: Christ, The Lord, Is Risen Today - People Standing

Christ, the Lord, is risen today, Hallelujah!
Sons of men and angels say: Hallelujah!
Raise your joys and triumphs high, Hallelujah!
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply, Hallelujah!

Lives again our glorious King; Hallelujah!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Hallelujah!
Once he died our souls to save; Hallelujah!
Where's thy victory, boasting grave? Hallelujah! Amen

PASTORAL PRAYER closing with LORD'S PRAYER - People Seated

PRAYER RESPONSE: In The Cross Of Christ I Glory - People Seated

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers 'round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me,
Lo, it glows with peace and joy.
Amen

SCRIPTURE READING: St. Luke 24: 1 - 12

EASTER HYMN: Christ Arose - Virginia Waddell and Ruby Wilson

THE EASTER MESSAGE: Sunrise In A Garden - Dr. E.R. Bartlett, DePauw University

HYMN: Crown Him With Many Crowns - People Standing

Crown him with many crowns, the Lamb upon his throne,
Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns all music but its own!
Awake, my soul, and sing, of him who died for thee,
And hail him as thy matchless king through all eternity.

Crown him the Lord of love; behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified;
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright. Amen

BENEDICTION

DOXOLOGY

LATEST TURKEY RUNNERS to sing the Mendelssohn Blues are Lillian Moore, waitress, and Ed Presslor, baker. They were married Tuesday evening in Rockville at the Methodist parsonage, with the Rev. R.C. Ellsworth officiating and Don and Mary Katherine Poling, of the Inn staff, as attendants. Lillian and Ed plan to move soon into that vacant cabin on Honeymoon Row at Spring Hollow.

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AN EASTER WEDDING will take place Sunday morning in Turkey Run's little old log chapel at seven o'clock when Miss Marybelle Lohrmann, formerly a waitress at the Inn, and Lewis E. Forein will be married. The Rev. Bryan of Ridge Farm, Illinois, will perform the ceremony and Inez Rivers, waitress, and Owen Rouse will be the attendants. Following the marriage service there will be a bridal breakfast at the Inn, and the young couple will then leave for a wedding trip to Chicago.

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THE MISSES RITA AND JEAN BYFIELD of Chicago are completing their second week at the Inn, in company with their governess Miss (Fraulein) Breil. It's been two weeks crammed full of horseback riding and hiking and every other kind of fun that two healthy and active youngsters can indulge in.

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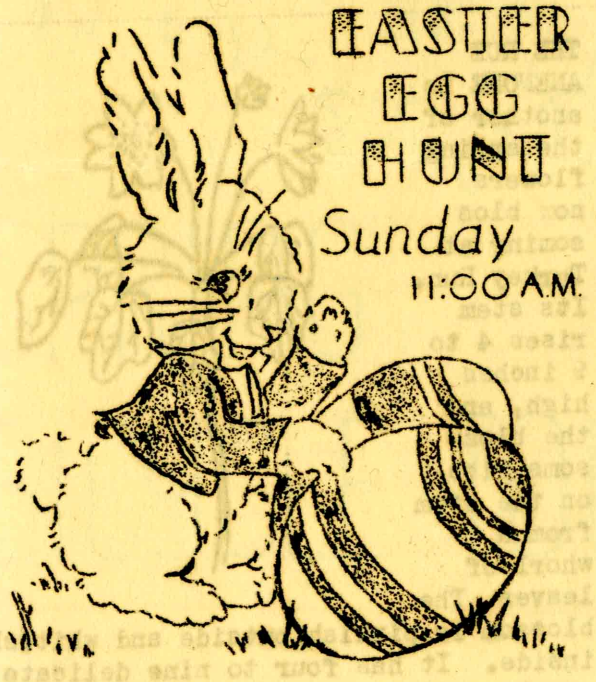

NEW INDIANAPOLIS BUS

"Snitzy" is the word for the new fourteen passenger Indianapolis-Turkey Run bus which is operated by the Danville Bus Line and driven by Vern Hayes. (Vern is known to many Turkey Runners as a first-class caller outer at some of our Commissary square dances.) The bus makes the trip in two hours, and the fare is $1.65 one way and $2.65 round trip. It leaves the Inn every morning (except Sundays and holidays) at 7:30 and leaves Indianapolis every evening (except Sundays and holidays) at 5:15. On Saturdays, in addition to this schedule, it also leaves the Inn at 3:00 in the afternoon and leaves Indianapolis at 12:30 P.M. On Sundays and holidays the bus leaves Indianapolis at 9:00 A.M. and 7:00 P.M. and leaves Turkey Run at 7:00 A.M. and 4:45 P.M.

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ANOTHER NEW MEMBER OF THE STAFF is Bob Fessler of Terre Haute, who is bussing dishes in the dining room. Bob has a violin, and before the season is over he and his fiddle will probably be well known to Turkey Run Inn guests.

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A GROUP OF GIRL SCOUTS from Glencoe, Illinois, will be guests at the Inn April 10 - 14. They will be under the leadership of Ruth C. Pease, Scout Director.

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J.C. HIGDON of Kansas City, Missouri, vice president of the Business Men's Assurance Company, was dinner guest at the Inn Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Iiams of Rockville. Mr. Higdon was particularly interested in our new Youth Hostel at Gobbler's Knob.

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"SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR", is the way Bert Holland, our staff artist, feels about the money prize of $65.00 which was offered at Bank Night at Rockville's Ritz Theater Wednesday. Bert's name was drawn --- but Bert was not there to pocket the $65.00.

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WE LIKE THIS THING called the Easter spirit. It's in the air at Turkey Run, and it gives us a glad feeling and we think the world's a pretty swell place.

IF YOU LIVE IN GREATER CINCINNATI -- TAKE NOTE

OCCASION: Dinner meeting of the Turkey Run Club of Greater Cincinnati
DATE: Thursday, April 20.
TIME: 6:30 P.M.
PLACE: Gibson Rathskellar
PRICE: $1.15, including tax and tip.
RESERVATIONS: Make them with Miss Clara Marzheuser, 3634 Mozart Ave. (Phone Mo. 0724 R.)

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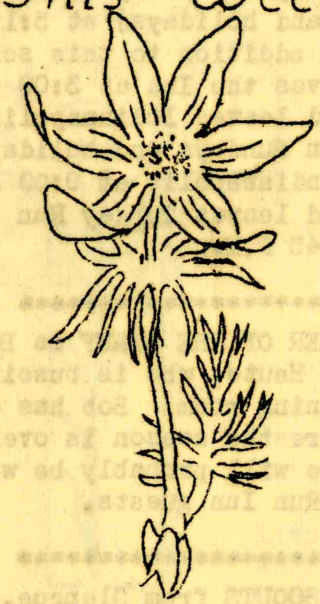
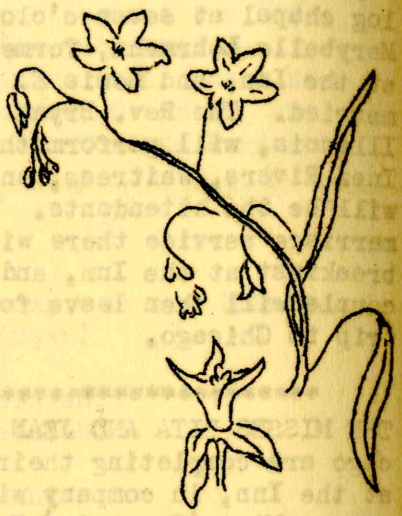
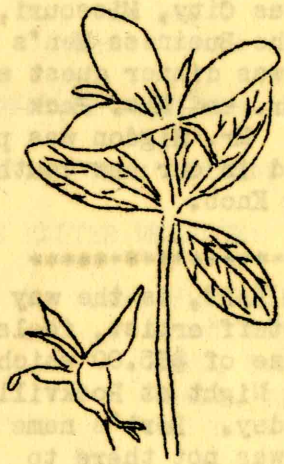
This Week's Favorite Visitors



THE HEPATICA or Liverwort may be seen in big clumps on almost every hill side and in the woods at Turkey Run. The blossom, which flowers before the leaf appears, has sepals of a light purple color, shading almost to white. The stem is hairy and its leaves are dark green, having three lobes. The flowers have no petals, but their sepals appear like petals. The Hepatica is Turkey Run's prize flower this week, and is attracting a great deal of attention.



THE SPRING BEAUTY is a dainty little blossom that opens only when the sun is shining. The flowers have five petals and only two sepals, and are of a pale pink color, shading to white. The leaves are deep green, long and slender, clasping the stalk about midway. This fragile little plant is now blooming in abundance along the Turkey Run trails, loving the sun of the wooded hillsides.



THE WHITE TRILLIUM is one of our showiest early spring flowers, with a lily-like blossom that is larger than most of the other flowers in the woods. This plant bears, at the summit of its stem, a solitary, beautiful white flower with three petals curving backward and turning pink as the flower ages. Its leaves are ovate, broad, dark green, sharp at the point and narrowed at the base, on a whorl below the blossom.

THE RUE ANENOME is another of the spring flowers now blossoming at Turkey Run. Its stem rises 4 to 9 inches high, and the blossoms rise on the stem from a whorl of leaves. The blossom is pinkish outside and whitish inside. It has four to nine delicate sepals and blooms in clusters of from two to three flowers. Of these, the center one blooms first.

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TURKEY TALK

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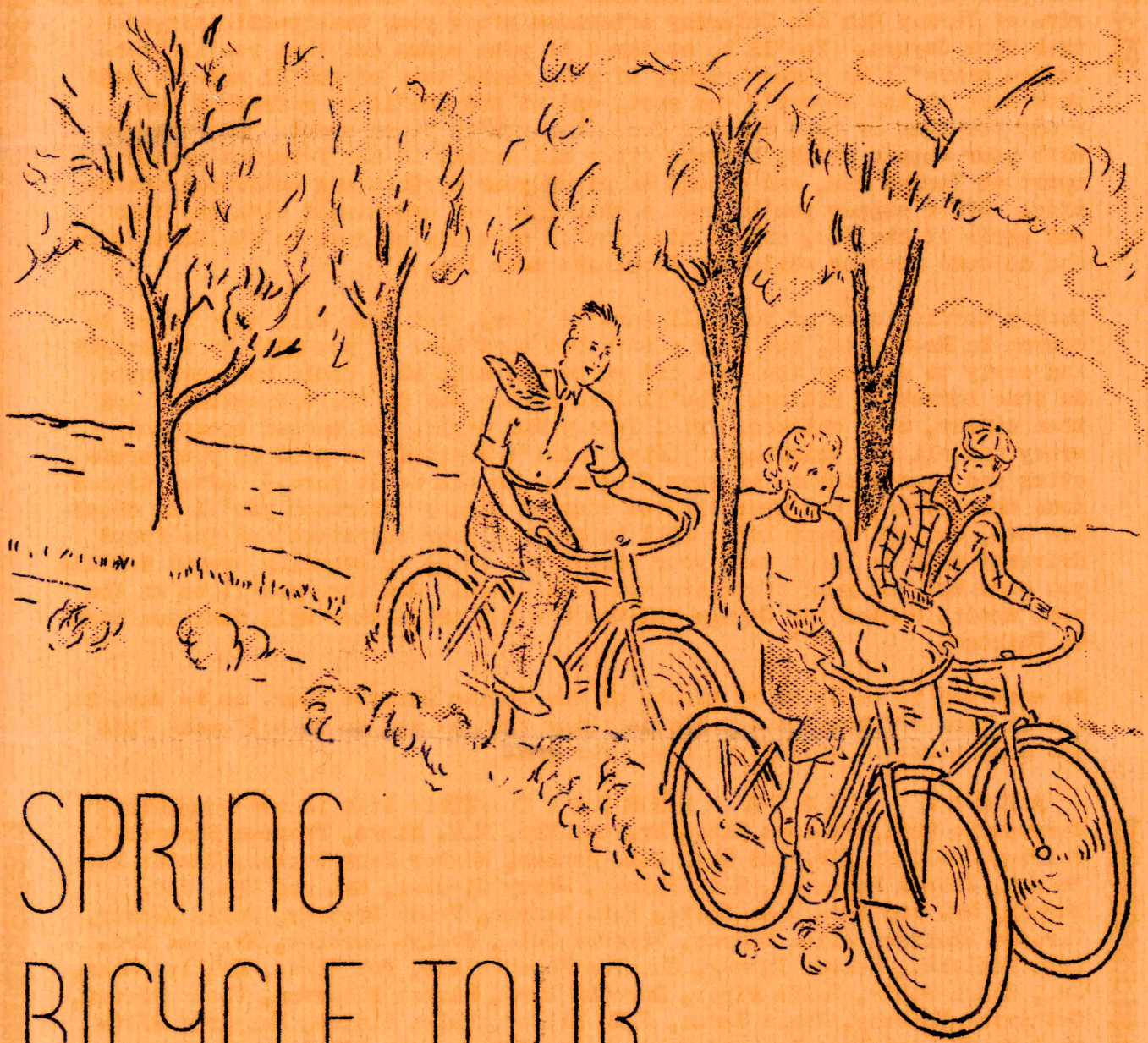

SPRING BICYCLE TOUR

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WELCOME, BICYCLE TOURISTS !

When you get off the C & E I train at Cayuga at noon on Saturday after your trip from Chicago you'll be met by a delegation of Turkey Runners with their bicycles, and when you've had your box luncheon you'll hop on your bikes and get out on the open road, headed for Turkey Run. (Don't forget to smile prettily at the newspaper camermen who will be on hand to record the Turkey Run Spring Bicycle Tour for posterity, and don't be afraid of the policemen -- they're your body guard to escort you along the highway.

Starved to death, with windblown hair and sunburned noses and tired muscles, and probably with bits of the Indiana countryside clinging to you, you'll arrive at Turkey Run Inn Saturday afternoon after your twenty-mile bicycle trek from Cayuga. You'll be assigned to your rooms and then you'll bathe (since there'll be almost eighty of you, maybe some of you'll have to wait your turn at the shower!) and rest, and at six you'll be refreshed and ready for some of that Hoosier food that you've heard about. Don't hurry with your supper folks, because after all eating is the favorite indoor sport at Turkey Run, and should be given your serious and undivided attention. After supper you'll have a chance to get acquainted with the boys and girls at the Inn, and at nine you'll probably go down to the Commissary and do some dancing while the Gobbleers moan low.

Sunday morning some of you will want to sleep, and some will want to go to church in Rockville, but it's a safe bet that lots of you will be up bright and early to explore the park and go on the hike with Uncle Bud and maybe do some horseback riding. You'll like Turkey Run in the springtime. And then dinner, with chicken, fried Turkey Run style, and mashed spuds and gravy and all the trimmings. (Please don't hesitate to pick up your drumstick and your wishbone in your fingers. We all do it here.) After dinner some more hiking, and then all too soon on Sunday afternoon you'll be checking out, and the front lobby will be full of your suitcases and the front driveway will be lined with your bikes, and we'll be standing around telling you good bye and good bicycling and come again. And then you'll be on the road again, headed for Cayuga and the C & E I train that will take you back to Chicago.

We want you to enjoy every minute of the Spring Bicycle Tour, so be sure to let us know if there is any little thing that we can do to help make this the most pleasant outing you have ever had.

A M O N G T H O S E P R E S E N T (This list is not complete.)
Marguerite Carl, Frances Macy, Mr. and Mrs. H.M. Wicks, Frances Herbrecht, Shirley Stallsen, Mr. and Mrs. C.A. Hansen, Master Jack Hansen, Master Lee Hansen, Isabel McDonald, R.L. Holmes, Harry Clausen, Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. W.A. Nolte, H.E. Kenyon, Freda Brenner, Emily Becker, Teressa Brenner, Alice Morrow, Mildred Cole, Evelyn Borskow, Mr. and Mrs. L.C. Dollahan, Nelson Turner, Charles Rosenfelder, Bob Glass, William Hohn, Jr., Helen Hults, Helen Piper, Dorothy Born, Linnea Peterson, Vesta Reaver, Catherine Mulcahy, James Easoz, J.R. Wilson, Helen Blaine, Marjorie Rittmueler, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Robb, Laura Downey, Ann O'Malley, Maxine Smith, Mabel Bates, I. Salston, O. Sumbaum, John Steffen, Merrill Ormes, R.E. Hall, Jean Melin, Evelyn Farr, P.H. Reed, Jr., Elna Snyder, Viola Colvin, Gladys Sweeney, Christine M'Ladic, C. Thomashoff, Cynthia Gauer, Helen Keller, Mary Maloney, Margaret Wingstrom, Billie Warman, Mrs. E. Shapper, Mrs. F. Shapper, Phyllis Widman, Miss Haiman, Miss McGurk, Al Mehl, Dixie Jarman, Harold Keyes.

THIS WEEK WE SAW:

Lee Perrish, our electrician, with a grin on his face Thursday that practically reached around and tied behind his ears. (The reason: He won $85.00 at Bank Night Wednesday at Rockville's Ritz Theater. Who wouldn't grin?)

Everett Lyons, resident manager, making the speech of the evening at the Turkey Run Rotary Club meeting Wednesday in the Pioneer Room at the Inn. (Very thoughtfully Mr. Guthrie saw to it that just before the speech began a tub of steaming water was brought in and set beside Everett for use in case of cold feet.)

Dr. Carl Olson of Cincinnati, here with the Universalist-Unitarian Ministers' Retreat, trying to blow out the candles on his birthday cake Wednesday at the dinner table. (He hardly had a chance, however, because his fellow members of the clergy grabbed the cake away from him and gobbled it up in a most unseemly manner.)

Dr. Walter Macpherson of Joliet, also here for the Ministers' Retreat, deserting his reverend brothers to eat breakfast in the employees' dining room. (He's practically one of the family!)

A jitterbug contest in the Pioneer Room Tuesday afternoon. (Contestants were Maurice Hobson, Carl Hutton, Woody Morgan and Bob Fessler, all staff members.)

Mr. and Mrs. R.C. Purdy of Columbus, Ohio, on their annual Turkey Run visit. (And they're as welcome as the flowers in May.)

Miss Mary Lee, Miss Anne Dingle, Miss Joan Weisberg, Miss Nancy Mills and Miss Helen Witzelben, all spring vacationers from the North Shore, taking box lunches to the woods Thursday for an old-fashioned picnic.

Inez Rivers, waitress, wearing the only orchid corsage that was seen in the park on Easter.

Miss Martha Ream of Wilmette, an old friend, enjoying a week's outing amongst our midst.

Mrs. W.J. MacKenzie and sons of Lake Forest, more old friends here for the spring vacation.

LADS MAKE 240-MILE BICYCLE TOUR

A bicycle trip from Crown Point to Turkey Run - a distance of 120 miles - and back again is the achievement of three boys who have been guests at the Inn this week. They are Ying Jones, age 14, Bud Kohn, age 13, and Bill Levinson, age 13, all of Highland Park, Illinois. Monday they and their bikes went by train as far as Crown Point, Indiana. From their they pedalled their way along Highway 55 to Fowler, Indiana, where they spent the night. Tuesday they came from Fowler to Turkey Run by way of U.S. 41, arriving here in the afternoon. After a few days' stay the boys made their way back to Crown Point Friday by the same route. They said that the going was fine, and that their bicycle tour to Turkey Run was a grand way to spend the spring vacation.

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Nona Steffy, who has been employed in the bedroom department at the Inn for the past four years, left Friday for Terre Haute where she has accepted a position in the Terre Haute House. We're all going to miss Nona, the gal who sings at her work, and the gal who has made a name for herself as Turkey Run's best girl dancer and roller skater.

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Marjorie Abbott of San Diego, California, is a loyal Turkey Runner who crossed half the continent to spend part of her spring vacation at the Inn. With her aunt Mrs. Walter Fisher and Jerry and Frank Fisher of Winnetka, Marjorie was here for several days this week --- and were we glad to see her! Says she: "I'd rather be at Turkey Run than anywhere else in the world." Marjorie used to be a frequent visitor when she lived in Chicago, and we're pleased to know that the charms of California haven't dimmed for her the charms of Turkey Run.

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Irene Delp, head waitress, is home this week recovering from a tonsil operation which she underwent Wednesday.

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"It's a great life if you don't weekend," John Davies, reservation clerk, was heard to murmur to himself ruefully the other day as he struggled with the morning mail and all of its requests for reservations from folks wanting to come for weekends.

Youth Hostel On Gobbler's Knob

The publicity and pictures of the new Turkey Run Youth Hostel on Gobbler's Knob which appeared last week in Indiana and Illinois papers brought increased interest in our newest project. The hostel is open to members of American Youth Hostels, Incorporated, providing clean and comfortable accommodations for young folks traveling through the country. Youth hostelers primarily travel under their own steam, by foot, bicycle, horseback, canor or flatboat, snowshoes or skis; they do not travel by automobile, train or bus except to the starting point of their hosteling adventure. They enjoy cooking their own meals and traveling economically. Hostels are for the use of all existing youth organizations, as well as private individuals who enjoy this type of travel.

****

CHICAGO TURKEY RUNNERS ... April meeting place changed; this time we're meeting at the Morrison Hotel, Roosevelt Room. Same time, 6:30 P.M. Same date, April 27. Price $1.03, not including tax. Georgid Schmidt has taken care of arrangements for us, and has obtained some extra-extra super entertainment ... in addition to the Turkey Run movies which all are anxious to see, Peggy Lou Snyder will dance for us. Peggy Lou is a "teacher of teachers", and is from the Stage Art School. Get your reservations in to the Schmidt household (Ave. 2040) 4924 Berenice, Chicago. Deadline on reservations is April 25, so get on the phone now.

Save the week-end of June 3 - 4! Chicago Turkey Runners will cavort down at the Inn then. Car arrangements will be made as in previous years. It might be well to send your reservation to the Inn now ... no telling how crowded it'll be.

****

CINCINNATI TURKEY RUNNERS .... Get in your reservations at once for the dinner meeting on April 20. Dinner at 6:30 P.M. at Gibson Rathskellar, price $1.15. Make the reservations with Miss Clara Marzheuser, 3634 Mozart Avenue (Phone Mo. 0724 R.) This will be an especially fine meeting with an unusual program and lots of fellowship among the members.

Our Chicago key-hole peeper who keeps us informed on the doings of our friends up there, tells us that Jimmy Gallighan, popular member of the Chicago Turkey Run Club is engaged ... to a really sweet gal named Jo Reichl. Congratulations, Jimmy!

****

Mrs. William H. Brown of Chicago is completing her first week's stay here. She says she knows she'll stay at least three weeks, and we're hoping she'll like us well enough to stay four -- or five.

****

Waneita Zachary of the Inn staff was the guest of Frances Hatfield at the spring luncheon meeting of the Women's Press Club of Indiana which was held Tuesday at the Columbia Club, Indianapolis.

****

SOME THINGS WE'RE ALLERGIC TO: Candid cameras ... cold winds when we're wearing our spring coat ... that song "Hold Tight" on the music box down in the Pioneer Room ... wobbly typewriter desks ..... the new spring hats .... people who ask "how much are your five cent post cards?" ..... candid cameras.

****

NEW WAITRESSES: Dorothy Dalbey of Veedersburg and Margaret Rush of Waveland.

****

Red Mayes, the Turkey Run desk clerk and drummer boy, has a new suit. He thought it was blue when he bought it, but when he got it home he discovered it was green!

TURKEY TALK

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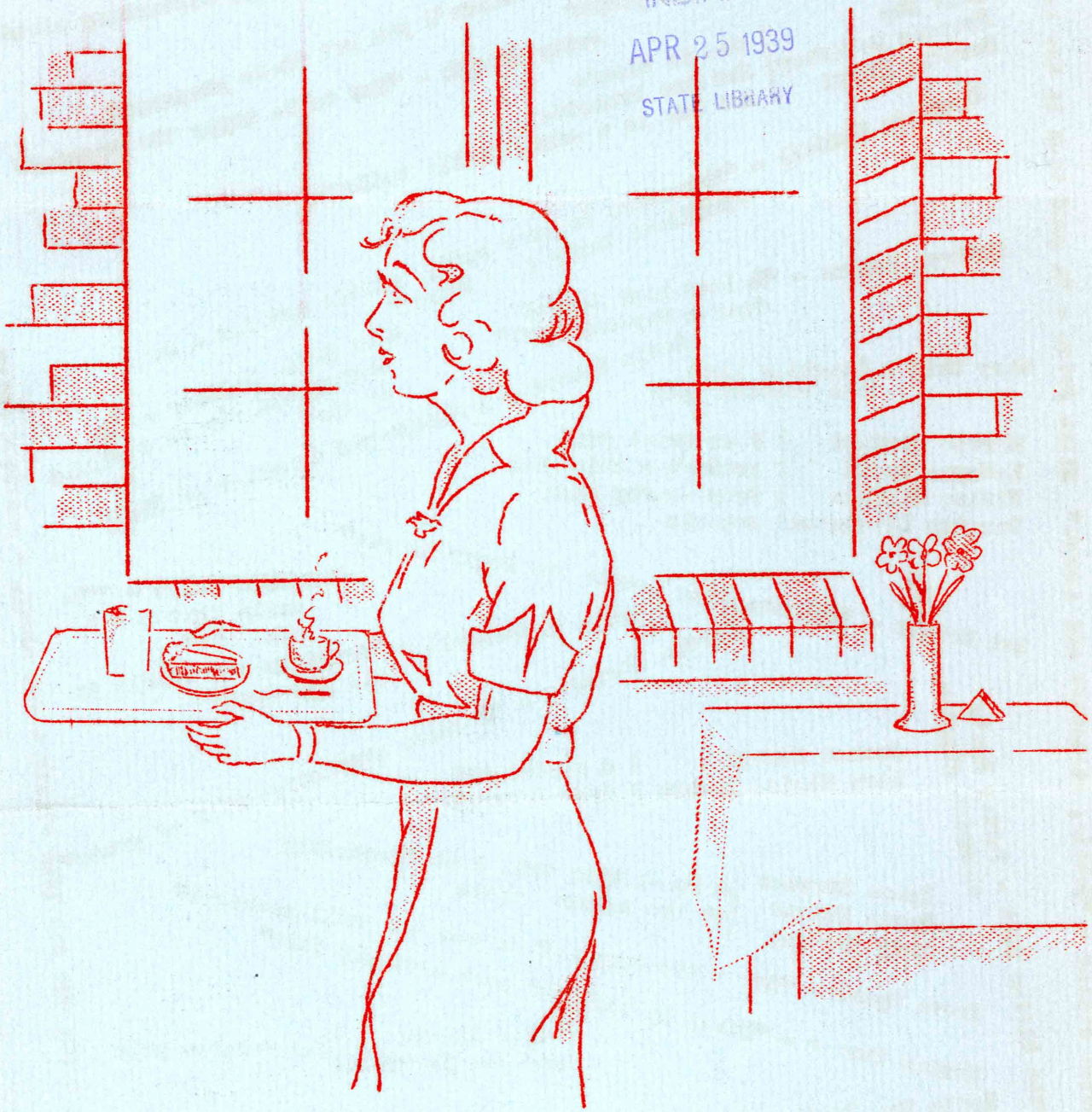

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OUR WAITRESSES

Irene Delp - Head waitress and hostess - a hard job to fill,
But she does all her work with the greatest of skill

Ruby Wilson - "Jeepers, Creepers!

Inez Rivers - Goldilocks in person

Margaret Rush - another disturbing blonde

Faith VanDevanter - Cello player

Where'd you get those peepers?"

Lois Day) One is blonde
Frances DeVerter) And one brunette
Dorothy Cloyd) And one is a saucy little redhead

Betty Church - "How to be happy tho married"

Virginia Waddell - "Her voice is ever soft, gentle and low - an excellent thing in a woman"

Kathryn Lawson - "A lass more lovely than a May-day morn"

Anna Belle Metzing - "As modest and shy as a violet is she"

Mary Dale - Laughing lips and roguish eyes

Levia Roccia - A black-eyed daughter of Italy

Martha Burford) Four sweet girl
LeMoyne Mayes) graduates this week
Vivian Wildman) from nearby high
Dorothy Livengood) schools

Eva Morgan - "Housekeeping hearts are happy hearts"

Marjorie Baker - "The smile that won't come off"

Marie Mendenhall - "Gracious and kindly in all she does"

Martha Harrison - "A sweet attractive kind of grace"

Isabel Sneath) A sister act
Mary Eloise Sneath) from Rockville

Martha Miriam Rusk - Turkey Run's champion giggler

Irene Crowder) A fun-loving trio seen frequently
Doris Phipps) at the square dances
Mary Hartlep)

Treva Myers - "Great treasures often come in small packages"

Maxine Turner - "Divinely tall and most divinely fair"

Louise Rivers) Inseparable pals
Edna Mae Sherrill)

Lydia Mae Smith - Full of fun and ever ready with a helping hand

Helen Mayes - Famous for her red hair and her dancing feet

Lillian Moore Presslor - "Here comes the bride"

Helen Hosford - Blondie

Mary Katherine Poling - "Gentle, steadfast and demure"

Wilma Price - "A good book is the best friend"

Mildred Lenman - "Laugh and the world laughs with you"

Dorothy Dalbey - One of the new ones

Wilma Robinson - "There was a little girl and she had a little curl"

Boys Will Be Boys

Bob Fessler, bus boy, slumbered peacefully in the front lobby Wednesday afternoon, blissfully unaware of the large "Do Not Disturb" sign which Ross Snyder had prepared and fastened to him.

Bert Holland, Bob Morgan and Adolph Hitler celebrated their birthdays Thursday of this week. For gifts Bert received a mustache cup, Bob got some fishing tackle and Adolph got a couple of seaports.

Over at the Turkey Run dairy Doc Stark has been busy this week paying off gambling debts to Clyde Leatherman. It seems that Doc isn't any good at all when it comes to predicting the time of arrival and the gender of additions to the dairy herd. We've heard of people betting on the horses, but this is our first experience with betting on the cows.

Orin Woodrow, former bus boy and promoter of bicycle tours, is now helping with the cooking in the kitchen. He looks real fetching, too, in his tall white cap.

Hugh Wood and Uncle Bud James of the Inn staff left for Cincinnati Thursday morning to be there in time for the dinner meeting of the Turkey Run Club of Greater Cincinnati that evening.

Like Old Doctor Foster in the nursery rhyme, Claude Presslor, assistant bookkeeper, "stepped in a puddle clear up to his middle" while he was trying to get his wife home Monday night. (Yes, we had a little rain here, too!)

Sunday Bob Hopkins, bookkeeper, had a pretty tough half hour in the gift shop trying to answer some fifth-grade geography test questions put to him by Barbara Hatfield.

"Hello, Clark Gable," said Fritz Berger to Glenn Shirley at the lunch table the other day, to which Glenn replied, "Hello, Errol Flynn." Now what in the world do you suppose they meant by that?

Wayne Hazlett is the name of the new boy at the dairy who is causing such a flutter of feminine hearts at the Inn.

GUTHRIE INN GUTHRIE INN GUTHRIE INN

Miss Genevieve Verbark of North Vernon, Indiana, entertained forty friends at Guthrie Inn on Sunday afternoon, in honor of her sister, Miss Isabel Verbark, who left on Monday for residence in Montreal, Canada.

Thirteen members of the Magazine Club of Seymour, Indiana, met at Guthrie Inn on April 14. A luncheon preceded the regular program.

The following guests stopped at Guthrie Inn several days recently while visiting scenic spots in Southern Indiana and Kentucky: Misses Margaret Byrn, Margaret Mills, Jane Rodenbeck of Highland Park, Illinois, and Mrs. Ellen G. Adams and Rose Leham of Detroit.

Supt. Donald DuShane of the Columbus, Indiana, schools and Mrs. DuShane had as their luncheon guests at Guthrie Inn on April 18 Miss Myrtle H. Dahl of Minneapolis, an official of the N.E.A.

The Wednesday Night Bridge Club of North Vernon entertained nine members with a dinner-bridge April 19 at Guthrie Inn. Mrs. Fred Haney was in charge of arrangements.

Bill Walden, of the staff of Turkey Run Inn, is spending the week at Guthrie Inn and Guthrie farm where he is helping with the farm work.

GUTHRIE INN GUTHRIE INN GUTHRIE INN

NEWLYWEDS: Mr. and Mrs. L.C. Melton, Springfield, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Malley, Chicago.

Don Hemstreet, Tom Kelley and Frank Glaubitz of Chicago were guests again last week-end. They had a grand time Saturday playing tennis on the Indiana dance floor map in the Travel Room, using Highway 36 for the net.

CHICAGO SCHOOL VACATION

The week of April 23 - 30 will see the Inn bubbling over with lots of youngsters -- Chicago youngsters who will have the privilege of spending their spring vacation in the out-of-doors. To the local kids this spring vacation business is an unknown quantity, for their school was out for good on Friday, and they are now free to romp and play from dawn to dusk until September.

****

Mr. and Mrs. J.N. Shure and sons Myron, Alan and Richard of Oak Park, Illinois, are here for their annual spring outing. Thursday Alan and Richard were so helpful at the CCC camp that they were invited to remain for lunch, an invitation which they gladly accepted.

****

Miss Gladys Granum of Chicago, employed with the National Trailways System, was an overnight guest at the Inn Wednesday.

****

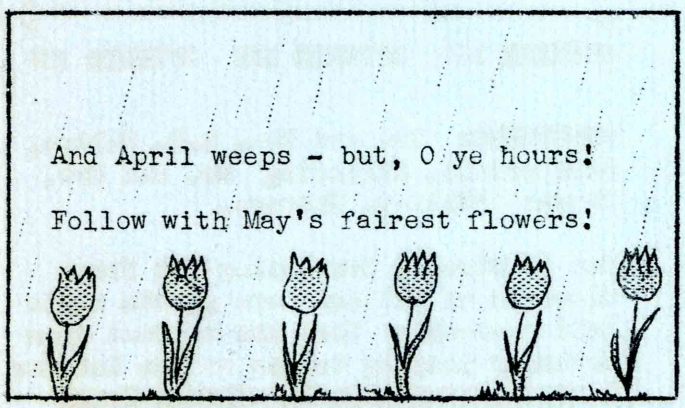
Prettiest sight in the gift shop this week is the array of new compacts decked with hand-painted dogwood blossoms.

****

In spite of the rainy weather, the spring bicycle tour last week-end was a complete success, with more than eighty hardy souls here for the event. Harold Keyes of the C & E I Railway office was in charge of the affair, and hopes to have another one in the fall.

****

Guests who attended the song-fest Monday night seemed pleased with the new song-sheets. Apparently they liked having a change and enjoyed singing some of the newer numbers. However, Uncle Bud, the song-leader, says that folks always seem to like the old songs best and only use the newer ones to season the old favorites.



WHAT? NO DOGWOOD OR REDBUD YET?

No, folks, we don't have any dogwood or redbud yet. We know that it is past time for them, but is it our fault that the sun hasn't been doing its stuff? The redbud tree in front of the Inn is showing a few tiny tightly-closed pink blossoms, and it looks as if in about another week it will burst forth in full bloom --- providing we don't have any more snow and sleet between now and then. The dogwood is scheduled to bloom soon after the redbud, so we predict that within two weeks it will be attracting a lot of attention from park visitors --- that is, if the sun doesn't go into hibernation again.

****

HERB AND BERNIE MARRIED

Herbert Hadley, former state nature guide at Turkey Run, dropped in on us last week-end and with him was his bride who before the marriage was Miss Bernice Mulvihill of Chicago. Herb and Bernie met at Turkey Run several years ago and the romance flourished under the good old Turkey Run moon and stars. Herb, who is employed with the Socony Vacuum Company, is leaving immediately for South America where he will stay for two years while helping with a geological survey for his company. Bernie plans to remain in Chicago.

****

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

The Girls' Glee Club of Turkey Run Inn which was organized last year will begin to practise again soon preparatory to singing in the chapel services and entertaining guests in the dining room and at the song fests. Ross Snyder, pianist, will direct the girls.

****

"WISH YOU WERE HERE"

Turkey Run has an ardent booster in Chicago by the name of Miss Irene Byrnes. Irene works for the W.F. Hall Printing Company and is editor of their little magazine called "House Dope" which is as fine a little paper as we have seen in a long time. In the April issue of "House Dope" is a fine write-up about Turkey Run entitled "Wish You Were Here" which tells ALL (or almost all) about our place and even has a map showing the location of the park. Many thanks, Irene. We hope some of your Hall comrades will come and see us, and of course we always "Wish You Were Here".

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The Legend Of The Dogwood Tree

At the time of the Crucifixion the Dogwood Tree attained the height and might of the oak and other great forest trees. So strong and firm was the wood of this beautiful tree that it was chosen at the timber for the Cross.

To be thus used for such a cruel purpose greatly distressed the Dogwood Tree, and Jesus, nailed upon it, sensed this and in His gentle pity for all sorrow, said to it: "Because of your regret and pity for my suffering, I make you this promise: Never again shall the Dogwood Tree grow large enough to be used for a cross. Henceforth it shall be slender and bent and twisted, and its blossoms shall be in the form of a cross -- and they shall be snow-white for purity.

"And in the center of the outer edge of each petal there will be nail prints. And in the center of the flower, brown with rust and stained with blood, will be a crown of thorns so that all who see it will remember it was upon a Dogwood Tree that I was crucified, and this tree shall never again be mutilated nor destroyed, but cherished and protected as a reminder of my agony and death upon the cross."

The redbud's in bloom at Turkey Run this week, and the tree in front of the Inn which is our pride and joy is robed in a lovely garment of that pinkish-purplish shade which is so stylish this spring. The dogwood will soon be in bloom, starring the woods and hillsides with the whiteness of its beautiful blossoms. Everywhere are flowers -- blue violets, white violets, yellow violets and dogtooth violets, buttercups, bluebells, Dutchman's breeches, shooting stars, marsh marigolds, wild hyacinths ---- and last night we heard a whip-poor-will down by Sugar Creek. The sun is shining --- the birds are singing -- the air is soft and fragrant --- and spring has definitely arrived at Turkey Run!

A WEEK ON THE FARM

Mrs. Magda Carrao and children Anna, age 3, and Joseph, age 6, of Chicago are enjoying a visit on the Hadley farm two miles from Turkey Run this week. "The children are having a fine time and are learning that milk comes from a cow, eggs from a hen, wool from a sheep and coal from a mine," says Mrs. Carrao who is delighted that her city-bred youngsters have an opportunity to live on a farm this week and help the farmer with his planting and feeding and milking. This is one of the tours arranged by the C & E I Railway in Chicago to give city folks a chance to enjoy farm life.

****

Irene Delp, head waitress, returned to work Thursday after an absence following the removal of her tonsils.

NEWS OF GUTHRIE INN

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Beck and daughter Natalie of Anderson, Indiana, often guests at Turkey Run, recently enjoyed a few days' vacation at Guthrie Inn.

Mrs. Gertrude Hoag of Hanover, Indiana, entertained at luncheon Monday at Guthrie Inn for Rev. and Mrs. Cleland B. McAfee of New York.

Miss Margaret Walters of Seymour entertained at Guthrie Inn Wednesday with a dinner bridge for eight members of her club.

Eight teachers of the Vernon High School gave a farewell dinner at Guthrie Inn Wednesday night, with Miss Rosetta Morey in charge of arrangements.

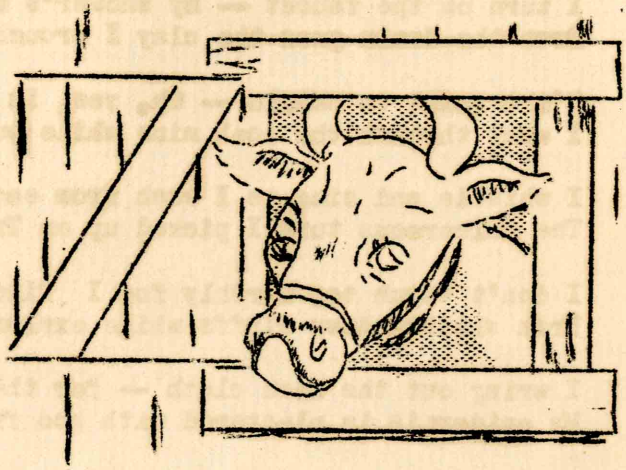
TRAVELER VISITS OUR YOUTH HOSTEL

Turkey Runners heard about Youth Hostels in other lands this week when Ed Woolverton of Albert Lee, Minnesota, dropped in at our Youth Hostel on Gobbler's Knob for an overnight stay en route home from a seven months' trip through Europe. The entire trip cost him only $160, he said, because of cheap accommpdations offered by Youth Hostels. Ed (who is twenty-two and a Junior at the University of Minnesota) left home last September, crossed the ocean on a Danish freighter, traveled in Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, Holland and northern Africa, and returned via a Norwegian freighter. He stayed in a Youth Hostel in Paris, visiting the Louvre and attending opera for a dime; in Switzerland he stopped at a Hostel in the Alps where he spent four or five days skiing; and in Tunis in northern Africa he found the best Hostel of all, one overlooking the Mediterranean and in charge of an Arab caretaker. There are no Hostels in Italy, said Ed, and the ones in Germany resemble army camps. Youth Hostels in Europe offer clean and comfortable accommodations and facilities for cooking for a few cents a night and are patronized by thousands of young people, many of whom are Americans.

Ed traveled by bicycle and boat and on foot, covering 20,000 miles since he left home. He thinks Europe is all right, but says that America has it beat a hundred times over -- and he's planning on traveling through America on his next trip. We hope when he gets started he'll visit us again at our Youth Hostel on Gobbler's Knob.

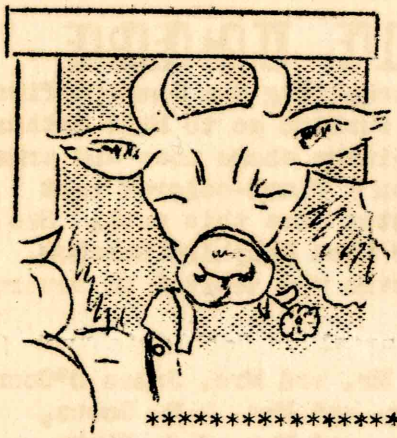
DOINGS AT THE DAIRY

The wheels of industry have begun to turn in the new pasteurizer over at the Turkey Run Dairy, and diners at the Inn and Commissary now know how milk tastes when it is tops in freshness and richness and flavor.



Why don't you go over and see the dairy some time while you're at Turkey Run? Just hop in a car, turn right at the gatehouse and you're there in a jiffy. You'll like Sweetheart and Pet and Madam Queen and Snowball and all the other cows that are ladies, and Ferdinand, the gentleman cow with a ring in his nose. (So that you may appear very intelligent about the cows, we'll tip you off to the fact that the golden-red ones are Guernseys and the black and white ones are Holsteins). You'll also like the little calves (who frequently do a lot of bawling) and Mike the dog (who is very friendly) and Clyde Leatherman the manager (who is bashful) and Wayne Hazlett (who isn't quite so bashful) and Bill Walden (who plays a mean guitar) and Doc Stark (who bets on the cows) and Harold Crowder (who is a man of few words).

The first milking begins at four in the morning, and by eight the milk is on its way to the Inn's breakfast tables. Two hours from cow to table! If perchance you oversleep and don't get to the dairy for the morning milking, you still have a chance because the second milking begins at four in the afternoon. If you get over there at that time you'll have the fun of watching the cowboys at their work. After the milking you'll follow them into the pasteurizing room which is a spotless place with shining stainless steel vats and gadgets. In no time at all the milk is heated to 143 degrees and then cooled and bottled and capped (the caps are snazzy little turkey-decked affairs) and put on the truck to be delivered to the Inn in time for supper.



Seventy-five gallons a day is the present output at the dairy, but Clyde says this is only a start. He's going to get more cows and build more buildings and install more equipment so that he can produce more milk and add such things as ice cream and butter to his repertoire.

****

Ross Snyder, Bud James and Claude Presslor of the Inn staff went to Chicago Thursday to attend the Travel Show at the Stevens Hotel and to be among those present at the dinner meeting of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago.

****

With the blooming of the peach trees, the Village Green over at Gobbler's Knob has burst forth this week into a fairyland of pink blossoms. And what a lovely picture they make against a background of tender green leaves and blue April skies! The whole place looks so inviting that tourists, finding it hard to pass it up, are filling it to capacity this week.

Among this week's guests is Miss Ruth Kathleen Parker of Chicago who is one of our most frequent visitors no matter what the season.

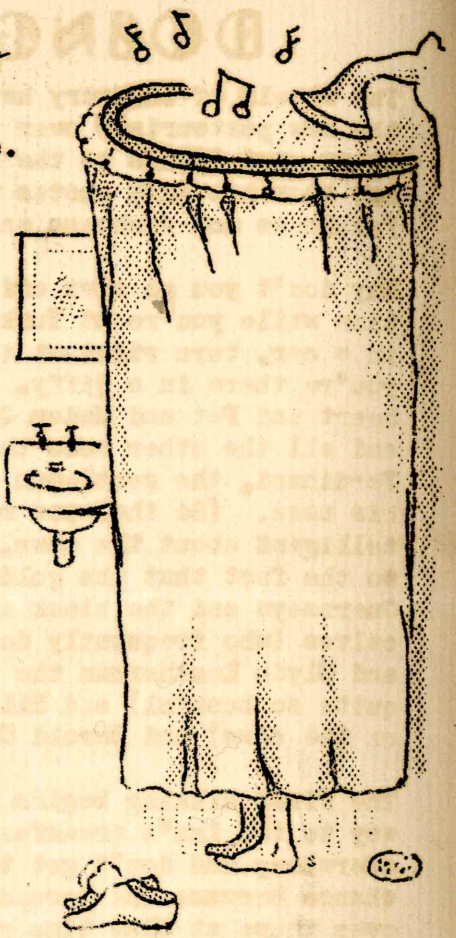
****

Mrs. Fauneal Wood, former staff member, entertained the Turkey Run Young Mothers' Club at her home Tuesday in honor of the first birthday of her daughter Wanda Louise.

****

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hargrave, Judge and Mrs. Howard Hancock and Mr. and Mrs. Warren Buchanan of Rockville were dinner guests Sunday at Guthrie Inn at Dupont.

The Song Of The Shower



I turn on the faucet -- my shower's begun,
Down the drain goes the clay I brought in from Trail One.

I'm a sight to behold -- Oh, yes, it is true
I went through the coal mine while out on Trail Two.

I whistle and sing as I wash from each knee
The calcareous tufa I picked up on Trail Three.

I don't scrub too harshly for I find I am sore
From sliding down cliffs while exploring Trail Four.

I wring out the wash cloth -- for the soap make a dive,
My epidermis is plastered with goo from Trail Five.

Oh, there goes my soap -- now I am in a fix!
I need it to cleanse me of mud from Trail Six.

The water's just right -- like rain sent from heaven,
It's removing the gravel I got on Trail Seven.

They're waiting in line -- but they'll just have to wait
While I erase from my person the sands of Trail Eight.

My shower is over -- Oh, isn't that fine!
Not a trace of trails numbered from One up to Nine!

****

A GOBBLE THERE, A GOBBLE THERE

Dr. and Mrs. N.K. Laird, Jr., of Des Plaines, Illinois, celebrated their first wedding anniversary at the Inn Saturday. They were guests of honor at a dinner party Saturday evening in the dining room at which other guests were Mr. and Mrs. N.K. Laird, Sr., and Mr. and Mrs. H.M. Beach, all of Des Plaines.

Victor Hough of Chicago, former member of the Inn staff, visited us last week end accompanied by Mrs. E. Hough, Edward Hough, Mrs. E. Clutter and J. VanDuzer of Chicago.

Another former employee visiting us last week-end was Hazel Jane Holst who is now studying in Chicago to be a doctor. She was here with her father and her aunt and cousin.

Mrs. W.H. Brown of Chicago, who is spending a month at Turkey Run Inn, had as her guests Saturday and Sunday her daughters Helen, Virginia and Dorothy.

Honors for acquiring the season's first lobster-red sunburn go to Miss Esther Kasper of Chicago whose nose and arms have taken on a flame-colored tint during her stay here this week. She has with her Miss Delphine Rensbow also of Chicago who visited us several years ago.

NEWLYWEDS: Mr. and Mrs. James O'Connor, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. H.R. Goetz, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. J.C. Kirby, Park Ridge, Illinois; Mr. and Mrs. Thomas O'Brien, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Ricordate, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. R.B. Shute, Batavia, Illinois.

As pretty a bevy of girls as you will see anywhere are the six new waitresses who began working at the Inn Monday. They are: Laura Reberger, Indianapolis; Hester Hilda Allee, Bloomingdale; Alma Catterson, Bloomingdale; Martha Burford, Marshall; Catherine Crooks, Bridgeton; Florence Cole, Bridgeton. We're proud of these new girls.

WATCH BULLETIN BOARD IN FRONT LOBBY FOR ANNOUNCEMENT OF WEEK'S ACTIVITIES

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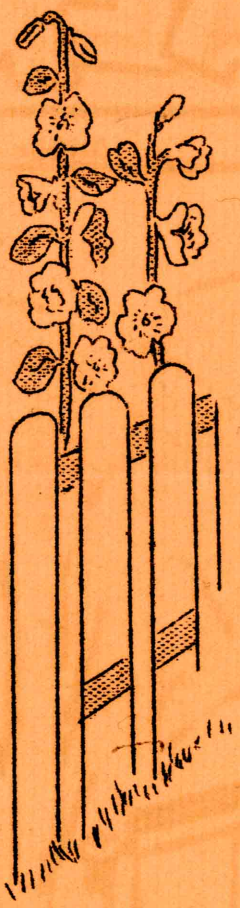
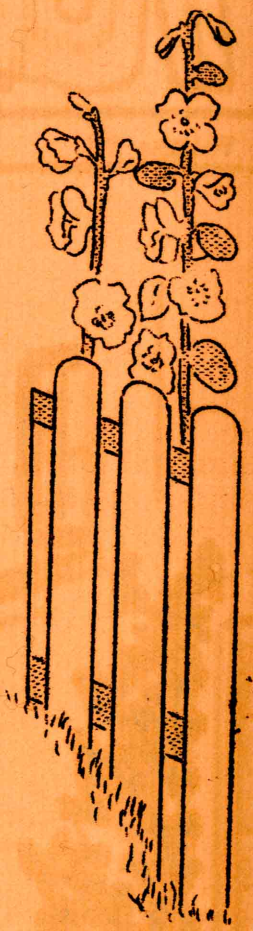
A WEEK ON THE FARM



FOR A LONG TIME we Turkey Runners have been listening to you city folks telling us how much you would like to vacation on a real, honest-to-goodness farm complete with cows and chickens and horses and pigs and ducks, so this spring we have decided to do something about it. With the cooperation of our good friends at the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad Company in Chicago we have planned a "Week On The Farm" trip from Chicago and vicinity via the C & E I to a Hoosier farm two miles from Turkey Run. Here's how it works.



A PLEASANT RIDE in a comfortable, air-conditioned C & E I train from Chicago to Clinton, a brief ride in a Turkey Run taxi, and you are at the farm far from city pavements and street cars and traffic jams. Here you immediately become one of the family, eating with them and enjoying their jolly companionship. You'll have a quiet, comfortable room with a hand-made quilt on your bed and a million-dollar view from your window. Here you'll be able to rest and relax, forgetting your worries, for in this lovely rural setting you'll find that peace and contentment which are the heritage of those living close to nature.

ARISE AT SUN-UP if you wish, or stay in bed until noon ... your time is completely your own. Roam the farm and see the beauties all around you. There really isn't anything better to look at than a good field of tender green oats or wheat or corn. And how delightful to behold are leaves and grass and flowers waving in the wind and sunlight, a new colt with long wobbly legs, white-faced calves in a pasture, the team drinking deep at the trough, a playful kitten. Follow the farmer around while he's at his work and help the farmer's wife with her gardening and her egg-gathering .... and at the end of a happy day know the joy of restful slumber while the whip-poor-wills and katy-dids sing you a lullaby.

LIE ON YOUR BACK on a soft carpet of grass in the sunlight or shade looking at little white clouds in the deep blue sky between the tree-tops and listen to the soothing sounds of field and woods and barnyard ... Tramp in fields fresh and clean and sweet-smelling .... Help fetch the cows at sunset ... Watch the farmer at his evening chores and listen to the milk squirting rhythmically into the shining buckets. All this is part of your life on the farm.

WHENEVER YOU WISH, a telephone call brings a taxi from nearby Turkey Run to take you to the park and during your stay you may if you wish visit Purdue University at Lafayette. The cost for one adult for the week is $28.60, which includes room and meals, train fare and taxi fare from Chicago to the farm and back, taxi trips to Turkey Run whenever desired and the Purdue trip.

FOR FULL DETAILS about this delightful "Week On The Farm" trip, consult Miss Haiman or Miss McGurk at the C & E I office, 135 South LaSalle Street, Chicago. Their telephone number is Webster 4343.

IS OUR FACE RED? We've been bawled out by none other than Willie the Guidie who writes us from way down south in Athens, Georgia, and calls our attention to a line in last week's issue of Turkey Talk. He refers to our little offering entitled "The Song Of The Shower", and this is what he says: "Where is there any coal mine on Trail Two as per your poem? Four years of hunting never revealed it to me! I'll have to bring someone to find it for me."..... We know, Willie, that the coal mine is on Trail Four, but four doesn't rhyme with "True", so we put the coal mine on Trail Two and thought nobody would notice. We're terribly sorry. Please forgive us. We promise never again to move a coal mine as long as we live.

****

THE STUDENT FORUM of the Gobin Memorial Church at DePauw University, Greencastle, will have its spring retreat at Turkey Run this Saturday. Arriving in the morning, the group will have lunch in one of the shelter sheds and will later have a service in the log chapel.

****

THE CCC BOYS are surely tearing up the turf over by the garage. Upon inquiry we find that they are making a new parking lot for automobiles.

****

MAXINE TURNER, assistant head waitress, was all a-flutter Wednesday evening when she received a beautiful bouquet of red roses from a Certain Party. She says they were for a special occasion, but that's all she'll tell. If we hear anything further we'll let you know.

****

DR. FELIX SCHMIT and his two sisters from Milwaukee are here for their annual Turkey Run outing. We regret that their brother, who usually accompanies them, remained at home because of illness.

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"FINDING GOD IN NATURE" is the subject of the sermon in the chapel service Sunday morning. Dr. Obed E. Johnson, chaplain at Wabash College, will be the minister. The service will begin at nine, preceded by a fifteen minute organ recital by Ross Snyder, and all of our guests are invited to attend.

SOMETHING IS ALWAYS HAPPENING down in the Gobbler's Roost --- and this week it is the new Dairy Bar. The place where you guzzle cokes while sitting on a high stool has been painted white trimmed in blue, and here is where you will be able to buy delicious products from the new Turkey Run Dairy. Of course, you'll also always be able to to get your cokes and grape pops there too -- but from now on it's going to feature the dairy products.

****

WE'VE HELD OFF THIS LONG --- but we can't write another paragraph until we say something about a subject that is very dear to our heart. Mushrooms! Yes, sir, they're here and life has taken on a distinctly rosy hue for all of us who adore the things. It seems as though they taste better this spring than ever before --- but then they seem that way every spring. We like 'em!

****

ON TUESDAY Mrs. Henry K. Halsman of Chicago and Topsy her dog stopped at Gobbler's Knob Village for an overnight stay, en route home from Florida, but she liked it so well she didn't go on until Thursday afternoon. She and Topsy had a grand time there, and the Villagers took such a liking to her that when she left she was loaded down with contributions of cherry blossoms and flowers, including a beautiful bunch of violets from young Tommy Drake. She says she is coming back this summer for a longer stay.

****

FIVE STAFF MEMBERS, Raymond Morgan, Bob and Irene Delp and Bob and Eva Morgan, had a fine fishing party the other day. The only flaw in the outing was the fact that after they reached their destination and got all settled on the banks of Sugar Creek, they opened up their fishing tackle and realized that they had left the worms at the Delp home! Nevertheless, refusing to let a bunch of worms spoil their day, they went right on fishing and caught a nice bass and a number of sunfish. We don't know how they did it.

****

MR. AND MRS. EDWARD J. KASPAR of Berwyn, Illinois, are guests this week. Mr. Kaspar is the assistant advertising manager of the Chicago Daily News.

GUESTS THIS WEEK-END are a large number of professors from universities and colleges in Illinois, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Iowa and Indiana who are attending a two-day conference of the Mid-West Political Science Association.

****

VON AND AYLIFFE NICKELL, members of the staff, celebrated their eighteenth wedding anniversary Sunday with dinner in the Inn's dining room.

****

KATHRYN LAWSON, one of our prettiest waitresses, surprised all of us by getting married last Saturday to Hap Harrison of Covington. Kathryn will continue her work here this summer.

****

DAVID H. BROWN, representative of the American Red Cross, is spending a few days at the Inn this week to make plans for the Red Cross Chapter Workers Institute which will be held at Turkey Run June 12 - 16.

****

TWELVE MEMBERS of the State Board, Indiana Daughters of the American Revolution, will meet at Turkey Run on May 17 for a dinner and meeting. On the following day they will be joined by 150 members from chapters in the western part of the Central District for luncheon and an afternoon meeting.

****

"WHERE CAN I INVEST $300.00?" is what Fritz Berger, our handsome bellhop, has been asking all week. He received several suggestions from his fellow staff members, but none of them seemed to suit him. We thought, "Here is a boy with a wonderful purse-onality," but we had to change our mind when Fritz said, "Whoever I invest with will have to accept my personal check for $300.00" We knew there was a catch to it somewhere!

****

HERE FOR A THREE WEEKS' STAY is Mrs. G.H. Hawkins of Chicago, who says she likes Turkey Run better every day.

PHOTO FINISHING

OVERNIGHT SERVICE

Leave your films at the Inn
Reservation Desk
or at the Commissary

NEWS FROM GUTHRIE INN

Mrs. Demarchus Brown of Indianapolis was hostess to the Literary Sixteen Club at Guthrie Inn at Dupont Wednesday. Following a luncheon Mrs. Brown gave a program which included an account of the early history of Madison and vicinity. At the close of the meeting the club visited Madison and Hanover.

The Junior-Senior banquet of the Dupont High School was held at Guthrie Inn Saturday evening. Thirty-two members and guests were present.

Mrs. Elizabeth Wickwire of Hanover entertained eight members of the Ladies Faculty Club with a luncheon-bridge Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O'Neel of Dupont entertained at dinner on April 30 for their son, Edwin O'Neel, and family of Hagerstown, Indiana.

****

ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE representatives of the Aluminum Cooking Utensil Company will be at the Inn Monday, May 8, for a meeting and dinner.

****

ONCE MORE the Indiana State Exchange Clubs will have their annual spring outing at Turkey Run on May 13 - 14. Arrangements are being made by Richard C. Lennox of Indianapolis, state secretary.

****

A GROUP OF GIRL SCOUTS and their chaperones from Evanston, Illinois, are to be here this week-end. They will be under the supervision of Miss Sue Harney.

****

WHO SAYS that Hoosiers don't come to Turkey Run? Anyone who says that would have to take it back if he should take a stroll through our picnic grounds these lovely spring days. The place is filled with native sons and daughters and grandsons and grand-daughters and nieces and nephews having a grand time in their park. Of particular interest are the school parties from all parts of Hoosierdom, arriving in the bright orange school buses and having the time of their young lives on the trails and the picnic grounds. Dozens and dozens of these groups are here every week. Hoosiers do come to Turkey Run, so don't let anybody tell you different!

TURKEY TALK

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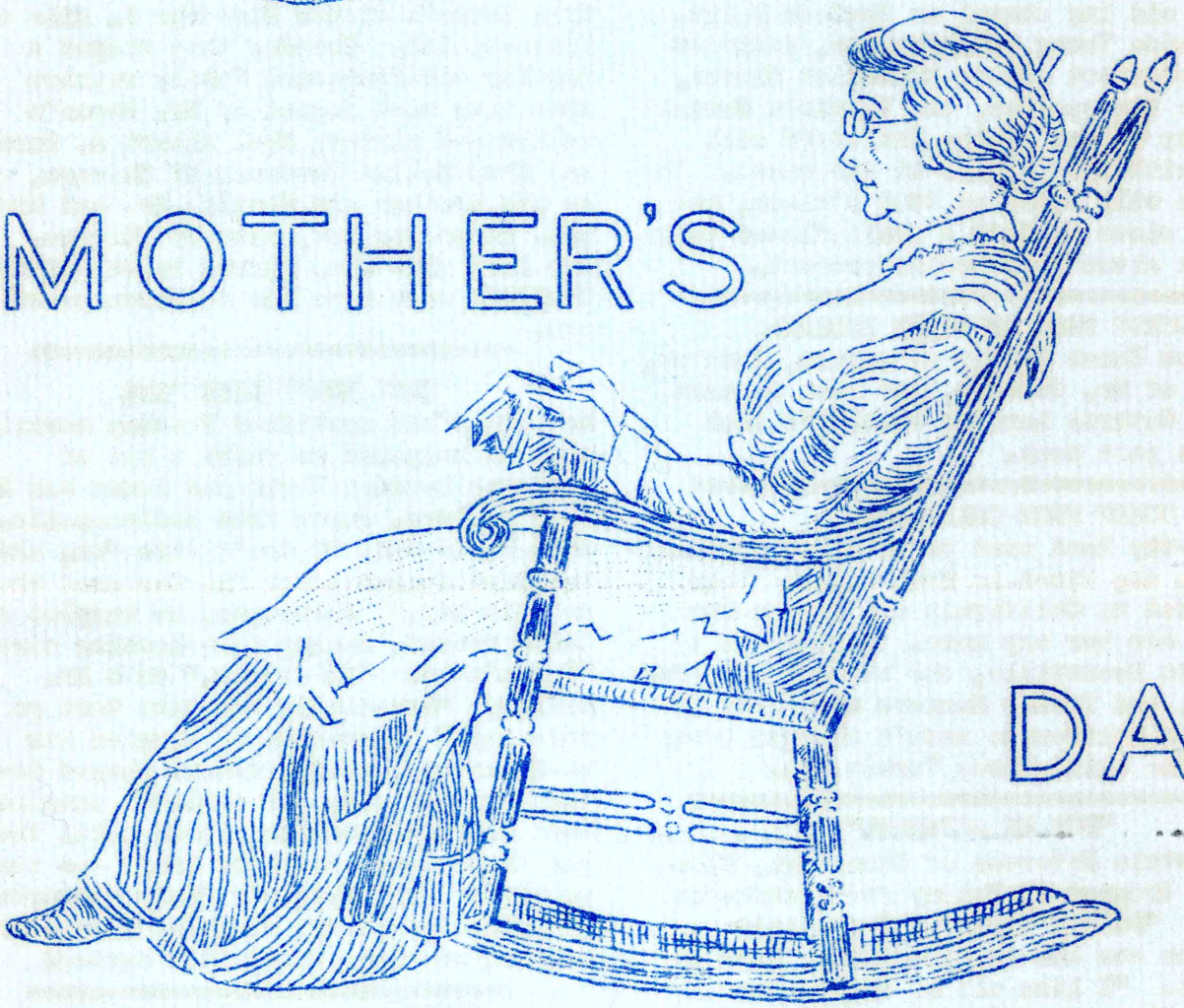

MOTHER'S DAY

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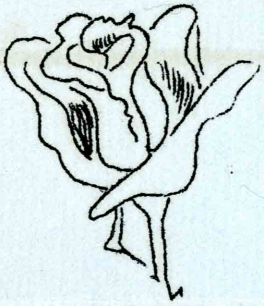
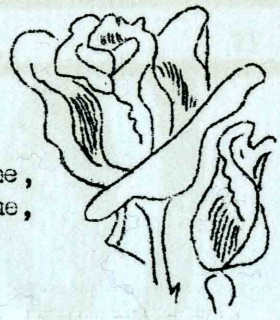
My Mother

My mother, O my mother,
What name could sweeter be?
In all the world no other
Is half so dear to me.
Her love and her protection
Will ever be, I know,
My fondest recollection
Wherever I may go.

My mother, O my mother,
What name could sweeter be,
The tempter's voice to smother
And right the wrong for me?
Her trust will guide me ever
The way of truth to keep;
God helping me, I never
Will cause her heart to weep.



My mother's words will guide me,
Her faith will walk beside me,
Whatever may betide me,
Through years of good or ill.
When doubts and fears o'ertake me,
To hope her prayers shall wake me,
The world may all forsake me,
But mother never will.



MOTHER'S DAY SERVICE IN LOG CHAPEL

Mother's Day will be observed at Turkey Run Sunday by a special service in the little old log chapel on Hemlock Point. Dr. Claude Young of Lafayette, district superintendent of the Methodist Church, will be the speaker, and Virginia Waddell and Ruby Wilson of the Inn staff will sing, with Ross Snyder at the organ. The service will begin at 9:00 o'clock, and at its close at 9:45 a small flower token will be given each mother present.

****

GUEST FROM SOUTHERN INDIANA

Miss Lou Hamah Crosby of Aurora, Indiana, cousin of Mr. Guthrie, has been a guest in the Guthrie home at Gobbler's Knob for the past week.

****

GUEST FROM CALIFORNIA

Miss Betty Head used to visit us frequently when she lived in Evansville; then she moved to California and Turkey Run didn't see her any more. Sunday, on a visit to Evansville, she stopped here for dinner, and Turkey Runners were glad to see that California hasn't changed Betty any. She still likes Turkey Run.

****

"PUT ME ANYWHERE"

Mrs. Hattie Peterson of Champaign, Illinois, dropped in Friday for a week-end visit. "Put me anywhere," she said when she saw how crowded things were at the Inn. "I like all of Turkey Run so well that it doesn't make a bit of difference where I stay." And, knowing that she meant what she said, we found a little corner where she could hang her hat and bait her fish-hook.

FAMILY GATHERING AT THE INN

Old friends returning this week were Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Bacon of Chicago and Mrs. Bacon's sister Miss Mae L. Kile of Indianapolis. Tuesday they staged a regular old-fashioned family reunion when they were joined by Mr. Bacon's mother and sister, Mrs. Albert A. Bacon and Mrs. Nellie Herrmann of Chicago, and by his brother and family, Mr. and Mrs. C.A. Bacon and son, also of Chicago. The last time Mrs. Albert Bacon and Mrs. Herrmann were here was fourteen years ago.

****

THEY DON'T LIKE 'EM!

We were a bit mystified Tuesday morning when we happened to catch a bit of dialogue between Uncle Bud James and Mr. Ferd Hollweg, guest from Indianapolis. Said Uncle Bud, "I don't like 'em, and the kind I like least are the ones that go this way." Whereupon, he waggled his hands around, making flat-looking circles. "I don't like 'em either," said Mr. Hollweg, "Especially the kind that go this way." Whereupon he waggled his hands around, making funnel-shaped designs in the air. We couldn't imagine what they were talking about until they put their hands to their heads --- then we knew! The topic of their conversation was the things that the ladies are wearing on their heads this spring!

****

ROTARY GOVERNOR SUNDAY GUEST

John R. Stemm of Lafayette, governor of the 156th district of Rotary International, was here Sunday with Mrs. Stemm.

MONTE CARLO NIGHT

Thursday night was Monte Carlo night in the East Lobby at Turkey Run Inn, and things were pretty lively for a while. The croupier was pulling in the money with his long stick. From the direction of the dice game came the click of the ivories as sweating gamblers laid bills here and there. John Davies at the "26" game asked Everett Lyons at the dice game for a few fives as the other gamblers were breaking him. Round went the bird-cage at the chuck-a-luck, and again the greenbacks were traded back and forth. On and on the gambling continued until finally someone yelled "Count your money!" The winner had $1,175 to the good ... but alas and alack, it was phoney money!

****

LARGE CROWD AT DANCE

The Turkey Run Gobbleers played to a record crowd of 230 jitterbugs at the regular Commissary dance Saturday night. Everybody was having such a good time that the boys played until twelve o'clock instead of stopping at the usual hour of eleven.

****

VISITORS LAST WEEK were Mr. and Mrs. W.E. Callendar and party of eight from Chicago. Mr. Callendar is vice-president of the C & E I Railroad.

****

QUACK! QUACK! QUACK!

"You should have been over at the poultry farm Sunday, said Cliff Bain the manager of the Turkey Run Poultry Farm. "We had ducks hatching all over the place. Honestly, it was just like corn popping."

****

PURDUE CLUB TO HAVE PARTY HERE

The Agonomic Club, composed of staff members and wives of the Purdue University Farm Management Department, will meet at Turkey Run on May 20 for a dinner party and meeting.

****

FRATERNITY INITIATION

Initiation rites for new members of Tau Kappa Alpha fraternity of Wabash College were held at the Inn Wednesday afternoon and evening. Arrangements were in charge of W. Norwood Brigance, head of the Department of Speech at Wabash.

NEWS ABOUT GOBBLER'S KNOB

Gobbler's Knob Village, our new development at the intersection of U.S. 41 and Indiana 47, is getting prettier every day, now that the leaves and blossoms are at the height of their springtime beauty. We happened to be there the other evening and were charmed with the picture it presented. Folks were having fun with pingpong and horseshoes and croquet on the Village Green, and the Sandwich Shop was bright and gay with visitors dropping in for a sandwich or a coke and staying to visit with Sally and Art Carpenter who are in charge of things at the Knob. Over by the ravine among the peach trees there were a few lights twinkling out from the cabins ---- a whip-poor-will sang, and above it all rode the full moon to lend just that romantic touch which completed the picture.

Over at the Knob they're telling this week about the guests who left Turkey Run Inn beaause it was "too crowded and noisy", and stayed at Gobbler's Knob because there they enjoyed the best rest they had known for two years. We're not sure, but we think the joke's on us at Turkey Run Inn.

Latest arrival at Gobbler's Knob Village is a cunning little ball of fluff that looks like a teddy bear but is in reality a Chow doggie, offspring of Choo Choo the Eighth and descendant of a line of champion full-blooded Chows. The puppy has been promised to Treva Myers, waitress. We don't know what she will do with it --- maybe she'll wear it on her charm bracelet or on the lapel of her coat.

What a meal Sally puts out in her pretty little sandwich shop on the Knob! Steak or pork chops, French fried potatoes, fresh vegetable salad, fresh green beans, hot biscuits and jam, delicious coffee and to top it all off, fresh hot apple pie! That's what we had when we dropped in for supper the other evening. It was mighty good food, and it tasted extra fine because the shop was so attractive with its maple tables and chairs, its corner cupboards with shelves filled with bright pottery, its checkered table cloths and its gay flowers on the tables.

THE BACHELOR SITUATION

"By the way," writes Miss Hazel Howenstein of Indianapolis who is planning on coming to Turkey Run for a visit this month, "What is the bachelor situation at Turkey Run this season?" To which we do not hesitate to reply that the bachelor situation for the 1939 season looks very promising. From all indications we will have a bumper crop of bachelors --- tall ones and short ones, fat ones and lean ones, part time ones and one-hundred-percenters, professionals and amateurs. We are sure, Miss Howenstein, that if you will look our stock over carefully you will see that we are justified in our claims.

****

BEST WISHES to you, Mr. and Mrs. C.J. Turner of Chicago, who celebrated your wedding anniversary May 10..... And, incidentally, when will we be seeing you again?

****

PARDON OUR POINTING, but have you noticed the gal with the pretty dimples who has been here for the past week? Her name is Miss Grace Clark of Elmwood Park, Illinois, and she is here with her mother, Mrs. G.M. Clark.

900 FOR SUNDAY DINNER

We Turkey Runners know that the summer season has really started when Sunday finds the Inn's dining room and north porch and Gobbler's Roost filled from eleven-thirty to two-thirty with folks doing justice to our fried chicken. When last Sunday dawned so bright and fair we suspected that we would have a crowd for dinner --- and after the last drumstick was picked clean and the last mashed spud had disappeared we counted up and found that we had entertained more than 900 guests at dinner!

****

NEWLYWEDS: Mr. and Mrs. Francis Albrecht, Chicago

Mr. and Mrs. Ward Gowdy, Union Pier, Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Reed, Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. G.V. Dowley, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. M.L. Hutchison, Chicago.

****

A Sunday visitor was Mrs. Phyllis Beaird of Urbana, Illinois, who three years ago was a member of the Inn staff.

THE CHICAGO TURKEY RUN CLUB WEEK-END JUNE 3 - 4

CHICAGO TURKEY RUN CLUB: The Turkey Run week-end is almost here, so you who are planning on taking part in things had better get your reservations in to the Inn as quickly as possible. Also, fill out the form below and send it to Ed Schmidt, 4924 Berenice, Chicago, right this minute. Dinner will, as usual, be at eight o'clock Saturday night, allowing time for late arrivals to be present. Ed Anderson has charge of the cavorting after dinner, and he's planning a Treasure Hunt. There could be no more ideal spot for one! Sign this blank and ship it on to President Ed Schmidt now.

Name _____ I am driving _____Yes ____No

If driving, I have room for _____more. I leave Chicago at _____

from (section of city) _____. I am not driving and need

room for _____. Can leave Chicago at _____ from (section

of city)_____.

Phone Number _____. Address_____

Please remember, those who have no cars and are driven down and back by others should follow our practice of sharing the cost of gas and oil.

TURKEY TALK

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CHANGES AT TURKEY RUN PARK.

On Turkey Talk's cover this week we give you a map showing the various changes that are in store for that part of the park adjacent to the Inn. If you will look at it closely you will see that the side lawn of the Inn is destined to become the front lawn, that some of the present roadways will disappear and new ones will be made, that the Commissary and the Garage, the tennis courts and the cottages will be moved, that there will be new buildings, and that all in all the place will have its face lifted in fine style.

Coming in at the gate-house you will see the new auto parking lot which is now being constructed on the left-hand side of the drive. This lot, arranged to accommodate 450 cars, will take the place of the one near the Commissary now in use. The Garage will be moved a little east of where it now stands and across the road, so that it will be more or less perched on the cliff above Turkey Run Hollow. The Commissary will be rebuilt and will stand at the northeast corner of the present parking lot, down in the picnic area near the CCC garage building. The tennis courts will be moved so that they will be located near the present site of the Commissary.

All of these changes will leave the present parking lot and surrounding territory as a part of the hotel lawn, and after it is landscaped it will present a very pleasing appearance. Guests at the Inn will arrive by way of the regular driveway in front of the Inn, which will be enlarged and beautified, but in reality the present main entrance will become a sort of a back door, for the front lawn of the Inn will be on the north side of the building, sloping toward Sugar Creek and Sunset Point. After this section has been landscaped and beautified with terraces and walks and fountains it will be a lovely setting for the Inn and will provide a delightful place where guests may rest and relax and enjoy the view. Incidentally, the present service driveway on this side of the Inn will be abolished and the new service drive will come around on the west side of the Inn by the boiler room. Proposed plans include an entrance to be made on the north porch of the Inn so that guests may have easy access to the new lawn.

Other changes will include the moving of the cabins from their present location to the other side of the cement bridge, south of where they now are. There will be new cabins in addition to the old ones, and they will all be located on each side of the gravel road that leads up the hill beyond the bridge. A new saddle barn, built of stone which will stable eighteen horses and will be a model of its kind, will be built southwest of the present riding stable, and work has already been started on the new park service building that you may see to your right as you enter the park. This building, to be used by state employees, will house administration offices, a repair shop, sign shop, storage room for cars, etc.

All of this work will be done by the CCC boys under the direction of Jack Saylor, CCC superintendent. At present there are 140 boys working on the project, and while the changes will not be completed this year, yet when you come to Turkey Run this season you will see that much progress is being made, and by the end of the summer months the work will be well under way.

N E W L Y W E D S

Mr. and Mrs. A.R. Pearson, Evanston, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. F.J. Sauer, Chicago

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Tufts, Chicago

Mr. and Mrs. F.J. Keilman, Chicago

Mr. and Mrs. J.N. Cotton, Chicago

Mr. and Mrs. Robt. T. Kirchmayer, Gary

****

NEW WAITRESSES: Deloris Bilsland, Kingman; Mildred Myers, Wallace; Rosemary Jackson, Marshall; Pauline Newnam, Bloomingdale.

****

Very effective is the new display of Gobbler Shop products which appeared at the Commissary this week. Against a background of apple green and illuminated by indirect lighting, the plaques and books and other Turkey Run products look attractive indeed.

****

The staff extends its sympathy to Mrs. Winona Downey, bedroom employee, whose nine-month old son died Sunday.

****

Mr. Guthrie, accompanied by Brooks Collings of Rockville, attended a joint conference of the 154th and 155th districts of Rotary International which was held in South Bend Tuesday and Wednesday.

****

Mr. Jack Raphael of Chicago seems to have been having a nice time at Turkey Run since his arrival on May 9. Jack is manager of the Walgreen Store at the corner of 63rd and South Park, Chicago.

****

The Turkey Run movies were shown by Bud James at a Parent Teachers Club meeting at Brookfield, Illinois, Tuesday night. On Wednesday night Bud showed the film at the Attica-Williamsport Rotary Club meeting, where he was accompanied by Charles Slusser, park custodian.

****

Many guests and employees were interested in Mr. Martin Aranson of New York City, a frequent visitor who was here last week end. First he gave our boys a few pointers on how to play pingpong, and then on Sunday evening he and Foster Fudge of Crawfordsville had a real pingpong session which drew an admiring audience. Later they gave an informal demonstration of amateur magic in the Gobbler's Roost.

UNCLE BUD TO LEAVE

The sun is shining bright this week, the birds are singing gaily and the flowers are blooming beautifully --- but still the members of the staff at Turkey Run Inn are more or less under a cloud. The reason for this unusual feeling of depression is that Bud James -- dear old faithful Uncle Bud -- has announced that after the first of June he will no longer be one of us. He is going back to Brook, his home town (which he still insists is the garden spot of America) where he will become a salesman for a general insurance agency.... Bud, who has been with us for four years, has been head of the promotion department at the Inn for some time, and has been in charge of many a song-fest, weiner roast, hiking party, bingo game, historic tour, movie, party and dinner. The host of friends he has made while at Turkey Run are going to miss Uncle Bud in a great big way. Turkey Run will never be quite the same without him.

****

Sunday Turkey Runners were proud of Virginia Waddell and Ruby Wilson, waitresses, and Ross Snyder, bellhop and musician, who presented a special Mother's Day number in the Rockville Methodist church. It was the same number that they presented so beautifully in our own log chapel service.

****

LAKEVILLE HIGH SCHOOL CLASS OUTING

Thirty-nine members of the graduating class of the Lakeville, Indiana, High School spent the week-end at Gobbler's Knob Village and Turkey Run. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Parker of Lakeville and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Haslanger of Breman. Mr. Parker is sponsor and Mrs. Haslanger is assistant sponsor of the class. The girls lodged at Gobbler's Knob and the boys at Swing Inn, and during the day time they spent their time hiking, playing outdoor games and enjoying a hamburger fry at the Knob.

****

Virginia Waddell has taken up tennis to help her with her streamlining project, and she and Maxine Turner may be seen almost any afternoon over on the tennis courts. To date the only results are that Maxine has lost two or three pounds. Of course we approve of tennis as a healthy pastime, but personally we like Virginia just as she is --- and we really don't see that it's helping Maxine any.

A GROUP OF MUSICIANS and their director from Galva, Illinois, stopped at the Inn for dinner Thursday night en route home from Indianapolis where they had participated in the national band and orchestra contest. The group was comprised of H.K. Thrasher, director, of the University of Illinois, Miss Virginia Beth Speny, drum major, who won third honors in the contest, and a B Flat clarinet quartet that won first honors.

****

THE BEAUTIES OF TURKEY RUN were enhanced this week by four beauties from Chicago who were here for their first visit. They were Miss Virginia Hilkert and Miss Nancy Patterson who are employed with the New York Life Insurance Company, and Miss Adele Olson and Miss Georgia Baldwin who are with the Illinois Bell Telephone company. We want to go on record here with an invitation to these four blonde young ladies to hurry back.

****

DR. E.R. BARTLETT of DePauw University will be in charge of the log chapel service at nine o'clock Sunday morning. His sermon subject will be "At The Fork In The Road." The service will last forty-five minutes, and is open to all hotel and park visitors.

AT A MEETING of the Board of Directors of the Turkey Run Federal Credit Union Thursday, Claude Presslor, treasurer, reported that on last pay day 13% of the staff payroll was invested by employees in the Credit Union. Mac Kirtley was elected president to fill the unexpired term of Bud James, and Red Mayes was elected as the fifth member of the Board.

****

MORE THAN 200 members of D.A.R. chapters of the Central District of Indiana met at Turkey Run Inn for a dinner and meeting Thursday. Mrs. J. Harold Grimes of Danville, director of the Central District, was in charge of the arrangements.

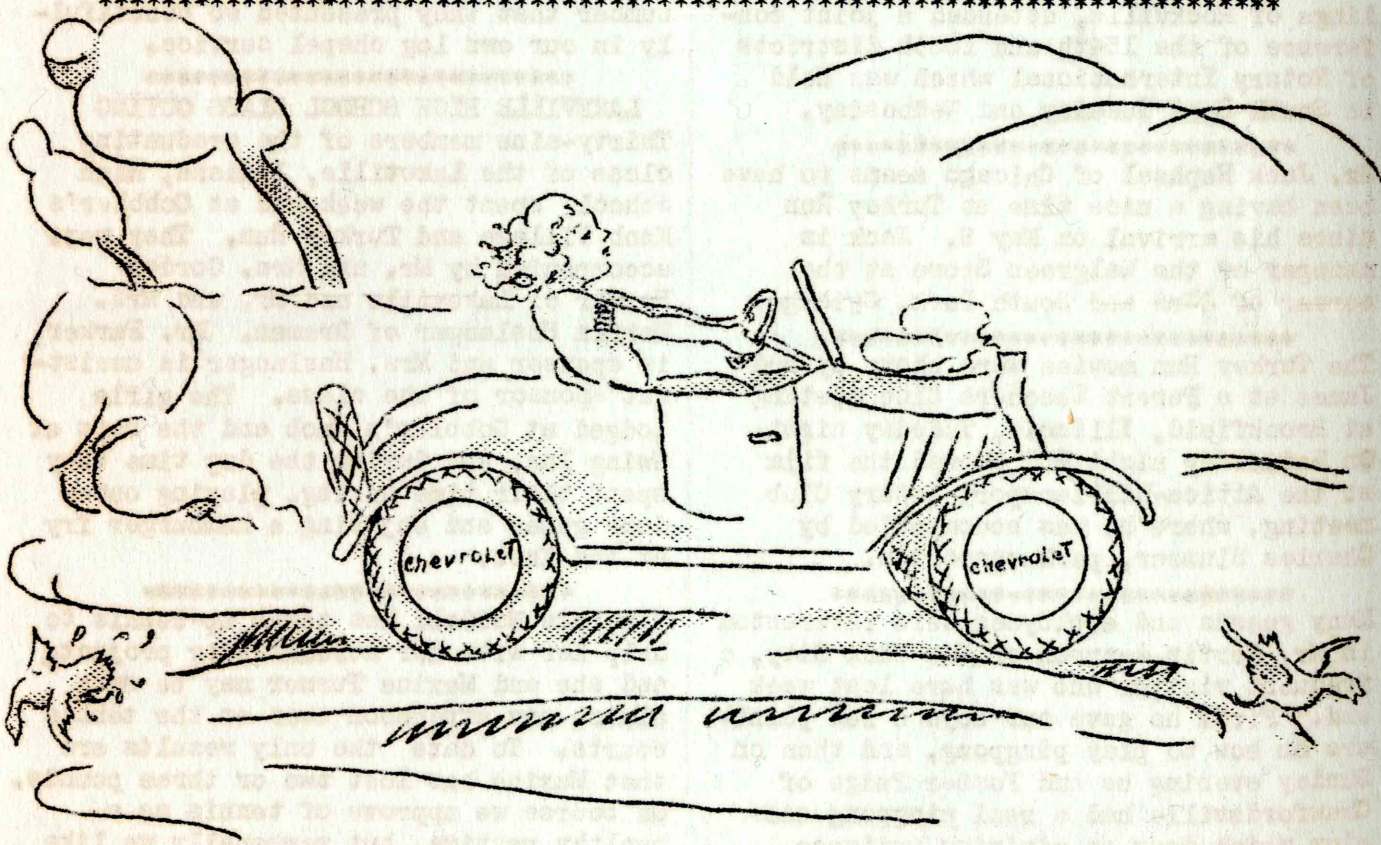
****

ORA SAMPLE, riding master at Turkey Run, announces that on Wednesday, May 24, he will sell at auction a number of antiques. The sale will be held in Bloomingdale at one o'clock P.M.

****

MRS. RICHARD NASH and daughter Miss Madeline Nash of Chicago who have been here for the past week, left Friday for a week-end stay at Guthrie Inn at Dupont, in company with Bud James who acted as tour conductor.

****



This is Mary Lois Ball, one of the gift shop gals, who this week has been learning to drive that new Chevrolet. Nice going, Mary Lois --- and happy landing!

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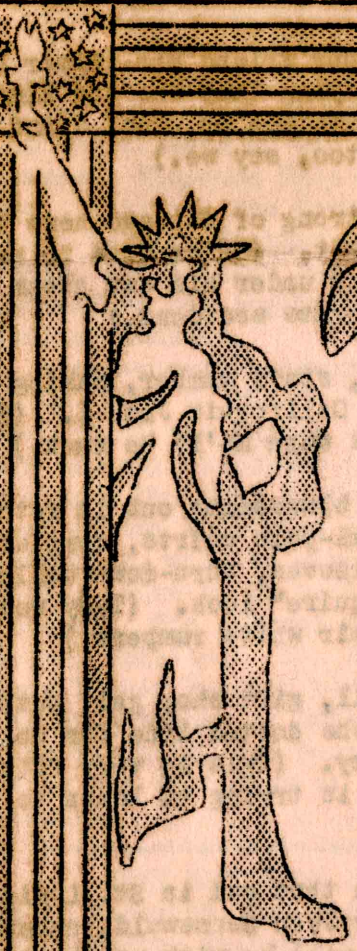

AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL

O beautiful for spacious skies
Unmarred by bursting shells --
A fertile land beneath them lies
And not a thousand hells.
America! America!
God placed His trust in thee,
And gave the world a higher goal
A land where men are free.

O beautiful for rivers free
Of blood and mothers' tears,
For mighty oceans bounding thee
Repelling Old World fears.
America! America!
God keep thy waters clear,
And lend His hand that every man
Might learn thy deeds to cheer.

O beautiful for brave men's dreams
Of peace, good will to men,
That far above dictators' screams
Rise to encourage men.
America! America!
God placed His trust in thee,
And gave the world a higher goal,
A land where men are free.

Gerald Podlesak in
"Indiana Farmers' Guide"

MEMORIAL DAY

The observance of Memorial Day at Turkey Run this year will begin on Saturday and will continue through Tuesday, with many friends, old and new, coming to the park for the week-end and remaining through the holiday.

As usual when a big crowd is expected at the Inn, the cooks are making plans for lots of fried chicken, the cowboys at the dairy are trying to figure how many gallons will be needed, the laundry force is stacking up piles and piles of fresh table linen and bed linen, the office boys are getting ready to send hundreds of people to nearby farm homes, and we're all running around with our fingers crossed in hopes that this will bring fair weather so that everyone may enjoy the out-of-doors to the fullest extent.

A Memorial Day service will be held in the log chapel Sunday morning at nine, with Dr. W. Norwood Brigance of Crawfordsville in charge. Dr. Brigance, a member of the faculty at Wabash College and a well-known speaker, will have an interesting and worth-while message. All Turkey Runners are invited.

****

FARM SECURITY ADMINISTRATION MEETING

A meeting of members of the Sixth District of the Farm Security Administration was held at the Inn Thursday. Twenty-two were in attendance to take part in a discussion of farm problems connected with the F.S.A.

****

4-H CLUB TOUR

A number of children of the Turkey Run staff family who are enrolled in the Parke County 4-H Club took part in a club tour Wednesday afternoon to various farms in the community where they inspected the stock which is being raised by the club members. Among Turkey Run's 4-H members are: Dorothy Mae Doolin who is taking sewing; Betty Rose and Richard Nickel who are raising beef calves; Scotty Taylor who is growing five acres of corn; Peggy Taylor whose project is sewing; Jessie Jo Guthrie who is raising sheep and taking sewing; Tommy Drake who is raising pigs; Barbara Hatfield who is raising pigs and taking sewing

****

DISTRICT MEETING

A district meeting of the Mid-Continent Petroleum Company will be held at the Inn the afternoon and evening of June 2.

THIS WEEK WE SAW----

New rugs on the floors of the front and main lobbies at the Inn. (They're rust colored and very good looking.)

Bobby Morgan and Eva Morgan, desk clerk and waitress, celebrating their first wedding anniversary. ("If the first year is the hardest," they say, "We're now sitting pretty for the rest of our lives.")

A card from our friend Mrs. Elmer Barta of Chicago saying that she and Elmer will be down to see us soon. (And it's high time, too, say we.)

Mr. Roy Armstrong of Chicago here for a few days' visit. (We're glad to see him navigating under his own steam after a recent auto accident.)

Bert Holland, staff member, making plans to leave for California June 1. (He won't tell us when he'll be back.)

The bellhops blossoming out in fetching new white semi-polo shirts, complete with short sleeves, turn-down collars and that "Esquire" look. (They wear them with their white rompers.)

Mary Lois Ball, gift shop gal, putting her name on the dotted line for an insurance policy. (This is very fitting now that she is trying to learn to drive a car.)

A letter from that gal in St. Louis whose name is Jean Sennewald, announcing that she will be with us again some time in July. (Which means that we'll have to begin storing up a big supply of pep so that we can keep up with this vivacious young lady.)

Orin Woodrow and Herschel Davies, staff members, conducting a bicycle tour for guests Wednesday afternoon. (They visited Gobbler's Knob Village, the stock farm, the poultry farm and the dairy.)

The Turkey Run soft-ball team beating the Texaco team of Rockville to the tune of 5 - 7 Tuesday night. (They're not half bad, really.)

A new outdoor fireplace at Gobbler's Knob. (It's for steak fries and weiner roasts.)

OLD-TIMERS TO MEET AT INN

It looks as if there is going to be a grand gathering of the clan the week-end of June 3 - 4 when members of the Turkey Run Club of Chicago will have their annual outing at the Inn.

For those without automobile transportation, let us suggest that the C & E I Railway runs a fine week-end excursion from Chicago at a very reasonable rate. For full particulars, call Miss Haiman or Miss McGurk, Webster 4343.

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DOUBLE ENGAGEMENT

A pair of diamonds made their first sparkling appearance at Turkey Run Sunday on the fingers of two of our newest waitresses, Florence Cole and Kathryn Crooks. Florence has announced her engagement to Bill Hartman of Martinsville, Illinois, and Kathryn has announced her engagement to his brother, Marvin Hartman of Catlin, Indiana.

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DR. JOHN G. BENSON TO SPEAK

Members of the Turkey Run Inn staff, guests and our neighbors in the community who know Dr. John G. Benson, superintendent of the Methodist Hospital at Indianapolis, will be glad to learn that on Sunday, June 4, he will speak in the log chapel. His subject will be "Outlooks and Uplifts." Dr. Benson is known by many Turkey Runners because he has been pastor of a number of Methodist churches in this vicinity, and because for many years he was in charge of the Rockville Chautauqua.

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THEY NEED SOME SHUT-EYE

It is reported that Miss Louise Thirsk and Miss Martha Seibert, two attractive young Chicago visitors, are finding it difficult to keep their eyes open in the day time, due to Turkey Run's strenuous night life. Incidentally, of interest is the fact that Hugh Wood, bell hop, has discovered that he and Martha are twins!

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PARTY AT GOBBLER'S KNOB

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Poston of Attica, Indiana, entertained with a delightful party Wednesday evening at Gobbler's Knob Village in honor of Mrs. A.R. Harron of Attica who is moving soon to Ottawa, Illinois. Following a dinner party the group played bridge.

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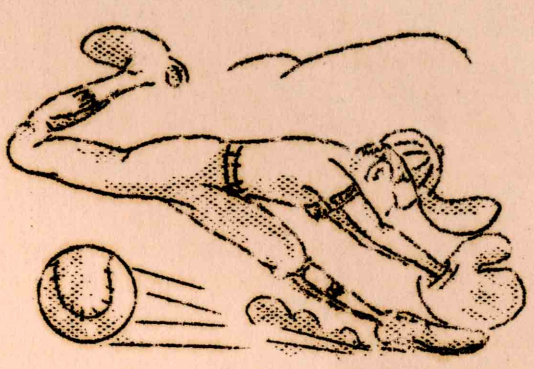
NEWLYWEDS: Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Paul Carlson, LaGrange, Illinois.



This is a picture of Wayne Hazlett, a recent addition to the Turkey Run staff and a new member of the Turkey Run soft-ball team. A little bird told us that Wayne made a bet with Mabel Clark down in the employees' dining room that he would not have his name in Turkey Talk this week. Now that we've printed his name and have added his picture for good measure, what kind of a rake-off are you going to give the editorial staff, Mabel?

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Mrs. Clara Barthel of Chicago, employed with the Illinois Bell Telephone Company, spent last week here, and when she left she was so enthusiastic about Turkey Run that she assured us she would be back some time with her sons.

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Mr. William Smythe of Kenilworth, Illinois, is another guest who likes Turkey Run a lot. In fact, he thinks it is an ideal place to rest and get away from the strain of city life --- and he and his family are getting the habit of dropping in on us every little while --- which is quite a compliment when one realizes that Kenilworth is considered a very quiet and restful suburb.

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That radiance around the Inn last week-end was caused by the presence of the Misses Georgia and Rosemary Glassmeyer of Cincinnati who were here for two days with a group of friends. We tried to persuade them to stay a little longer, but they said they needs must go. However, they promised to return ere long and scatter some more sunshine.

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Sunday morning at ten Miss Eleanor O'Connor of the faculty of State Teachers College, Terre Haute, entertained her student teachers with a breakfast at Gobbler's Knob Village. There were sixteen in the group.

AU REVOIR

With this issue Turkey Talk will cease publication.

Not understanding high finances, your editor doesn't know what it's all about, except that it has something to do with more rent. Mr. Guthrie's lease on the Turkey Run Inn concession expires on January 1, and now it looks as though it won't be renewed. Anyway, there's a lot of head-scratching going on around here these days ... and a lot of wondering what's going to happen. So the higher-uppers have indicated that this is Turkey Talk's cue to make a graceful exit.

Since our little paper first saw the light of day more than four years ago we've had a lot of fun with it, and we hope you've enjoyed it, too. We don't want to say goodbye, so we'll just say au revoir which means "Till we meet again."

The Editor